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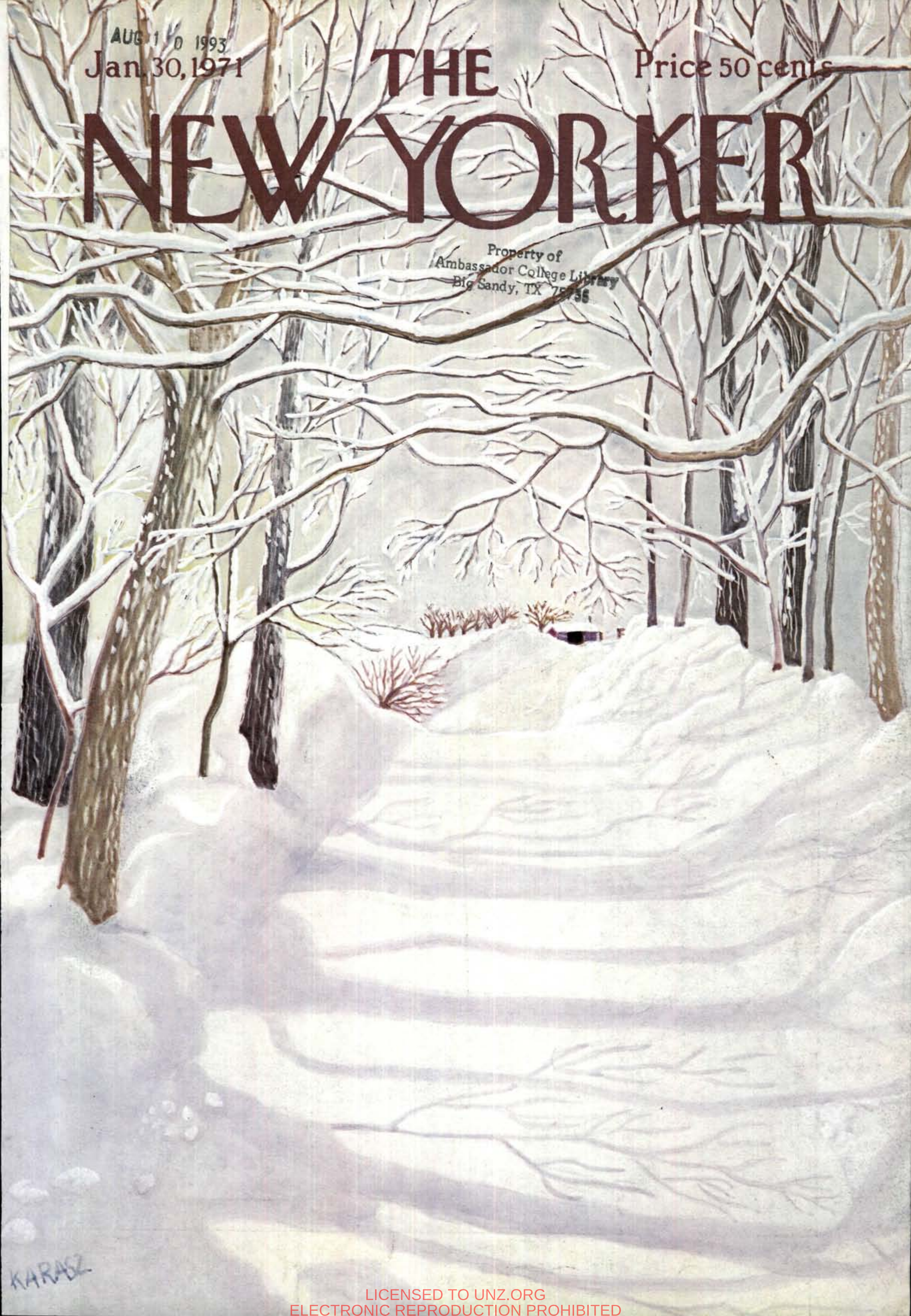

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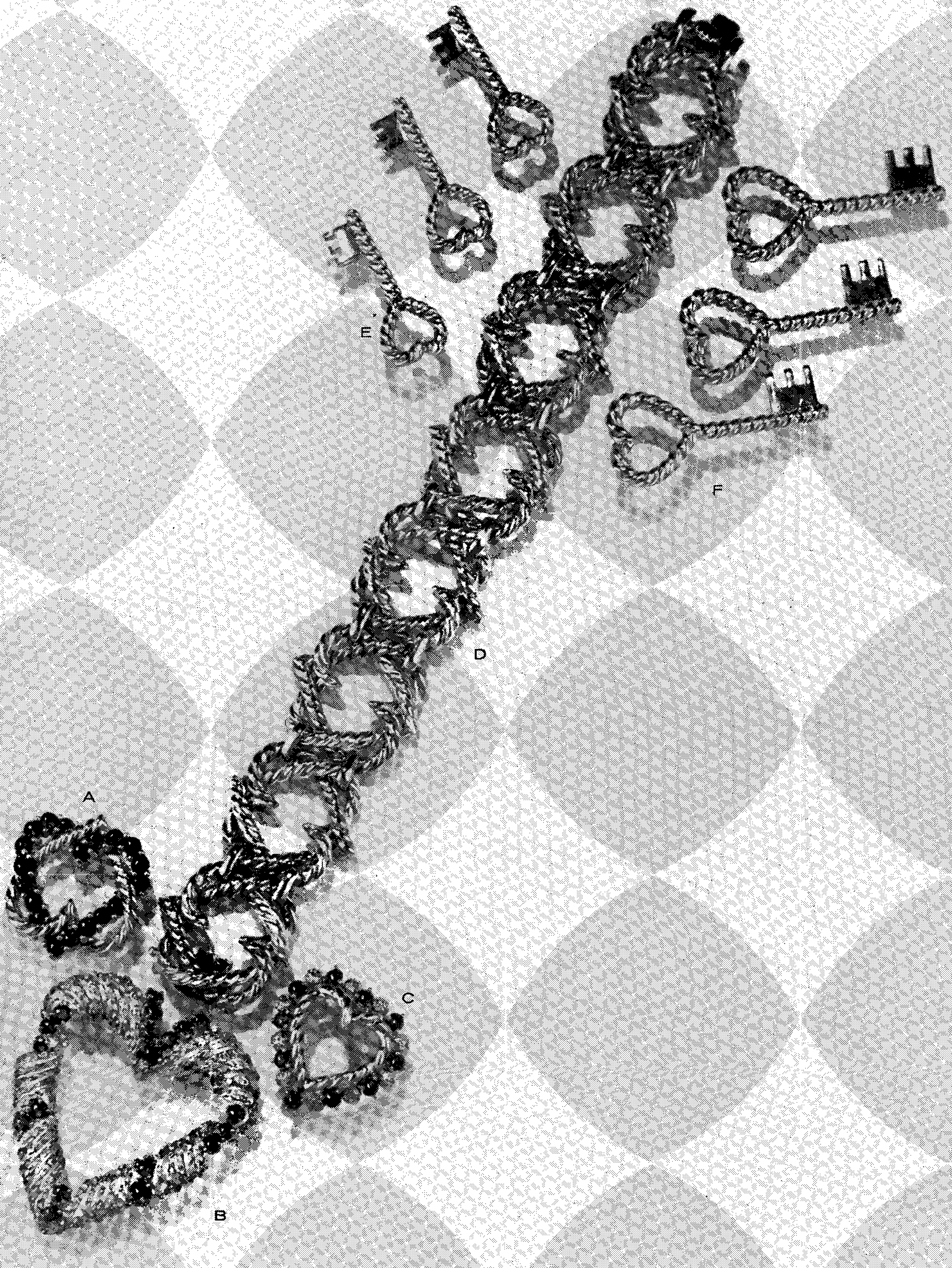

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(One of the major changes for the new year is that for all Broadway, and some Off Broadway, shows the evening curtain time is at 7:30. And most matinées start at 2. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A couple of dozen very funny skits about the venal and foolish world of radio and TV. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A Victorian melodrama that quite uncannily happens to have just been written. Superbly overacted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowry. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Four on a Garden—Carol Channing and Sid Caesar in a comedy written and directed by Abe Burrows. Previews through Friday, Jan. 29. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 30. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superb. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—David Storey's touching little play, not to be missed on any account whatever. The cast is headed by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)

In New England Winter—A play by Ed Bullins. (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 27-28, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 29, at 11 and 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 3 and 7:30; Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3; Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 2; Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 1; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, at 7:30; and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 3 and 7:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Peter Brook's highly personal version of Bottom's dream. Luckily, the words remain, and they are glorious. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Le Misanthrope—Molière's play presented, in French, by Le Centre Dramatique National du Sud-Est and directed by Antoine Bourseiller. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 2 and 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2.)

Perry's Mission and **Rosalee Pritchett**—These one-acters, the first by Clarence Young III and the second by Carlton and Barbara Molette, make the most spirited and the strongest evening that the Negro Ensemble Company has offered us in a long time. The performances are exceptionally good. Douglas Turner Ward and Shauneille Perry were the directors. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Synge's **the playboy of the western world**, with David Birney, is the second in this year's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed

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COVER: *Ilonka Karasz*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Feb. 4, at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Previews start Tuesday, Feb. 2. Opening on Wednesday, Feb. 17. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Feb. 5.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Ari—A tedious, clumsy telling of what ought to have been a thrilling story, with words and music that are, alas, equally clumsy. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 30.)

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

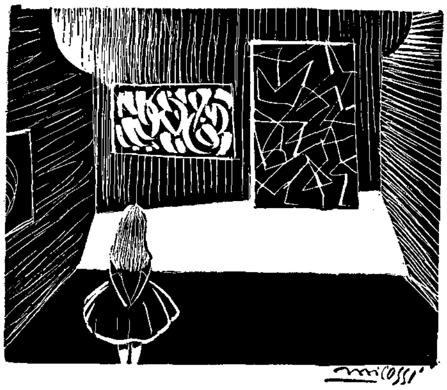
No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St. W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and said with warmth of tone: —Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 27-28, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 29, at 7:45; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 3 and 7; and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3 and 8. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7; matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Well, I mean it, Haines said, still speaking to Stephen. I was just thinking of it when that poor old creature came in. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Would I make money by it? Stephen asked. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **HAIR:** She had, however, one very intimate friend, a sensible, deserving woman, who had been brought, by strong attachment to herself, to settle close by her, in the village of Kellynch; and on her kindness and advice, Lady Elliot mainly relied for the best help and maintenance of the good principles and instruction which she had been anxiously giving her daughters. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** This friend, and Sir Walter, did *not* marry, whatever might have been anticipated on that head by their acquaintance. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** —Thirteen years had passed away since Lady Elliot's death, and they were still near neighbours and intimate friends; and one remained a widower, the other a widow. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** That Lady Russell, of steady age and character, and extremely well provided for, should have no thought of a second marriage, needs no apology to the public, which is rather apt to be unreasonably discontented when a woman *does* marry again, than when she does *not;* but Sir Walter's continuing in singleness requires explanation. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "The Cage," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Episodes," "Illuminations," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Prodigal Son.". . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:15: "Harlequinade" and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "Agon," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 31, at 1:15: "Bugaku," "Concerto Barocco," "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 31, at 7:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Concerto Barocco," and "Kodály Dances.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "La Source," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "Kodály Dances," "Four Last Songs," "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Reveries," and "Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:15: "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:15: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Four Temperaments," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Kodály Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Australian Ballet—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Don Quixote.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Les Rendezvous," "The Display," and "Raymonda.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Symphony in Gold," "La Source Pas de Deux," "Namouna Pas de Deux," "The Display," and "Raymonda.". . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 30-31, matinées and evenings, and Tuesday through Thursday evenings, Feb. 2-4: "Don Quixote.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "La Source Pas de Deux," "Symphony in Gold," "Namouna Pas de Deux," "The Display," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 6: "Les Rendezvous," "The Display," and "Raymonda.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 7: "Don Quixote." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—An eight-week winter series of appearances by nine companies; through Saturday, March 13. **ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE.** Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30: "Toccata," "Journey," "Flowers," "Archipelago," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "The Beloved," "Flowers" (première), "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations.". . . **LOUIS FALCO AND COMPANY.** Monday, Feb. 1, at 7:30, and Friday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Caviar," "Huescape," unnamed ballet No. 1 (première), and unnamed ballet No. 2 (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Caviar," "Timewright," and unnamed ballet No. 1. . . . **PEARL LANG AND DANCE COMPANY.** Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 2-3, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30: "Sharjuhm" (première), "Persephone," "Piece for Brass," and "The Brood.". . . **ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Las Desenamoradas," two segments from "Black on Black," "Movements," and "Blues for the Jungle.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Narcissus Rising," "Movements," "Hex," "Burnt Ash," two segments from "Black on Black," "Climb," and "Las Desenamoradas." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—A three-week engagement by this company from Brussels, appearing here for the first time—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 27-28: "Messe pour le Temps Present."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29, and Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Actus Tragicus," "Bach Sonata," and "Bhakti."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Actus Tragicus," "Nomos Alpha," and "Les Vainqueurs."...¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 31: "Choreographic Offering," "Nomos Alpha," "Erotica," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 2: "Bhakti," "Erotica," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Actus Tragicus," "Bach Sonata," and "Les Vainqueurs."...¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 4-5: "Messe pour le Temps Present."...¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Choreographic Offering," "Nomos Alpha," "Erotica," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Siberian Dancers and Singers of Omsk—A ten-day engagement by a company of a hundred folk dancers, singers, musicians, and bears. Bears? Bears. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8; Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2:30 and 7:30; Monday, Feb. 1, and Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 3-5, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Daniel Nagrin—In a dance recital. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

Bertram Ross—With his dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Miles Davis is leading his quintet in some intricate stuff. Tuesdays are a different bag, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Monday, Feb. 1.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. Welden Irvine will be on electric piano and John Williams on bass through Saturday, Jan. 30. On Tuesday, Feb. 2, Charlie Brown will come in to play guitar with Bill Takas on bass and Tom McFall on piano. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams is typing out (she uses the ten-finger method) her concise history of the jazz piano on a most amiable instrument. She is accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass. The restaurant belongs to Barney Josephson, inventor of the memorable Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown, where she broke in thirty years ago. Eight to one, but not on Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The ubiquitous six-stringed instrument is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. Guitarist Attila Zoller and bassist Lisle Atkinson will play through Sunday, Jan. 31. A couple of A-No. 1 artists—guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter—will start here Wednesday, Feb. 3. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. The cooking is Southern.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The twelve-bar blues have few more able advocates than Jimmy Rushing, who sings them Fridays through Sundays. His colleagues are the members of the reliable Al Cohn quartet, who perform on their own the other nights of the week. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Reopens on Monday, Feb. 1. Jazz pianist Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants, will play solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, will be bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, will fill in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new establishment with soft lights and quietly with-it surroundings. Cecil Young is on piano, assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums, and when Mr. Young is *not* playing piano, he may be up and around the room singing scat like nobody's business. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul-food dinners.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully played. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody is supposed to be jolly, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. The redoubtable Elvin Jones is on hand with a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 31. On Tuesday, Feb. 2, the Lee Morgan quintet moves in. Music from nine until closing. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dark, cramped quarters where coffee, tea, and cider are consumed. On the bandstand, Tim Hardin can be seen, heard, and appreciated as one of the best young singers around. Beginning Wednesday, Feb. 3, a Nashville singer named Kris Kristofferson will take over. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Lee Konitz quartet plays until Tuesday, Feb. 2, when things will be handed over to the Ahmad Jamal trio. On Mondays, though, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining....¶ Downstairs: A rock-and-folk policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Saturday, Jan. 30, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt will alternate with Oscar Brand and the Fabulous Road Apples. On Sunday, Jan. 31, Sun Ra and his Space Arkestra will appear. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Pharoah Sanders, a man of many reeds, is leading his quartet in this dark, funky, and historic basement through Sunday, Jan. 31. Monday, Feb. 1, and Friday through Monday, Feb. 5-8, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band will perform. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, Jan. 31, cornetist Max Kaminsky will sit in with the regulars. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est qui*? Well, anyway, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from nine-thirty to three or four). Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Fifty years ago, archeologists might have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1971, and few gasps are heard. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a singer named Cody Marshall. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Children of God. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Walk downstairs and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

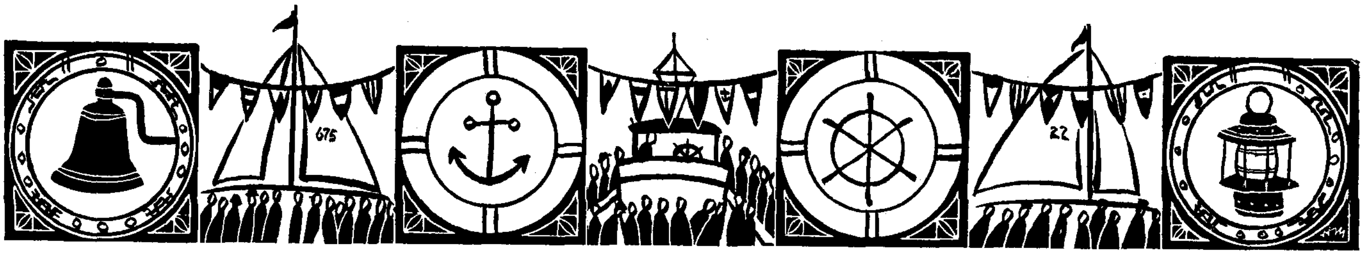
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The congress of dancers imported from Iberia by José Molina is very young, and, like all young people, his charges are aware not only of tradition but of the Rock, and not the Gibraltar kind, either. This castle keep is in session every night of the week....¶ In the adjoining **château disco** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tapes (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Marvin Braverman, a stand-up-and-deliver come-



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dian on his first essay at Big Time, checks out on Wednesday, Feb. 3, and so does Jerry Vale, whose vox is so very, very pop. On Thursday, Feb. 4, O. C. Smith starts singing for friends, countrymen, and Westerners. Never an idle night in this den. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is appropriate music, night after night, by characters calling themselves the Dunhills.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Save Our Environment movement attains a sort of climax in **La Forêt**, a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of Phil Wayne's quintet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and of Eddie Herman's trio. Seven-thirty to two-thirty is as long as it lasts, and only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **Café** goes its placid way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **Persian Room**, at eight-thirty and eleven, Judy Carne and the two men who are junior partners in her firm run through a song-and-prance set piece put together with a Kay Thompson sort of precision. Old hat, some may call it, but top hat is more accurate. They will be succeeded, on Wednesday, Feb. 3, by Lainie Kazan, a soprano who belongs to Femmes Fatales, Unltd. She will arrive at ten-fifteen. The band run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933): The old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals, an art form so juvenile that it cannot be parodied, is paradoxically parodied, and pilloried, by "Dames at Sea," which is all in fun and by the ton. Weeknights at eight-thirty, Friday and Saturday at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Sunday, Jan. 31, its last day, at four and seven-thirty. On Monday, Feb. 1, the present version of Second City, a troupe of mimes and mockers who take their name from some village or other in Oklahoma, move in, to gambol about on the same schedule. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **Edwardian Room**. . . . ¶ In the **Palm Court**, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pie in the sky, and Beef Wellington, too, and *fraises de bois*. For the roving eye and ear, the management has inducted Hildegarde, the only evangelist who, being suave and serene in all things, is likely to outlast Billy Graham. She sings during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero is the starting quarterback in the **Maisonette**, and the special maneuvers that are best accomplished to the Latin music of his band can be seen (to advantage) and/or participated in. The resourceful band of Hal Turner does the rest of the honors. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **La Boite**, which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around eight right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **St. Regis Room**, the pre-theatre buffet (five-thirty until seven-thirty) likewise gets a piano background, and after ten the prepossessing twosome of Jason & Maryhazel lightly turn their thoughts to ballads of much more than saving grace. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600: Our world is divided, though unequally, between man and maid, and of this rueful dilemma are devised the songs (wise, witty, and excusably wistful) that Mabel Mercer sings with an artful artlessness that is the unattainable goal of all other sopranos. Jimmy Lyon and his piano are her faithful retainers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Never a dark night. . . . **Dangerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **El Avram**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Yoel Sharr, the principal and persuasive cantor, moves on after Sunday, Jan. 31. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **Chez Vito**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Paella**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *everybody*, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): On Monday, Feb. 1, Joan Rivers, a rather uncommon scold, reopens her Complaint Department. Large though it is, words will never fail her. Diatribes at nine-thirty and thereafter. Silence on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano is supplemented on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life. Among the strollers along the Way is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Rudy Barron. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **Blue Whale**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Wayne Sanders, who just got off the last boat, reminiscing at his piano about gone but not forgotten days. He sits up fairly late, but he does get Mondays off, to make room for newcomers eager to audition. . . . **Wine Cellar**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck. . . . **Carlton Lounge**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, who always looks extremely good, looks his best at the piano in this chancellery, where he presides from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except Saturdays, and Sundays. . . . **Marymary**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this manse. Ten-thirty and midnight, and in between reliable Marty Napoleon takes a threesome through its paces. No Mondays.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Samuel Adler—Sculptures in wood; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Omar Alt—Abstract paintings and sculptures of fantastic subjects by a young German artist; through Feb. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Leo Amino—A survey exhibition of this artist's sculptures in plastic, from 1945 to 1970; through Feb. 13. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Antonakos—Air-brush drawings on

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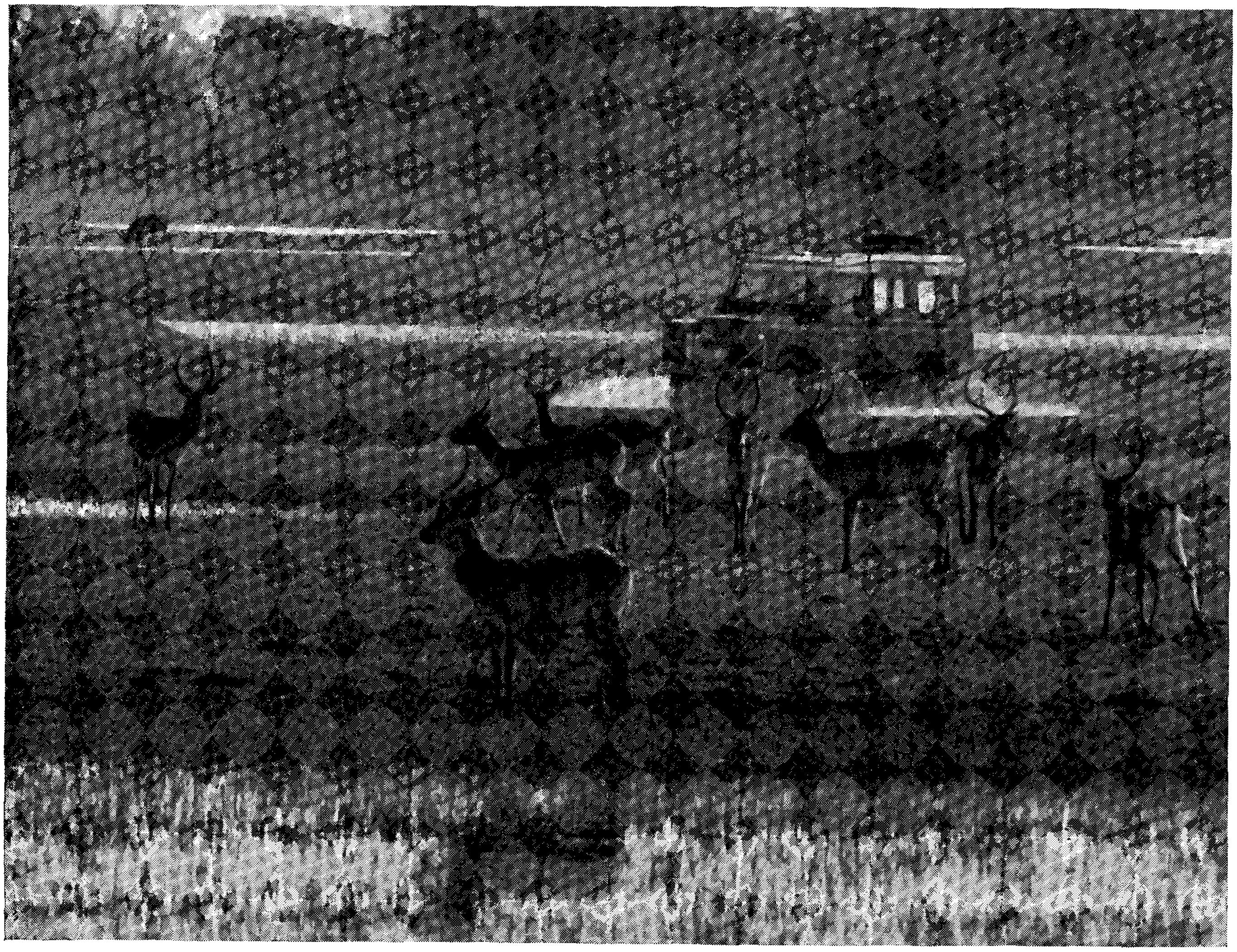

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black backgrounds; through Feb. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Bakaty—Strips and light-catching forms in fibre glass; through Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Herbert Bayer—Recent paintings, sculptures, and architectural projects by a well-known member of the Bauhaus; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Bluhm and Julian Stanczak—Small triptychs by the former, a leading Action painter, and patterns using transparent effects by the latter, a prominent Optical artist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings and collages; starting Saturday, Jan. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Brooks—Paintings by one of the earliest of the Abstract Expressionists; starting Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Paul Camacho—Interweavings of mathematical shapes; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

William Copley—Recent paintings by a Surrealist; through Feb. 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Davis—Minimal paintings with the illusion of depth; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robyn Denny—Paintings by a British reductionist; through Thursday, Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elsie Driggs—Oils, and some collages, of landscapes and figures; starting Tuesday, Feb. 2. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Paintings of vaguely highlighted naturelike shapes in this artist's first show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Fred Escher—Free-form neon tubings on the floor and ceiling; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Stephen Etnier—Paintings of Maine and Nassau subjects; through Feb. 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walker Evans—A show of photographs by this leading American documentary photographer that will run concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art; starting Saturday, Jan. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lloyd Lózes Goff—Romantic landscape paintings, also drawings; starting Saturday, Jan. 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Graham—Wax figures of a woman in a series of movements inside Plexiglas boxes; through Feb. 11. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings by the celebrated Abstract Expressionist, including works from his early American period, 1936-41; through Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Keith Hollingworth—The artist's first one-man show of sculptures in mixed materials that include recognizable images; through Feb. 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Recent paintings by a well-known landscapist; starting Saturday, Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Irene Krugman—Suggestive wrigglings of animated plastic sheets; through Feb. 11. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Feb. 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony J. Lauck—Carvings, terra-cottas, and sculptures in plaster, plus drawings, of religious themes; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Figurative terra-cotta reliefs and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

G. E. Moore—Objects of different materials—rubber, brick, glass, wood, gravel; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Passuntino—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics of fantastic subjects by a member of the "Rhino Horn" group; through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Sonraed, 542 La Guardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Picasso—Oil paintings not hitherto shown in the United States, also watercolors, drawings, and recent graphics; through Feb. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Seymour Remenick—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and seascapes; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ross—Static and moving organizations of light; through Thursday, Feb. 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—All-white paintings; starting Saturday, Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Shannon—Realistically painted individuals and figure groups with satirical elements; through Thursday, Feb. 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Shaw—Patterns based on geometry, emphasizing color relations; through Feb. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bevlyn Simson and Milan Popovic—First one-man shows in New York of hard-edge geometric patterns in primary colors by the former and animals and birds carved in wood by the latter; starting Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

Joseph Solman—Expressionist portraits, figure paintings, and still-lifes with a New York theme; through Feb. 13. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Pat Steir—The first show here of this artist's paintings, all of which include the figure of a man with a wolf's head; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Tobias—An environment of concrete slabs; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Francisco Toledo—A comprehensive exhibit of figurative works in many mediums by a Mexican Indian who has been exhibiting in New York galleries; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Trova—More variations in this artist's polished "Falling Man" series; through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Voss—Narrative paintings of minute figurations; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wasey—Abstract sculptures in stone, a few in wood; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Naïve art by, among others, Rousseau, Bombois, Shalom of Safed, and Grandma Moses; through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; starting Thursday, Jan. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Feb. 27. . . . **dorsky**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings and sculptures by half a dozen artists working in as many different contemporary modes;

through Friday, Feb. 5. . . . **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A wide selection of drawings on several themes by younger artists from various United States regions and by draftsmen familiar to New Yorkers, such as Beauchamp, Cajori, Copley, Grooms, and Leslie; through Tuesday, Feb. 2. . . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 14. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Leading twentieth-century European painters and sculptors, from the Fauves to Dubuffet and from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Saturday, Feb. 6. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Sixty examples of American naïve, primitive, and folk art from the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth; through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Feb. 27. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints emphasizing common elements in different current styles—the show is directed by David Bourdon and includes works by Bannard, Van Buren, Nancy Graves, Warhol, and others; through March 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Drawings of the past fifty years by Katherine Schmidt, Morris Kantor, and Louis Lozowick; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, celebrated for his boxes; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife, Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. A complement to this exhibit will be the Evans show at the Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around World War I; supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works. Starts Tuesday, Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development), of Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American abstractionist; through Sunday, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; starting Monday, Feb. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-six contemporary drawings selected from eight regional shows—they include works by de Kooning, D'Arcangelo, Rauschenberg, Rivers, Motherwell, Rosenquist, Samaras, Warhol, Wesselmann, and many others; through Sunday, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred and fifty prints by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), containing the human and animal themes of his celebrated sculptures; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music, all of a quality that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), friend of Laurens. Through March 21. . . . ¶ Sixty lithographs (thirty-three in color), plus etchings, drypoints, woodcuts, and other graphics, by Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Whistler, and many other artists who contributed to "L'Estampe Originale," a portfolio series published between 1893 and 1895; through Feb. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, offering a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Feb. 14. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

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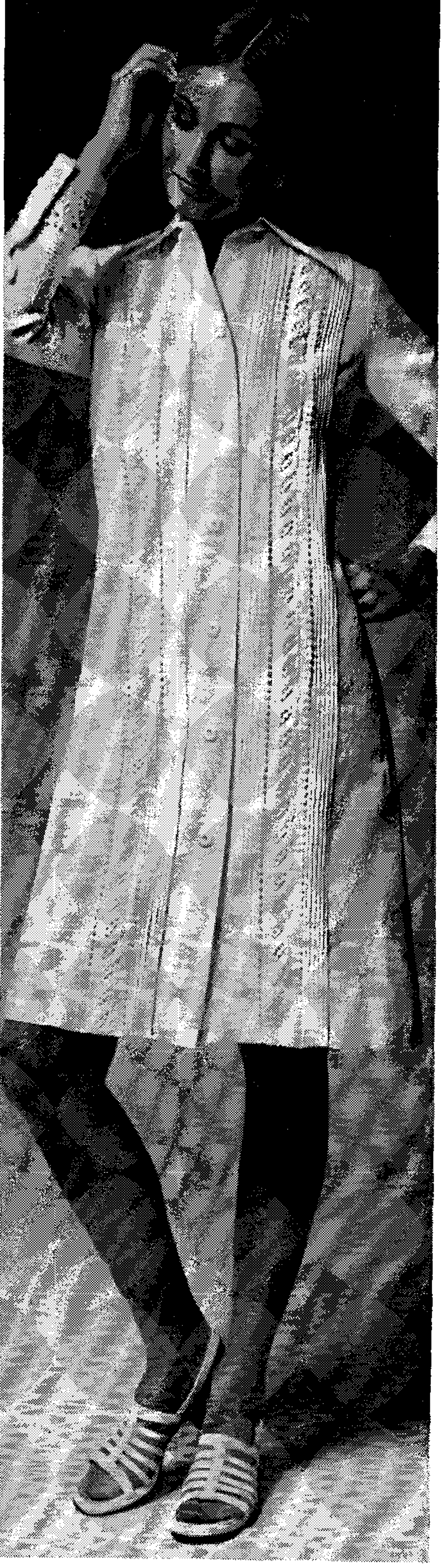

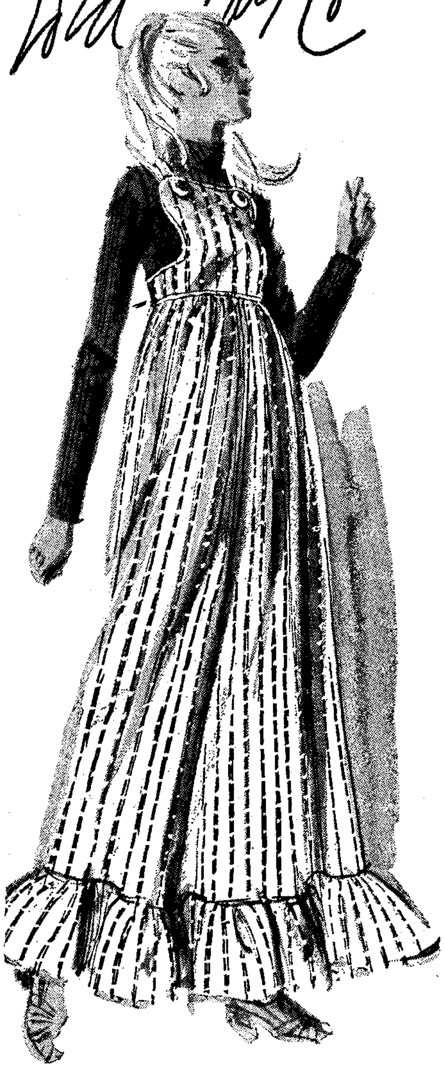

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Hillebrecht, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Edmond Karlsrud, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 1: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 2: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Fidelio," with Caterina Ligendza, Edith Mathis, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Josef Gabriels, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting—Thursday, Jan. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 1, at 7:30 (all with Masuko Ushioda, violin); and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 8, at 7:30 (all with Garrick Ohlsson, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 30-31, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

New and Newer Music—Bruno Maderna conducting the Juilliard Ensemble, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, in a program that includes one of his own works. The second in a series of five concerts at which five contemporary composers conduct some of their own works. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" in concert form, with the Schola Cantorum of New York; Patricia Wise, soprano; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Orchestra da Camera—Leon Hyman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Jorge Mester directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Venetian Brass—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:40.)

Music from Marlboro—Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; David Golub, piano; Miriam Fried and Felix Galimir, violin; John Graham, viola; and James Kreger, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Jaime Laredo and Alexander Schneider—Violin, with Raphael Hillyer and Nobuko Imai, viola, and Jules Eskin and Robert Sylvester, cello, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Elaine Shaffer and Hephzibah Menuhin—Flute and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Claude Frank—The sixth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2:15.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and keyboard, with Julius Baker, also flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Olegna Fuschi—Piano, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Maurice Peress, in a program of four concertos. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the second of three concerts in a series entitled "The Viennese Masters," with commentary. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Michael Best, tenor; Nicanor Zabaleta, harp; Charles Treger and Romuald Tecco, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Paula Robison, flute; and Leonard Arner, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 9.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Giampaolo Bracali conducting. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Koeckert Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Koeckert Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The third in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Cleveland Institute of Music Contemporary Ensemble, conducted by Donald Erb. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Spirit, Bloodrock, and Cowboy—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 8 and 11:30.

Sun Ra and His Space Arkestra—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.

Steppenwolf, Genya Ravan with Ten Wheel Drive, and Luther Allison—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Toshiko Akiyoshi Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 31, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At Liberty Bell, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:15 and 9:45.)

Tennis—At Madison Square Garden—The seventh and ninth matches of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7:30: Rod Laver vs. Arthur Ashe (plus a match between Tom Okker and John Newcombe). . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at noon: No way of specifying the main card yet, except to say that it will be two players the likes of Ashe, Laver, Rosewall, Newcombe, Roche, Emerson, Okker, or Taylor.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 29, at 7: Millrose Athletic Association. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **b. gay puppets:** "Shepherd and the Spider," "The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings," and "The Crowded House." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Jan. 31, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **maximillion productions:** "Fiesta Mexicana!" (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 749-7000, weekdays between 1 and 4:30.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Looice," Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . **paper bag players:** "Dandelion." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12. On Feb. 6, at 10, there will be an ice carnival, with skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that makes up an ice carnival.

ET ALIA

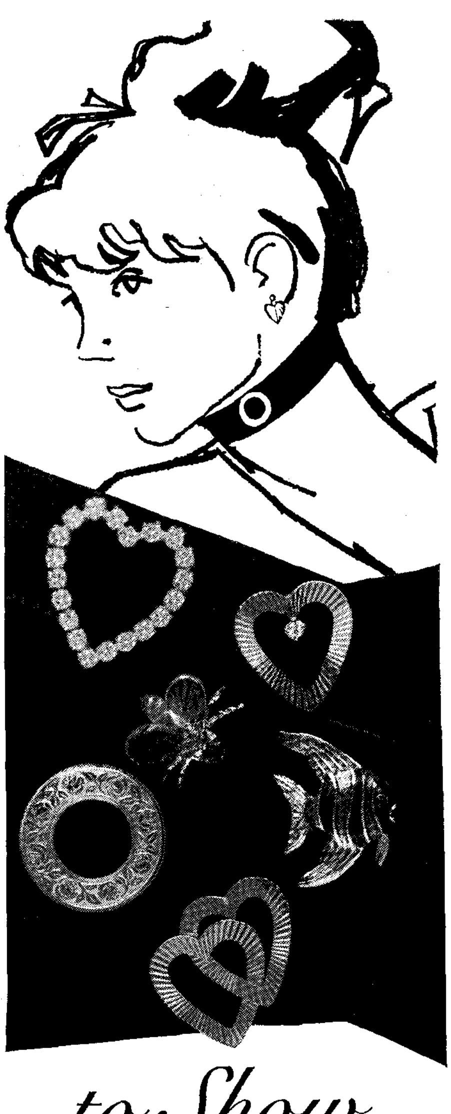
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Winter Antiques Show—The seventeenth annual event (a benefit, as always) is featuring a loan exhibit from the National Trust for Historic Preservations. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 27-30, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Jan. 31, from 1 to 6.)

National Boat Show—The wintertime tonic for summertime skippers. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 27-29, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 30, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 31, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 2: Art Nouveau glass, porcelain, furniture, and sculpture; from the estate of Irma N. Straus and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 10:15: Autographs of historical, literary, scientific, artistic, and musical figures, including Washington, Dickens, Einstein, Monet, and Chopin; the property of several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 2, and Thursday, Feb. 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Braque, Cézanne, and Renoir; from the estate of Alan R. Solomon and from other owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 29.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "L'Hiver" (1969), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Le Printemps" (1970), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945), directed by Elia Kazan, with Dorothy McGuire and James Dunn. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 11:30: "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 3 and 5:30: "Boomerang!" (1947), directed by Elia Kazan, with Dana Andrews and Jane Wyatt. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2 and 5:30 and Feb. 1 at 1:30: "Panic in the Streets" (1950), directed by Elia Kazan, with Richard Widmark and Paul Douglas. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6 and Feb. 2 at 2: Part I of "Olympia" (1936), a German documentary, directed by Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30: A program of films by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Pinky" (1949), directed by Elia Kazan, with Jeanne Crain and William Lundigan. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Viva Zapata!" (1952), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Jean Peters. . . . ¶ Feb. 4, at 8: "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947), directed by Elia Kazan, with Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of French films. Through Jan. 29: "The Baker's Wife" (1938), directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu. . . . Jan. 30-31: "La Marseillaise" (1938), directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir. . . . Feb. 3-5: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), directed by Jacques Feyder, with Louis Jouvet. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 2: "I Never Sang for My Father" and "A Walk in the Spring Rain."
From Feb. 3: "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" and "The Angel Levine."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 2: "Where's Poppa?"
From Feb. 3: "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 2: "The Projectionist."
From Feb. 3: "Julius Caesar."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 28: "Casablanca" and "Key Largo."
Jan. 29-30: "The Petrified Forest" and "The Big Sleep."
From Jan. 31: "I Love My Wife."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Woodstock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Music Lovers."

R.K.O. 59th Street East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alex in Wonderland."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands." (On Wednesday, Jan. 27, the 8:30 showing will be by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fools."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 2: "Perfect Friday."
From Feb. 3: "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Zachariah."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Jan. 27: "Gone with the Wind."
From Jan. 28: "The Last Valley."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 2: "Cromwell."
From Feb. 3: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 4 (tentative): "Five Easy Pieces."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Statue."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 2: "The Owl and the Pussycat."
From Feb. 3: "Doctors' Wives."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Brewster McCloud."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Jan. 27: "The Big Store," "At the Circus," and "A Night at the Opera."
Jan. 28-Feb. 3: "Women in Love" and "Live for Life."
From Feb. 4: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"L'Enfant Sauvage" and "The Passion of Anna."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"This Man Must Die."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 2: "Groupies."
From Feb. 3: "The Projectionist."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 2: "There's a Girl in My Soup."
From Feb. 3: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"A Face in the Crowd" and "On the Waterfront."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 2: "Beast of Blood" and "Curse of the Vampires."
From Feb. 3: "How Do I Love Thee?" and "Take the Money and Run."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"My Fair Lady."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Through Jan. 28: "The Cameraman" and "Spite Marriage."
From Jan. 29: "Freaks" and "White Zombie." (No performances on Sunday, Jan. 31.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Promise at Dawn."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Reckoning."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Zachariah."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lupo!"

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Feb. 4 (tentative): "Cromwell."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 30: "I Love My Wife."
From Jan. 31: "Say Hello to Yesterday."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 2: "Where's Poppa?"
From Feb. 3: "Alex in Wonderland."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"This Man Must Die."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 2: "I Never Sang for My Father" and "The Mind of Mr. Soames."
From Feb. 3: "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" and "The Molly Maguires."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 27: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "The Soft Skin."
Jan. 28: "The Soft Skin" and "Accident."
Jan. 29: "Accident" and "High Sierra."
Jan. 30: "High Sierra" and "Laurel and Hardy."
Jan. 31: "Laurel and Hardy" and "The Jazz Singer."
Feb. 1: "The Jazz Singer" and "Dark Victory."
Feb. 2: "Dark Victory" and "Mildred Pierce."
Feb. 3: "Mildred Pierce" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
Feb. 4: "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Go Into Your Dance."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 2: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Topaz."
From Feb. 3: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 28: "The Damned" and "See You at Mao."
Jan. 29-Feb. 1: "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Don't Look Back."
Feb. 2-4: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Nazarin."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 28: "L'Enfant Sauvage" and "The Passion of Anna."
Jan. 29-Feb. 4: "The Producers" and "Monique."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (New Yorker; Jan. 28-29.)

Alex in Wonderland—This story about a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject for his next film is so casual and loose that one's attention wanders. Though it's a misbegotten, pseudo "8½," from time to time it manages to capture the super-relaxed palmy-hip style of the new Hollywood. Directed by Paul Mazursky, who wrote the script with Larry Tucker. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 3.)

The Angel Levine—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Charles; starting Feb. 3.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 27.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Symphony; starting Feb. 3.)

Beast of Blood—About a human-head transplant. An English-dialogue film made in Manila by Philippine filmmakers. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 2.)

Bed and Board—The married life of Truffaut's hero Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Murray Hill; Jan. 29-30.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 27.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly; the actors appear to be saying anything while waiting for the script to arrive. (86th St. East.)

The Cameraman (1928)—Buster Keaton was no longer in control of his productions when he made this late silent film (he wanted to use

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Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the girl he misunderstands and treats like a whore. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors get in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Murray Hill; through Jan. 28.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Beekman.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; through Feb. 4, tentative.)

Curse of the Vampires—A brother breaks the bad news to his sister that "our mother is a vampire" in this English-language film by Philippine filmmakers. So inept that even small children laugh. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 2.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Thalia; through Jan. 28.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains. With Geraldine Fitzgerald. Edmund Goulding directed. (New Yorker; Feb. 1-2.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Art. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Feb. 2.)

Doctors' Wives—From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné; starting Feb. 3.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in the affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Thalia; Jan. 29-Feb. 1.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Midtown; through Jan. 28.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith plays a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Elgin.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Feb. 4, tentative.)

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Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou; starting Jan. 29, no performances on Sunday, Jan. 31.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters, Al Dubin and Harry Warren, also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (New Yorker; Feb. 4.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten singing "Remember My Forgotten Man." The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (New Yorker; Feb. 3-4.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Juliet 2; Jan. 27.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 2-4.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 2.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting a new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (New Yorker; Jan. 29-30.)

How Do I Love Thee?—A comedy adapted from a novel by Peter DeVries. With Jackie Gleason and Maureen O'Hara, directed by Michael Gordon. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 3.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema 1. On Wednesday, Jan. 27, the 8:30 showing will be by invitation only.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Jan. 31.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere toughmindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son. Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Charles and Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 2.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet.)

The Jazz Singer (1927)—A mediocre, mostly silent picture, but Al Jolson's songs (plus a bit of spoken dialogue) amid the heart-tugging conflict-of-generations plot stirred audiences. It certainly doesn't look like a revolutionary film, but it heralded the new era of talkies. Alan Crosland directed, from Samson Raphaelson's play. With May McAvoy. (New Yorker; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hard-hat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu.)

Julius Caesar—A new British version, directed by Stuart Burge, with Charlton Heston, Jason Robards, and John Gielgud. (Kips Bay; starting Feb. 3.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—was thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Murray Hill; through Jan. 28.)

The Last Valley—James Clavell directed this history of the Hundred Years War, with Michael Caine and Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2; starting Jan. 28.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 27.)

Laurel and Hardy—A program of three films, "Sons of the Desert," "Brats," and "Busy Bodies." (New Yorker; Jan. 30-31.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard and Robert Redford as buddy-buddy motorcycle racers in a crass attempt at a raunchy youth picture. Sidney J. Furie directed this bucolic wheeler. (Charles and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 3.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In

French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 28-Feb. 3.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sounds of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth) and her cad-husband (Zachary Scott). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won the Academy Award for this performance. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (New Yorker; Feb. 2-3.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Science fiction and educational polemics. Can a young man (Terence Stamp) recently awakened from a thirty-year coma find happiness with Nigel Davenport (strict structural educator) or Robert Vaughn (permissive educator)? With Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 2.)

The Molly Maguires—Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar in an elegiac movie about labor violence a century ago in the Pennsylvania coal mines. A handsome production with memorable qualities, despite an unconvincing script. Martin Ritt directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 3.)

Monique—British entry in the porno-drama market; sex not very explicit. A working-class man has a frigid wife; when the babysitter (Sibylla Kay) seduces them both, the marriage becomes satisfactory. Written and directed by John Bown. (Midtown; Jan. 29-Feb. 4.)

The Music Lovers—Richard Chamberlain as Tchaikovsky, and Glenda Jackson as his wife. Directed by Ken Russell. (Coronet.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical clunks along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton; it goes on for a half hour past the end of the story. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; Feb. 2-4.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 27.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Elgin.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy and 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 3.)

The Passion of Anna—The powerful theology of this Ingmar Bergman film is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Midtown; through Jan. 28.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 2.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Murray Hill; Jan. 29-30.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas, and it falls apart. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a schtik of genius. (Midtown; Jan. 29-Feb. 4.)

The Projectionist—With Chuck McCann and Ina Balin, directed by Harry Hurwitz. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Feb. 3.)

Promise at Dawn—Melina Mercouri and Assaf Dayan in an adaptation of Romain Gary's biographical story, directed by Jules Dassin. (Music Hall.)

The Reckoning—Nicol Williamson and Rachel Roberts in an adaptation of Patrick Hall's novel "The Harp That Once," directed by Jack Gold. (Festival.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Say Hello to Yesterday—With Jean Simmons and Leonard Whiting, directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Paris; starting Jan. 31.)

See You at Mao—An hour-long film by Godard. Radical politicking to a degree that will drive some people mad with its deliberately battering didacticism. (Thalia; through Jan. 28.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 27-28.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Spite Marriage (1929)—Buster Keaton's last silent comedy, with Dorothy Sebastian, Leila Hyams, and Hank Mann. The hero is a pants presser in a tailor's shop who falls in love with an actress and gets a job in the theatre. The film is a joy and it was a great success, despite Keaton's problems with M-G-M; the studio dumped him anyway. (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

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The Statue—With David Niven and Virna Lisi, directed by Rod Amateau. (Orpheum.)

Sympathy for the Devil—Godard's film about revolution's coming to the crux. The Rolling Stones rehearsing a song, changing it, making something rise to a boil are reported as a metaphor that is deliberately jarred by Godard's own sort of interruptions—interviews with Black Panthers, readings of cant in a bookshop, shots of casual modern carnage. (Thalia; Jan. 29-Feb. 1.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 3.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles with an impossible-to-make-sense-of role. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Greenwich; through Feb. 2.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (8th St. Playhouse and Regency.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Symphony; through Feb. 2.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

A Walk in the Spring Rain—Fritz Weaver and Ingrid Bergman seen in wedded seclusion in Tennessee while he struggles with creation (writing an academic book) and she pines for a member of the lower classes (Anthony Quinn). No need to join them. Directed by Guy Green. (Charles; through Feb. 2.)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Gramercy and Cinema Studio; through Feb. 2.)

White Zombie (1932)—Madge Bellamy arrives in Haiti to get married but is abducted by a satanic zombie master (Bela Lugosi) who has taken a fancy to her. She becomes, as they used to say, "a slave to his will." For those absolutely dedicated to Gothic silliness. Victor Halperin directed. (Bijou Cinema; starting Jan. 29, no performances on Sunday, Jan. 31.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Symphony; starting Feb. 3.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 28-Feb. 3.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East.)

Zachariah—A rock Western with John Rubinstein and Pat Quinn, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1 and Little Carnegie.)

We'll have you in pins and needles

the instant you glide off the escalator into acres of fabrics,
dreams for sale by the yard. Here, the real thing
from Scotland, a pure wool tartan. There, immaculate cottons
fresh from Finland, finest leathers and fakest furs from France,
Germany, England, saris from India,
the whispery silks of Thailand. To see them is to want to sew them.
On Two at Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

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THE NEW YORKER

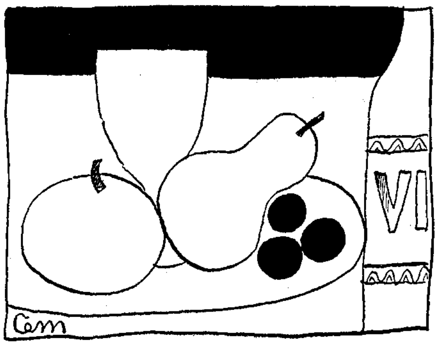
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST month, a study for the American Association for the Advancement of Science revealed that at least a fifth of the one million two hundred thousand acres of mangrove forest in South Vietnam had been “utterly destroyed” by United States defoliation, and no vegetation had taken its place. Early this month, Jerry W. Friedheim, a Defense Department spokesman, attacked the study, saying, according to the *Times*, that there was no certainty that the forest would not come back, and, anyway, “some parts of South Vietnam’s economy, notably the forest industry and small farmers, might have benefited from defoliation.” Friedheim was quoted as saying, “Parts of the hardwood forest have been destroyed and can now be lumbered. Defoliation permits easier access, so crews can go in and bring out the wood. At the same time, peasants now find room to grow garden crops right at the edge of the road, where they have easy access to the city.” The Defense Department spokesman was being far too modest in his assessment of the American accomplishments, we think. What about the increased play area for children, without hazardous trees to fall out of, and damp, unpleasant shade? What about the enlarged vistas—the broad open spaces—for scenery lovers? What about the enlarged opportunities for construction—shopping centers, housing developments—without costly land clearing?

THE other day, we received a letter that began, “Where but in New York would citizens be buying lizards for protection?” Without reading further, we knew we had heard once again from our angry friend who writes occasionally on the off chance that we have forgotten just how exasperating he finds life in the city. “A few days ago, I dropped in to see some friends of mine, whom I’ll call Ralph and Myrna Cole, and discovered they had bought a type of lizard called a gecko,” he continued. “When I asked what had driven them to lizardry, Ralph Cole informed me that geckos are to cockroaches what New York bus drivers are to passengers—natural enemies. Once the Coles discovered this characteristic of the gecko (I should probably say of the family Gekkonidae; however many cockroaches there are, this town is always crawling with pedants), they rushed right out and bought one, for three dollars and eighteen cents, the wretched city sales tax (which I have always considered the equivalent of charging admission to a dungeon) included. They have now had their gecko for about a month. At least, they think they have had it; geckos are extremely shy—the only creature in the metropolitan area suffering from that affliction, to judge from the number of people who push ahead of me in line every day—and the Coles haven’t seen theirs since they brought it home and uncaged it in their apartment with instructions to gobble up every cockroach in sight. According to the Coles, the kind of gecko they have, which is Brook’s gecko (*Hemidactylus brooki*), only two or three inches long, eats three cockroaches a day—or a night, really, since geckos tend to be nocturnal. The Coles, in other words, bought this lizard to act as a kind of minipredator.

“ ‘It’s nice to go to bed at night knowing that the little fellow is going to down three of them before we get up in the morning,’ Ralph told me. ‘If he’s still here, that is.’



“ ‘What makes you think he’s still here?’ I asked, sneaking a glance under the couch.

“ ‘We may have three fewer cockroaches than usual,’ Ralph said. ‘Cockroaches multiply very fast, though, and the cockroaches in our apartment were uncountable to begin with, so it’s hard to tell.’

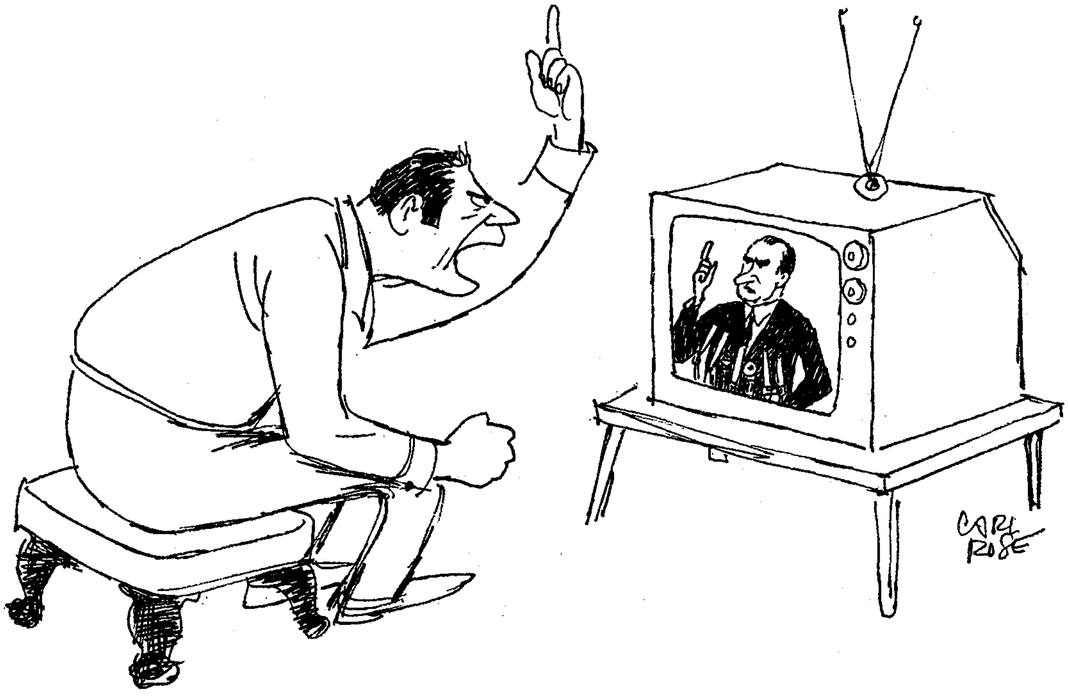
“ ‘We don’t have to feed him, of course, because he lives on cockroaches,’ Myrna said. ‘At least, if he’s still here, he does.’

“ ‘Doesn’t it bother you any to have a predatory lizard creeping around your apartment?’ I asked.

“ ‘Well, at first I was worried about waking up one morning and finding the gecko on my pillow,’ Myrna said. ‘But the pet-shop man told me that I’d be able to tell if a gecko was nearby—it makes a soft noise that sounds like “gecko.” ’

“Ralph then gave his gecko imitation—‘geck-o, geck-o, geck-o’—and I began to worry about the Coles. Frankly, Ralph hasn’t been the same since a news dealer called him a Fascist for asking for change for a quarter. Myrna has been acting a bit odd since she boarded a downtown East Side I.R.T. subway and was taken to Philadelphia. Just on a hunch, I called on one of the chief reptile suppliers in the city—a place on Bleecker Street called Exotic Aquatics, which happens to be right across the street from a place called Mystical Kennels. (In a civilized city, of course, merchants would be fined for displaying cutesy store names in public; anybody who gave his store a name that included the diminutive of ‘and’—Knickknacks ’n’ Such or Strings ’n’ Things—would be put in the stocks.)

“Despite its name, Exotic Aquatics seemed to be run by a sensible tradesman. He was sensible enough, in fact, to inform me that any lizard will indiscriminately eat just about anything it



"And now let me make one thing perfectly clear to you."

runs across that seems small enough to eat—cockroach, cricket, or Landon button.

" 'Do you mean the gecko doesn't have a special cockroach-eating capacity?' I asked.

" 'Well, I suppose it has been known to eat cockroaches,' he said. 'And some people have always said that geckos are good for cockroach control. But we don't push it. Most of the geckos we sell are for tanks.'

"So there is a picture of urban life for you: Ralph and Myrna Cole, college-educated adults, going to sleep every night feeling slightly more secure because an onomatopoetic lizard is about to put away three of their cockroaches. And, for all they actually know, he may be in Central Park chasing caterpillars."

The License Plates of Burning Tree

WE have a friend in Washington who knows the city from the inside in. H. M. Remeor is not his name, but it will do. He is of the category of men who have put in time feeding pens to Presidents and have long since melded into the panelling of D.C. law firms, where, although they have no specific connection with the government, they operate within a distinct aurora of clout. Remeor's Washington is not the Washington of Capitol City Tours. For example, he once showed us through the endangered-species bins in the Department of the Interior, and on another occasion he took us to the cassette library in the Washington telephone exchange. He lives in the hills of suburban Maryland. In that general area, one day not long ago, we were riding with him in his car when he turned into what appeared to be someone's long driveway. Wide lawns reached away from the drive, which ran between rows of deciduous trees and led to a large stone house. The day was cold but sunlit, and windy. Behind the house were a couple of dozen cars, parked in an ovate ring. Mr. Remeor drove into the middle of this circle, stopped, and said, "This is the parking lot at Burning Tree. That is the clubhouse. The golf course is over there. The course is hardly noticeable unless you get right on it. This place is so anonymous you'd never know it was here, but it precedes the Pentagon on Brezhnev's list of pinpoint targets in the Washington area. There are big men here, with big handicaps. More power goes off the tees of Burning Tree—for less distance—than at any other golf club on earth. Look who's here even on a day as cold as this."

We looked around and saw no one.

Mr. Remeor said, "Take a good look at the cars."

Directly in front of us was a Mercedes-Benz with an Arkansas license plate—MS 2.

"Member of the Senate, two," explained Mr. Remeor. "James William Fulbright, the junior senator from Arkansas. Naturally, he has a foreign car. He's the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee."

Our eyes began to move from automobile to automobile, plate to plate: Thunderbird. Missouri—8.

"Now, who do you suppose that is?" Mr. Remeor said. "Who would you say is the eighth-most-important man in Missouri?"

We counted down our own list—the chairman of the board of Ralston Purina, Harry Truman, Governor Hearnes, Warren Bradley, Anheuser, Busch, . . . "Symington," we said, finally. "Stuart Symington. Missouri 8."

"You've got it," said Remeor. "Now have a look at that one." He nodded toward a big Chrysler with a Maine license plate that had no numerals at all—just the word "SENATE," in large block letters.

"Muskie," we said.

"There can be no doubt of it," said Remeor. "One thing for dead certain is that Margaret Chase Smith is not out here on this golf course today. Women are forbidden at Burning Tree. No woman ever sets foot in that clubhouse. A long time ago, Joe Davies offered to build and pay for a swimming pool here, and the offer was indignantly refused, on the ground that a pool would increase pressure from women and children. The members take considerable pride in the fact that they can walk around nude in any part of the building."

We wondered how well everyone was doing on the golf course on such a cold afternoon, and back in our office, some days later, we would call up the cars' owners to find out. Senator Symington, for example, said that the temperature had discouraged him, so he had just hit some balls from the practice tee. Senator Muskie's office told us that Muskie had played and then had gone off to Moscow. "The Senator is very modest about his golf game, with good reason," said a member of his staff, who went on to say that three years ago, in Kennebunk, Muskie made a hole in one, and that he breaks ninety with about the same frequency.

Senator Fulbright described his golf game to us in a general way, and there was something in his manner that might have suggested—had we been less familiar with the probity of the source—the crafted self-depreciation of an organized hustler. "My game is pretty poor," he said. "I don't play enough. I'm getting old and decrepit. There's nothing very exciting about my golf game or about the life I lead. As we get older, we get progressively duller and duller—you'll find that out. I used to play more, but ever since I've been the chairman of the committee I haven't been in the seventies. My golf is very poor. I played lacrosse at Oxford in 1926, and, before that, football at Arkansas. I injured my knees very badly. The cartilage is out. That hampers my golf. I didn't have a scheduled match. I just went out that afternoon and picked up a game."

The game he picked up was J. Lawn Thompson, M.D. (D.C. Thunderbird—701), physician to Cabinets and Congresses, and former curator of Lyndon B. Johnson.

"Hello, Dr. Thompson. How did you fare on the golf course with Senator Fulbright the other day?"

"As usual, I was talked out of everything. Senator Fulbright is a very persuasive man, not only in national politics but on the first tee. He has a way of creating unjustified sympathy for himself. He tells you how hard he's been working, you know, and how tired he is, and that he hasn't played golf very much, and the next thing you know you're giving him strokes when he should be giving you strokes. So that's how I fared. I reached in my pocket and paid him all of my Medicare fees for the past month."

"What was your score, Dr. Thompson?"

"Eighty-four."

"What was the Senator's score?"

"Three shots less—just enough, you know, to hang me up on the wall."

We would also try a call to the office of Senator Smith, for it nagged us that Muskie's license plate merely said "SENATE." What, then, could hers possibly say? "It says '1,' " her administrative assistant told us.

Moving slowly through the parking lot, Mr. Remeor next pointed out a Florida Lincoln Continental—MC 9.

"Member of Congress, Ninth District," we said.

"You're ready," he said. "Paul Rogers, of West Palm Beach, is the congressman from the Ninth District of Florida."

Ohio, Continental—FMF. "That's a tough one," Remeor said. "Unless you happen to know that Congressman Michael A. Feighan, of Ohio, once married a girl named Florence Mathews."

Wisconsin, Rambler—T 9. "Glenn Davis, Ninth District," Mr. Remeor said. Representative Davis later told us that he had had to fight to stay under a hundred that day, and had lost at golf, but had then gone inside and won back his money in a gin-rummy game.

District of Columbia, Mercury—341. "That's Doug Mode," Mr. Remeor said. "He's a lawyer. Does the same sort of thing I do. Doug was a pallbearer at Walter Hagen's funeral, and he has a set of Hagen's clubs, but he's not much of a golfer. He plays golf in the fall, when there are no gnats. Today, he'll be in there playing gin. He was the advance man for Dewey in the '44 campaign. He got his low license plate through Homer Ferguson."

We asked Mr. Remeor if he himself was a golfer.

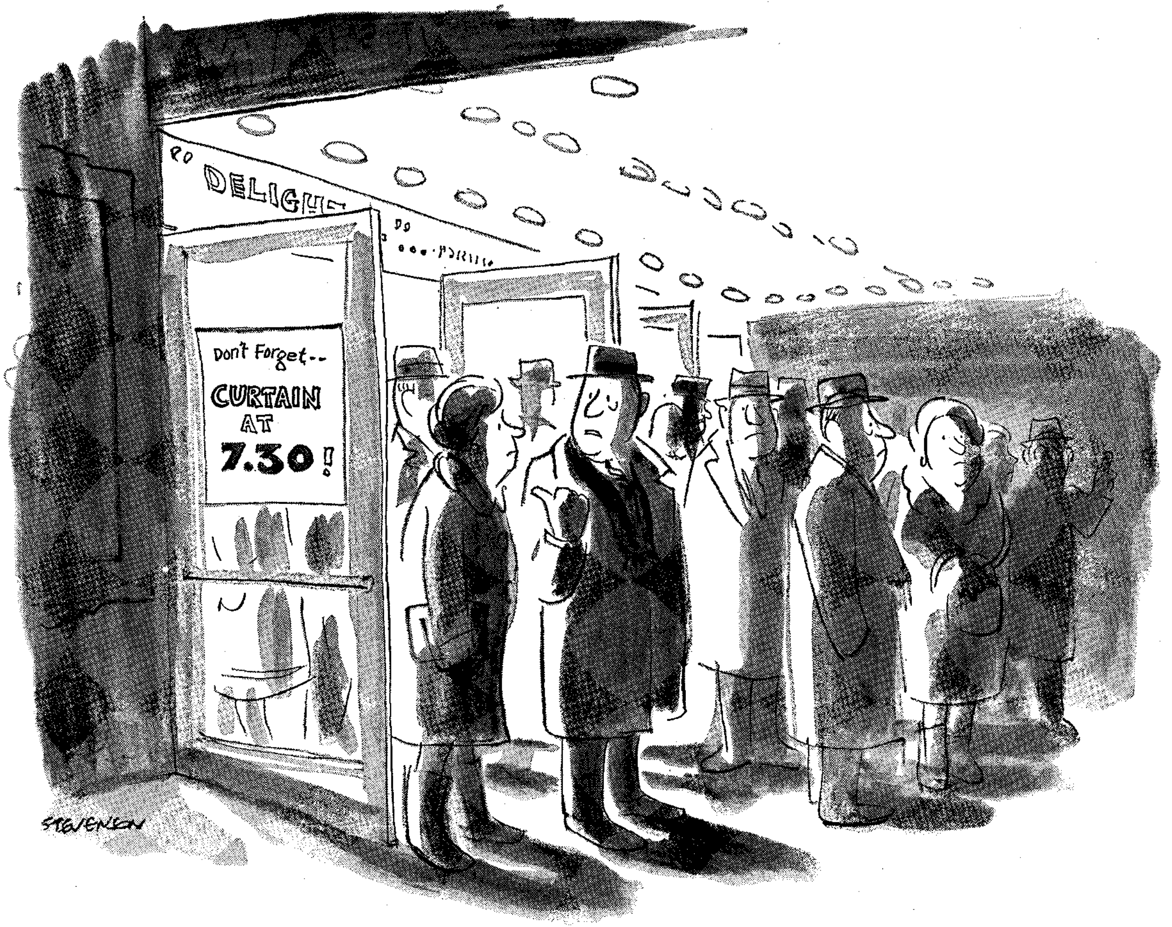
"Oh, Lord, no," he said. "I can't stand the game."

Passing by Mercedes-Benz DPL 2079 (D.C. plate), Mr. Remeor said, "Luis Machado. Note the diplomatic license. He was once the Cuban Ambassador to the United States. Before that, he was president of the Havana Country Club."

Cadillac, D.C.—144. "You know Abe Fortas' old law firm, Arnold, Fortas & Porter?" Mr. Remeor said. "Well, that's Porter. Porter has a chauffeur named Henry Ford."

Pontiac, D.C.—WHL 1. "That must belong to Bill Lawrence, of A.B.C." Lawrence later told us that he had been playing gin at that moment with W. P. Folger, Doug Mode, and John Charles Daly. "I play a lot of gin these days," he said. "I don't play golf unless it's warm. They kid me at my office about spending a lot of time at Burning Tree, but I explain that it's the center of power in Washington. No, there's no WHL 2. I just have the one car. The '1' sort of signifies a place, and I don't mind giving that impression."

One automobile at Burning Tree—a Continental, Texas, BKZ 922—attracted us not because of its code number but because of its size. There was something magnified about it. It seemed too big for a continent, let alone a Continental. Each of its fenders appeared to be large enough to garage a Volkswagen. Surely all this auto-


Don't Forget..
CURTAIN AT 7.30!
STEVENSON

"For that, we missed dessert?"

mobile could not be the carapace of a mere senator. Mr. Remeor had no idea whose it was, so we later called a policeman friend of ours, and he radioed somewhere, and word came quickly back that Texas BKZ 922 was the automobile of Lieutenant General John C. Meyer, Director of Operations, United States Air Force, two hundred combat missions over Europe, one of the top air aces of all time, Croix de Guerre from France *and* Belgium, Air Medal, Silver Star, D.F.C., and D.S.C., with thirteen (Did you say thirteen? Roger. Repeat, thirteen) oak-leaf clusters. We put in a call to the Pentagon, and soon sensed just how big a general General Meyer is, for in order to propose a talk with him we had to spend fifteen minutes talking with another general—Brigadier General H. L. Hogan III (five oak-leaf clusters)—who politely told us that he would see what he could do and would call us back. A day or so later, he called to say that he was still having difficulty getting through to General Meyer on the matter of the golf game but that he would continue the effort and call us again. "I just didn't want you to think we weren't working on the problem," said generous General Hogan. "Let's see what we can whomp up." Two days later, the Pentagon called again. "This is General Hogan," said General Hogan. "Stand by for General Meyer!"

"This is General Meyer speaking. My game is generally pretty bad. I must have played a lousy game that afternoon, because if it was good I would remember the score. I played with two other generals. We didn't find the weather particularly cold. I would guess I was somewhere around my usual game, which is like ninety-two or three or four. If I was worse than a hundred, I would remember that, too. If I'd played a good game, I could tell you every stroke."

At Burning Tree, as we retreated down the long driveway, Mr. Remeor said, "You may recall that Burning Tree is where the Martian landed on the eighth green and went up to President Eisenhower and said, 'Take me to your leader.' This place has a rich history. The policy of the club has always been that it wants no publicity whatsoever, but sometimes it can't help getting it. According to another story that went around, Ike was playing here one day and Secret Service men came running out of the woods and conferred with him, and then they rushed up the fairway to the next foursome and said, 'Excuse us, gentlemen, but do you mind if the President plays through? We have just received word that New York has been bombed.'. . . Yes, yes, Nixon is a member here. The President and the Vice-President—Nixon and Agnew. They've even got the president of the P.G.A. in there, as their pro. Of all the American Presidents who have ever played the game, John Kennedy was by a country mile the best golfer. His back bothered him, and he played for only a short period each time he came out here. He would just show up, shoot a few pars, and leave. Think of this: Nixon sponsored John Kennedy for membership here. The club has a collection of drivers that have been used by Presidents. By and large, the members are an informal and unstuffy bunch of men. In the summertime, they play in short pants and wear no shirts. Some of them play in their undershorts. They put on long drawers and play all through the winter. I've been in clubs all over the world that have big mazumbos in their membership, and this one is the least pretentious, the most homey, the most humble. There is nothing burning here. Centuries ago, there was a tree here that glowed in the night, probably from phosphorus, so the Indians called this region Potomac, the Place of the Burning Tree."

Three Gatherings

IN the elaborate offices of Otto Preminger, film producer, Mr. Preminger (seated behind a marble desk, wearing a purple tie) and Mr. Eliot Fremont-Smith, editor-in-chief of Little, Brown (seated at one end of the marble desk, wearing a tie of no color whatever), were making a Joint Announcement of Major Interest. On the top of Mr. Preminger's desk were scattered papers, pictures, and a desk sculpture, and around it were scattered a number of reporters from movie and publishing trade publications who had been summoned by telegram for Mr. Preminger's announcement. The reporters appeared to be slightly more interested in the movie "Love Story" than in the announcement, and talked among themselves and to Mr. Preminger about the phenomenal commercial success of this picture. "It is a picture about two most ideal people," said Mr. Preminger. "They make love only with books in their hands."

Mr. Preminger, who has a manner of considerable, but pleasant, authority, began to make his announcement. (It was a joint announcement in that Mr. Fremont-Smith listened knowingly.) "I have just acquired the motion-picture rights to a novel by Richard Jessup," he said. "The title of the book is 'Foxway.' It is what we usually call a human-interest story. Last Wednesday, appeared a manuscript very badly Xeroxed. I couldn't put it down." Mr. Preminger discussed his reactions to the book, his feelings as he read it. Mr. Fremont-Smith put the book in its proper context ("A telling, moving, upsetting portrait of an American way of life today"). The reporters asked no-nonsense questions ("Anybody in mind for the lead?"). Mr. Preminger responded only vaguely to the no-nonsense questions.

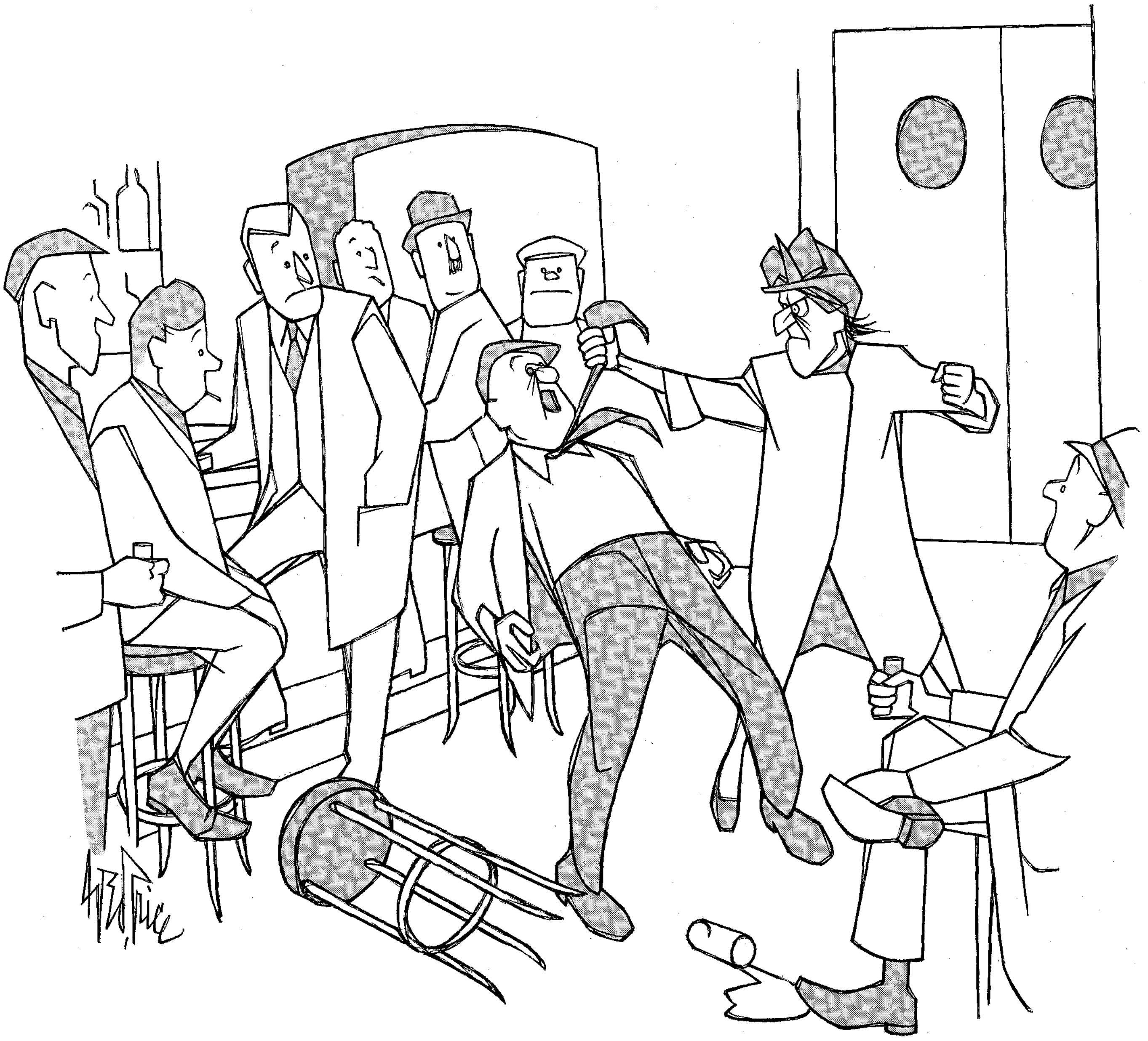
"What's the budget?" a reporter asked.

"I never discuss what things cost. I don't ask what you paid for that lovely shirt you are wearing. I can say that *probably* when the picture is released we will charge three dollars a seat."

The discussion turned to "Love Story" once again. Everyone agreed that the fact that the book was a best-seller had helped the picture.

"There are two advertising media," Mr. Preminger said. "One is the best-seller. The other is TV. I know, because from time to time I go on these talk shows. Whenever I go, everyone has seen it, everyone recognizes me. In this cold weather, a car pulled up and a little girl—not such a little girl; thirty-five or so—got out and said she had seen me on a talk program. And it was so cold to get out of the car. Stupid, in my opinion. And where was she from? Hartford, Connecticut."

THAT evening, people from the art world came to inspect and celebrate the new apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Cowles. Mr. and Mrs. Cowles have had a large, conventional East Side apartment reduced to rubble and a new one built. Paul Rudolph, who did the rebuilding, used curved lacquered walls, Mylar walls, and many, many mirrors, and the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cowles admired all these things. People wandered admiringly through the living room, where there was an enormous painting by Frank Stella on a curved brown-lacquered wall, and through the library, the floor of which was carpeted in goatskin, and many congregated in Mrs. Cowles' bathroom, which was a tunnel vaulted in silver Mylar and studded with hundreds (perhaps thousands) of tiny mirrors. There was a painting by Magritte on a wall near



"Madam, please! What I distinctly said was that I could lick any man in the house."

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the bathroom. "Did you see the dear little Magritte?" a lady asked her companion.

We talked to Charles Cowles, who is the publisher of *Artforum* and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Cowles. "Paul Rudolph is one of the very few great architects who will do a private residence," Charles Cowles said. "He ripped out every wall. The old apartment was very stuffy, very Georgian. The people who were here before us had a picture of the family crypt on the coffee table."

Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun, whose husband runs a record company, talked to Andy Warhol. "There was something I wanted to talk to you about, but I forget what it was," she said. "We're going to London to see the Stones. Everything's the Stones. I'm so sick of it."

We asked Mr. Warhol if he was impressed by the apartment.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "I've been here before."

LATER that night, the cast of "No, No, Nanette" met to celebrate in a West Side restaurant. As we went in, we met a friend of ours, and we asked him if it was a successful party. "Well, it's certainly *crowded* enough," he said. "The *interesting* thing is that the two producers don't see eye to eye, so there are two parties tonight. This may be the first time that's happened in theatrical history."

"That's the most delicious aspect," said Julius Monk, the night-club impresario, who happened to be standing near us. "Separate checks, separate tables."

We made our way through to the back of the room, where Ruby Keeler was sitting with Busby Berkeley. On the way, we passed an intense young lady wearing a lot of simple silver jewelry. "Actually, there's very little protocol at the top," she was saying to her companion. "It's a very *human* situation."

At the back of the room, Miss Keeler was responding pleasantly to the congratulations being offered her. "Everybody's been wonderful," she said again and again.

A man in a gray suit congratulated Patsy Kelly. "You were wonderful," he said.

Patsy Kelly kissed his hand.

"What are you drinking?" the man asked.

"VO on the rocks, and if you get me one I'll love you forever," said Miss Kelly.

HOW ARE THE LEGS, SAM?

WATCH the pitch. Say to yourself, “This baby's mine.” At the crack of the bat, get yourself moving. This is called “getting the good jump.” If it looks like yours, try to get there ahead of it. Spread your arms to give yourself balance, and position yourself so the ball will hit you on the chest if you miss it. Automatically, your hands will make the catch. Above all, get the good jump.

	G	AB	H	E	BA
1965	1	4	2	1	.500
1966	1	5	2	1	.400
1967	Inactive				
1968	Inactive				
1969	Inactive				
1970	Inactive				

Lifetime totals: Not available

Let's talk about legs. It isn't human nature to play ball. The natural man doesn't stand under or in front of fast-moving, hard objects. Therefore, his legs must not only be strong enough to get him there, the legs must *want* to go. This is my big problem.

I tend to back away from fly balls. Even when I played work-up as a kid, I always backed off and took flies on the bounce. I hated to look bad dropping a high one. It was my dad who made me face up to the game. He took me over to Strub's parking lot and hit high ones until the street lights came on. He used two balls, so I couldn't loaf on the return throw.

My dad also taught me to throw from the shoulder—a smooth, unexaggerated motion, with a snap of the wrist to put the heat on the ball. I say you can tell something about a man's character from his throwing motion, and I appreciate all my dad did to make an honest man of me. I throw well today, years later, but I'm still shy around a pop fly and wish it were hit to somebody else. I lose my nerve at the last minute (“You've got it!”), and this is my big fault. I'm working on it.

I dropped one in 1965. A family picnic game. I'm playing first (I asked to), their last ups, with our side ahead by 2–1, and my cousin Eddy comes up and takes a wild cut at a soft outside spinner and lofts a pop-up eighty feet high—a short run to my left, foul. I moved over to catch it, but only medium quickly—understand? I pulled back from it and it fell off the tip of my glove. “It's O.K. We'll get this clown!” my dad yelled. He knew how much I hated myself right then. *I could have had it.*

ONE day the next summer, I was riding my bike around the lake when I heard a man shouting at me. An Indian fellow about forty wearing a purple softball uniform came chugging up alongside. “You play ball?” he said. “We need one more guy.” I said I didn't have a glove. “We got extras,” he said.

It's in the rulebook of everyday, I guess, that you're allowed to say *no* just once in a situation like that, so I followed him back over the hill to the softball field. I pulled on a purple shirt and trotted out to center, where the Indian wanted me. The whole team was Indians, from the South Side A.C. The other team was from the Sheet Metal Workers. I didn't know them. No warmup, so I'm standing there stiff as a post when the first man up smacks a line drive that parked in my mitt without me moving a step. I whipped it back to the second baseman, who gave me a big cheer. In one minute, I'm in the game and already have some credit with the Indians, who look to be bent on playing 1.000 for the season. Nothing more that inning or the next, but I'm feeling easy out there. Our diamond was one of four that faced in toward the central point where I was standing, and I could've played center field in four games at once and *liked* it.

At this central point there was an iron storm-sewer grate. It was no more than a low hump in the grass, but I began to think about tripping over it, so in the third inning I backed up and stood on top of it—understand? The old shy trick. So I was playing too deep for a low line drive in the fourth that drove in two runs. I ran right by it and had to turn around and chase it down. I heaved the ball back to second so hard my fingertips stung. I wanted to bite off my hand. I'd been thinking I wanted to play ball, but I'd been fooling myself. A fellow can fake everybody into thinking he's hustling when he's not even *in* the game. Here I was, getting fat off the fat of the fattest land in the world, and I wouldn't even put out for these Indians who took me on their team. Eight other guys straining every nerve, and the ball is hit to me, the sewer lounger.

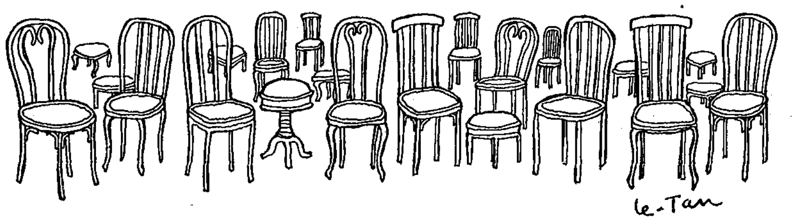
I'm glad to say I got another chance. Seventh inning, we got the game salted away 12–3, and here comes a pop fly that doesn't hang like it should but drops like a bomb into the space between me and the kid in right field, where I snagged it three (two) feet off the ground, getting the good jump and going for it as if I'm either going to bury myself nose first in the prairie or else make the amazing grab I did make, and off-balance get off a hard submarine peg that almost caught the runner leaning off third.

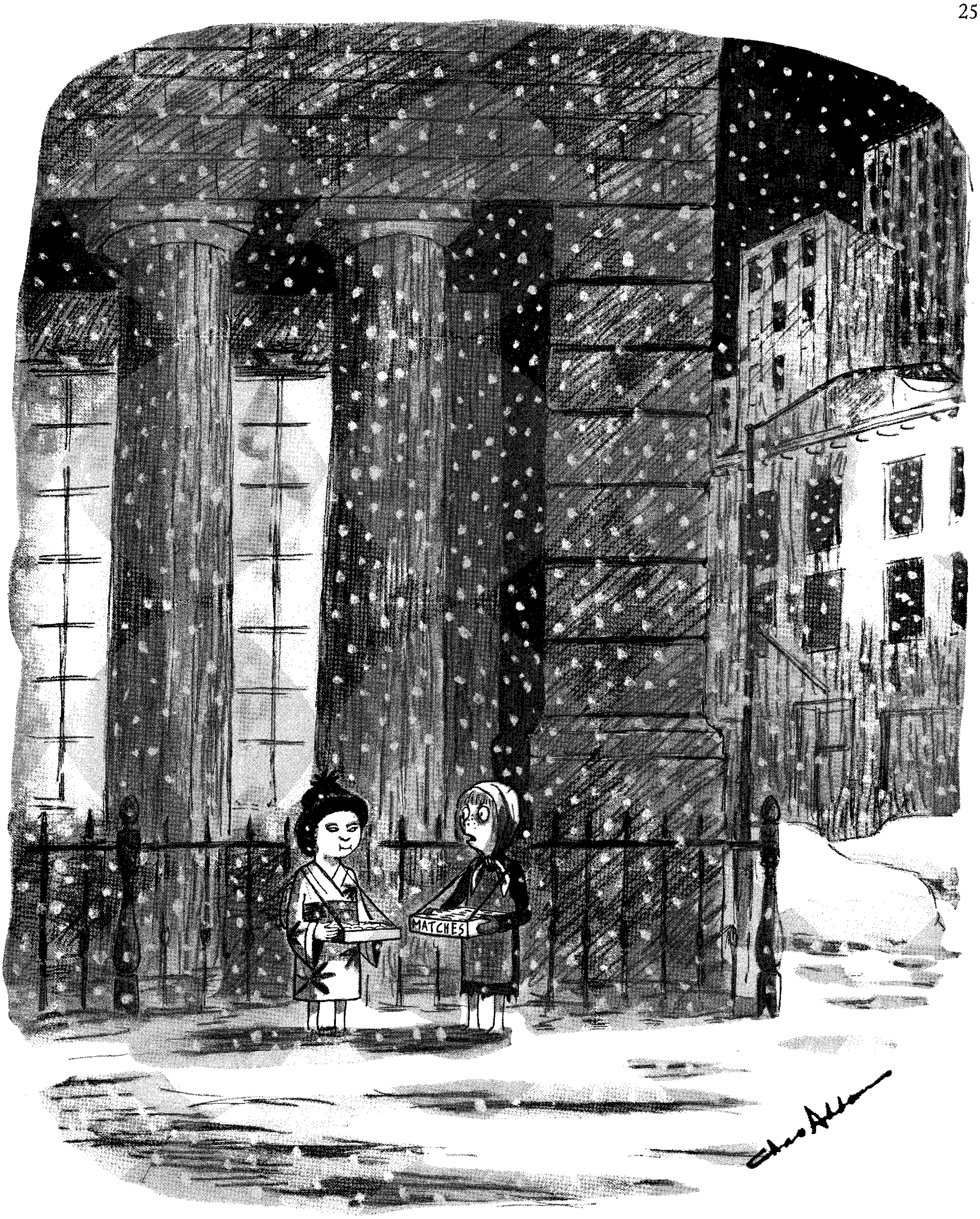
THAT was my last ballgame—maybe the last of my life. For four years, I've thought of myself as a ballplayer on the strength of that one game I stumbled into and trotted away from feeling very good about myself. I've tried to get back. Wherever I go, I talk up a game and sometimes recruit almost enough people to play. A couple times they didn't show, and other times I dropped out knowing that the other guys were fun players and didn't want to get grass stains on their knees stretching for the big play. Forget it.

I'd like to think I could make that 1966 catch again, but I know I couldn't. More and more this winter, my thoughts are with that old ballplayer—you know his name. Fifteen years in the majors and a great competitor, almost never a game he didn't make a play that made you feel faint. But this winter his friends are saying, “You're looking great, Sam.” They didn't used to say this. He's worried about himself, thinking ahead to spring training, thinking, I got to start slow, build, can't rush it. But they don't pay you for not rushing it.

He remembers last spring—how after four weeks in uniform his body still wasn't interested in running. Going for the long ball, he had to send himself on ahead and then sort of throw back a rope and pull his old body to the spot. Late in the spring, he came loose in the knees; he had an operation in June and was out for the season.

In the papers, the manager said how much they'd miss old Sam and how he'd be back for sure next year, but over a drink he offered him a job as a scout. He's thinking it





"Damn you and your cheap Japanese lighters!"

* * *

over. As a scout, he'd still get to ride in first class, with lots of legroom and a stewardess right there; if you needed a drink, she could get to you quick. But nobody looks at scouts. The only reason people have looked at him—*studied* him—for all these years is because he played good ball. He liked it, and every time he turned on the steam back came the news he was good, as strong and quick as he ever was or would be.

I need to get back in shape. Without a serious game to push myself for, my body is getting numb at the ends. I work all day at a desk in a low room. When I get home and put my legs up on the hassock, I look at them and think, Well, there are my legs, I wonder how they're getting along nowadays. I mean to run some this winter, and with a little work perhaps the legs will come around and I will be in fine shape in the spring.

—Garrison Keillor

THE NIGHT OUT

I SAID goodbye and hung up the phone. Hilary came into the room and switched on the light. While I was talking, she'd had time to bathe the children and put them to bed; without my noticing, it had grown dark. I drew the curtains and then turned down the volume of the television. "That was Mum and Dad," I said.

"I guessed as much, the time you took. They coming over tomorrow?" Usually they came every other Sunday.

"No. At least, they didn't say so. It's not their week to come over, is it?"

"Yes, it is, Ray. You know it is. They didn't come last week. You remember. That friend of theirs arrived just as they were setting out. I'd made that special cake your father likes. I was going to make another one tonight, but if they're not coming tomorrow I shan't bother."

"That means it must be nearly a month since they last came. God, the weeks go by and I scarcely notice them. This makes things worse, if it's really that long since we saw them."

"What do you mean, makes things worse? What's happened, then?"

"They want us to go to their dinner and dance on Wednesday."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes."

"It can't be a year since the last one, can it? What did you say? Are we going?"

"What could I say? I'd forgotten that the time had come round for their annual bun-fight at the club. They took me by surprise. Anyway, Mum said that she'd put the invitations in the post this afternoon. There didn't seem any option."

"Haven't you already got an engagement that night somewhere?"

"No. As a matter of bloody annoying fact, Wednesday is the only night next week when I'm free. I was hoping to be able to put my feet up and have a rest."

"But surely you *could* have an engagement Wednesday evening? One you'd forgotten about. Quick, if you ring back now before too much time has gone by, it'll sound all right."

"I couldn't do that. I couldn't lie to my own parents."

"But it would only be a white lie. Just this once. You've never done it before."

"That's the trouble. If I'd done it before, it'd be easy."

Hilary didn't answer. She stared at the silent television screen. The familiar advertisements appeared: Shell Motor Oil, Sunsilk Shampoo, Heinz Baked Beans.

I tried to synchronize the jingles in my head with the images as they cut or dissolved. The second part of the Saturday-night comedy show began. "Actually," I said, "it wouldn't be any use inventing an engagement for Wednesday evening. The first thing Dad asked me when I picked up the phone was would I be free this coming Wednesday. I thought he was going to ask if I'd give him a lift home from the garage when he takes his car in for its service. And I told him what I've just told you—Wednesday's my only free night."

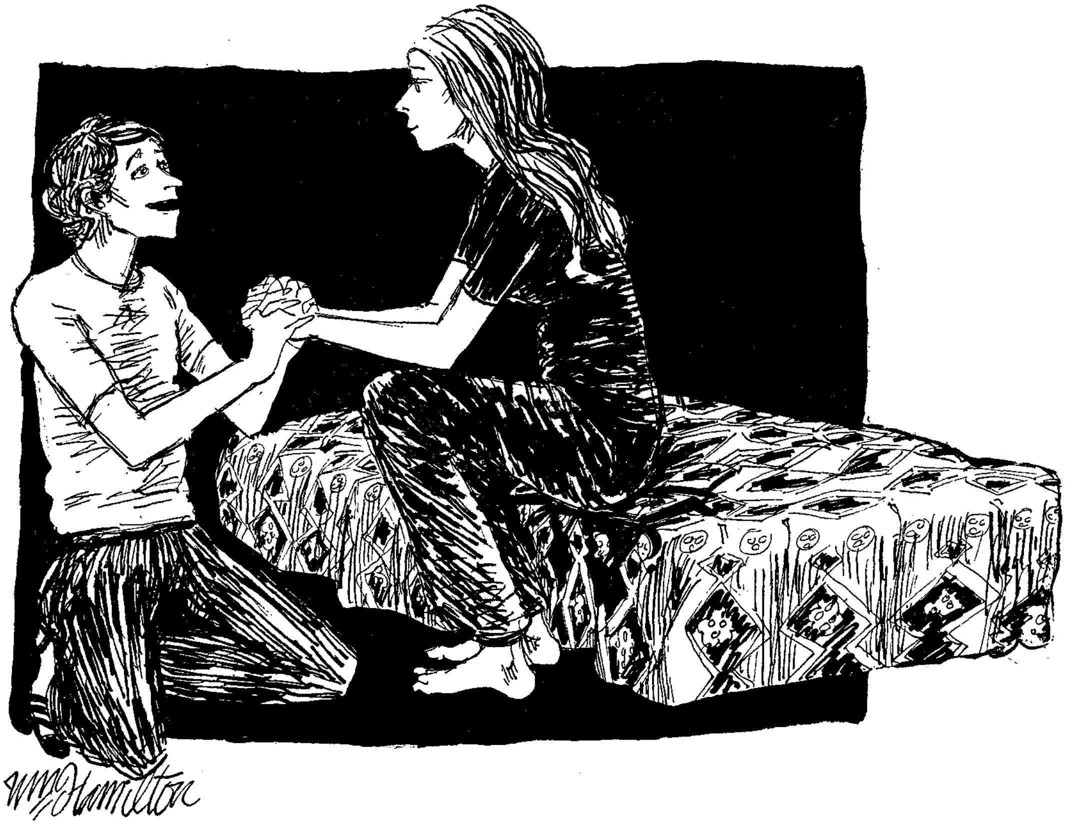
It was a lie. I'd said nothing of the sort. I watched the comedian mouthing his patter, and thought of the glib way I'd told my wife a white lie in order to avoid telling my parents one. The comedian's mouth was still, and he had put his hands on his hips; it was a pause for laughter. The cameras cut swiftly from his face to the audience, then back to his face. He rolled his eyes and then shut them tight. I turned toward Hilary, to see whether she wanted to go on talking or whether she wanted to turn up the volume of the television. She was sitting forward, her elbows on her knees, her hands clasped tightly; she wasn't looking at the screen.

"You know how I feel about their dinner and dance," I said. "After last year's, I vowed I'd never go to another. I'm sorry, love, I've let you down. But what can we do?"

"Babysitters!" she exclaimed. "We won't be able to get anybody to babysit for us on Wednesday. That needn't be a white lie, either. I happen to know that there's a P.-T.A. meeting that night, and all the wives will either be at the meeting or sitting in for their friends. That's it! Phone them back now and say so. Or shall I? You'd make it *sound* like a lie, judging by the expression on your face. What's the matter?"

"It won't do. I thought of that. That's why the phone call lasted such a long while. Dad and I had to keep on talking while Mum went round to see Mrs. Roake. They've fixed up for her to come over and sit for us. There's no way round it. We're going to have to go. Shall I turn up the sound now?"

She didn't answer. Her mouth was set in the grim, hard counterfeit smile she uses when she is about to give in. I could have turned up the volume, and we could have sat through the evening's programs together, enjoying each other's company, behaving as if there was nothing serious to discuss. But as soon as the subject of the dinner and dance was raised again I knew we'd have bitter words. The reason was my unbearable conduct the year before. I'd sulked through the evening and refused to dance. My father had danced alternate numbers with Hilary and my mother while I sat drinking in a lounge bar. Hilary had made the best



"Oh, Penny, will you, like, live with me for a little while?"

of it—she could enjoy herself reasonably well at such a function—but she had felt embarrassed about my boorishness.

"I'll be on my best behavior this year," I said. "I'll really try hard. I'll dance every number, and make snappy conversation, the way he's doing on the screen there. I ask you, what does he look like, screwing up his face that way?"

"You should see yourself when you're putting on *your* act."

"What do you mean, my act? What act?"

"When you're trying to make 'snappy conversation,' as you call it. The words come out bright enough, but your face gives you away. You're the reverse of the man on the screen. We can't hear a word he's saying, but it's obvious he's enjoying himself."

"It's his job to look like that. He's a professional. He's probably as miserable as sin underneath."

"You ought to have found some way of wriggling out of going. All you need have said is that you just don't like going to dances and things—that you're nervous and unhappy when you've got to face lots of strangers. Tell them what the doctor said about avoiding crowded places. They'd understand. I understood, didn't I, when you explained it to me?"

"I couldn't expect them to understand. And even if they did, they'd only laugh."

"I think you underestimate their powers of understanding. It should be straightforward enough. Why don't you tell your father? Then he could tell your mother in his own way."

"I wouldn't want to worry them. They'd be anxious if they thought there was something wrong with me. They don't know about these things. They'd think I was going gaga. Best to keep it from them. Cover it up."

"You told me quickly enough. You didn't keep it a secret from me, did you? You didn't seem to mind about its worrying me, did you? I'm having to learn to live with it. I'm the one who'll have to make excuses for you, saying you're overworked and in need of a rest. When I think of last year—"

"Last year it was quite different. Last year, I agree, I behaved very badly. But don't you see? Last year it was just a simple case of having the sulks. I wanted to show them how I felt about being forced to go to the wretched dance against my will. If I'd wanted to, I could have danced a polka with every sweaty old spinster in the room. I sat all that time in the lounge, thinking to myself, I'll teach them not to railroad me again into doing something I'd rather not."

"A fat lot of good that did. The day after, you were on the phone to your mother, full of cringing apologies. Saying you'd make up for it next year if they could 'find it in their hearts' to ask you again. Well, next year has arrived."

"I honestly thought they'd have used more tact. They could so easily have forgotten to invite us. I wouldn't have known about the dinner and dance."

"They'd have thought it a white lie not to tell you. Besides, you *would* have known about it—there's always a picture in the local paper. You'd have opened the paper next Thursday morning, and there you'd have seen them, sitting at the top table. Don't you see? They were bound to invite you. They wanted to give you a chance to make up for last year, and they wouldn't have wanted to hurt your feelings by *not* asking you. They're probably using far more tact than you imagine. I know you. If you'd found out that they hadn't invited us, you'd have taken it as a rebuke."

"I suppose you're right. Hell, what a mess."

"Your own fault. You should have spoken up."

"You speak to them for me."

"What, me? Certainly not. They're your parents, not mine. It's too late now. We'll just have to go. I don't know what I'll wear. I'll have to get some shoes, that's for sure. Those evening shoes of mine have got mildew in them, it's so long since I've had them on. Right, so that's settled, then. Turn up the sound now, will you? The film's going to start in a minute."

I sat still. I thought of her mildewed shoes. I had no shoes for dancing, either. All my shoes had rubber soles. "I daresay they asked us because they thought we don't get out very often these days," I said. But she was turning up the sound. The credit titles were turning; it was one of those films set in the tropics, all banana leaves and cicadas. I dozed in my chair until it was time to go to bed.

IN the two days that followed, Hilary and I never mentioned the dinner and dance. On the Monday evening, my father phoned up to confirm that Mrs. Roake would be coming over to sit for us. I wouldn't have to bother about collecting her, he said; her husband had to drive over past our house on Wednesday night to see a client of his. There was nothing for me to worry about. When Mr. Roake had finished his business, he'd come by and sit watching television with his wife until Hilary and I got home. And further-more, my mother said afterward, we'd not have to hurry home before the dance was over—Elsie Roake was a good sort, who said she didn't mind a really late night now and again, and her husband would probably take off his shoes and have a little nap in my swivel chair.

Hilary was sitting near me while I was speaking to my parents. I didn't need to repeat the arrangements that had been made for us. She was altering a dress; there were bits of cloth and yellow thread on the carpet. I knew how annoyed she was that Mrs. Roake was coming to sit for us. She'd come the year before, at my mother's instigation. That time, she'd dusted the shelves in the sitting room and tidied up, and scrubbed the kitchen floor. It had probably been a kindly thought on the part of the middle-aged woman, who remembered how busy she'd always been when the house was full of small children, as ours is. But Hilary had taken it as a sort of reproach. It was understandable. I felt much the same when Mr. Roake showed me how to grease the bearings in the swivel chair. "If I were you," he'd said when we got home, "I'd get myself a grease gun and do something about that squeak. Every time you move, the chair squeaks under you. It'd drive me crazy. Just as you're nodding off nice and comfortable, there it goes—squeak, squeak, squeak. It's a good chair and deserves being taken good care of. Look, I'll show you, it's quite easy." But while he turned the chair upside down and talked about the bearings and the greasing points, I was watching Hilary as she ran her finger along one of the shelves. The cheek of it, I thought, the damn cheek.

I watched Hilary threading her needle. It was a deft, expert motion; she hardly even glanced at what she was doing. This year, I knew, she'd spend a good part of the day cleaning and tidying the whole house before we went out, so that Mrs. Roake would find nothing to do. Hilary would scrub the kitchen floor, and when it was dry she'd polish it. She'd be tired out before we left the house. Her thimble fell off the edge of the little table. As I sat forward and picked it up for her, my chair squeaked; it squeaked again as I sat back. She looked up from her work and smiled. "You've still not seen to your chair, have you?" she said. "What will Mr. Roake say?"

"I'll take it upstairs into the bedroom. It'll be out of his way up there."

"Don't you be too sure about that. They're the sort who'd go prying everywhere if you gave them half a chance. If I had any say in the matter, I'd not have them in my house at any price. What do you think about this old dress? Will it be all right? It's a bit faded just here—look—but I'm not going to the expense of buying one specially. Not for one night out. It'll have to do service one more time."

"God knows what I'll wear. There's only that gray suit."

"Will you be able to get it on? It was too tight for you last year round the waist."

"I hate wearing suits."

"Get it out of the wardrobe and I'll press it for you. I've got to have the iron on to press this hem."

"Not worth it. You pressed it this time last year and I've not worn it since. It's been hanging up. It won't need pressing."

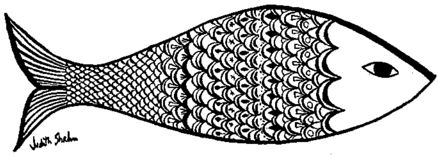
"I'll get it, if you won't. It'll have to be pressed. You've had all those other jackets crushed up against it. I looked at it this morning."

"Seven years ago, I bought that suit. Remember? I got it for your brother's wedding. Fashions have changed since then. I'll look pretty quaint."

"It might be in fashion again by now. Are you going to get it?"

"Oh, hell, I suppose so. I could kick myself for letting this happen all over again. I'm just not the sort of person that wears a suit. I'm not even the sort of person that has his clothes pressed. I like to be comfortable. I've just thought, I haven't got a white shirt. Never mind, I'll wear that brown one."

"You'll do no such thing. A brown shirt with a gray suit? What are you thinking of! I'll buy you one tomorrow



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PRESENTING A WATCH

Here where help is another transaction,
    sleep something we *do*,
you must have discovered, my dear, we have
    a Dorian mode
of our own, Dorian Grave: we keep death
    out of our faces
by foisting it off on our wrists. So that
    while not much more than
the weather may seem to happen to us
    in our capital
of group therapy, there it is each time
    we light a cigar
or kiss someone: the mindless reminder
    that when we leave off
counting we can no longer live up to
    ourselves. We become
aware of the void only as we fill it,
    in other words, with
no words for the minutes except one: *more.*

Wonderful, is it not, that such a thing
    is called a *movement*?
From what? To what? The movement is between
    two evils, neither
the lesser. That is why it is called,
    also, an *escapement.*
I give you the time of day, give it away
    not because I wish
our companionable curse on you, not
    because I prefer
to rid your face of just what I found there—
    wanted, haunted, home—
but to share its minor music ticking
    on us both: the fear
of losing is what we possess, the hope
    of uniting all
that divides us. You will get the message
    once you wear this bright
engine as I wear mine, *in the meanwhile.*

—RICHARD HOWARD

when I go into town for my shoes. Give me the money."

"This is getting out of hand. Free tickets for the wretched dance and we're spending a small fortune on clothes we'll never need again. What will you want with dancing shoes? What will I want with a white shirt?"

"We'll need them again next year, when the time comes round again."

I didn't answer. I carried the chair upstairs and came back with the suit. There was a pound note in the breast pocket of the jacket, I noticed, and the raffle tickets we'd bought.

I HAD trouble parking the car. We were five minutes late arriving, and the parking lot behind the Town Hall was already full, except for a narrow space between two minicars. There wasn't much room to maneuver, but I finally got my car, slightly aslant, into position. Hilary couldn't open her door more than a few inches, so I had to back. "You go on in," I said, "and I'll follow on when I've managed to straighten up." She went off toward the main entrance. It was obvious that I wouldn't be able to get out of the car once it was in tight between the two others. I got out and pushed it into the space; the hand brake would have to stay off.

My mother and father were in the vestibule, waiting for me, as I pushed through the revolving door. They were in evening clothes. My father looked very well, and handsome; usually when I see him he is wearing his working clothes—a faded-blue boiler suit. I shook hands with him and kissed my mother just at the side of her mouth. "I didn't realize it was evening dress," I said.

"Optional," said my father. "Says so on the ticket." He looked at his watch. "Was the traffic thick coming over?"

It was his way of excusing me for arriving late. I could see people taking their places at the long tables in the ballroom. "Pretty bad," I said. It had been a difficult drive, but we could easily have set out sooner. "I had to get a pint of oil and check the tires on the way. That put us behind a few minutes, because the attendant kept us waiting. And I had a rough time parking the car when we finally got here." All this was true.

"Hilary is in the cloakroom," my mother said, brushing my shoulder. "I'm ever so glad you could come. It isn't often we can all have a night out together. Wasn't it kind of Mr. and Mrs. Roake to offer to sit for you? I'll buy her a box of chocolates for her trouble. Here's Hilary now. How are you, my dear? You look tired."

"I'll buy the chocolates. Dad, don't let Mother buy the chocolates. That's something I ought to do. I'll get them tomorrow and post them," I said.

"You never know," said Hilary. "You might even win some in the raffle. Hadn't we better be going in now? It looks as if we're the only ones left out here."

"But we've not had a drink," I said. "I wanted to get us all a drink before dinner. What will you have, Mother, a gin-and-vermouth? Sweet sherry for Hilary, I suppose. And what'll you have, Dad? Have a Scotch with me."

"Too late now," he said. "We'll have one later on. We'd better go in, because they won't start until we're in our places. Mustn't keep everybody waiting." He took my mother's arm and led the way.

"Does my hair look all right?" Hilary whispered to me. "I left my bag in the car. All my things are in it. I knew I'd left something behind. I was carrying my dancing shoes. If I hadn't been carrying them, I'd have noticed that I hadn't got my bag. Didn't you notice it on the seat?"

"It looks O.K. to me," I said. "I'll get it for you after the dinner, before the dance begins. Anyway, you can always use my comb."

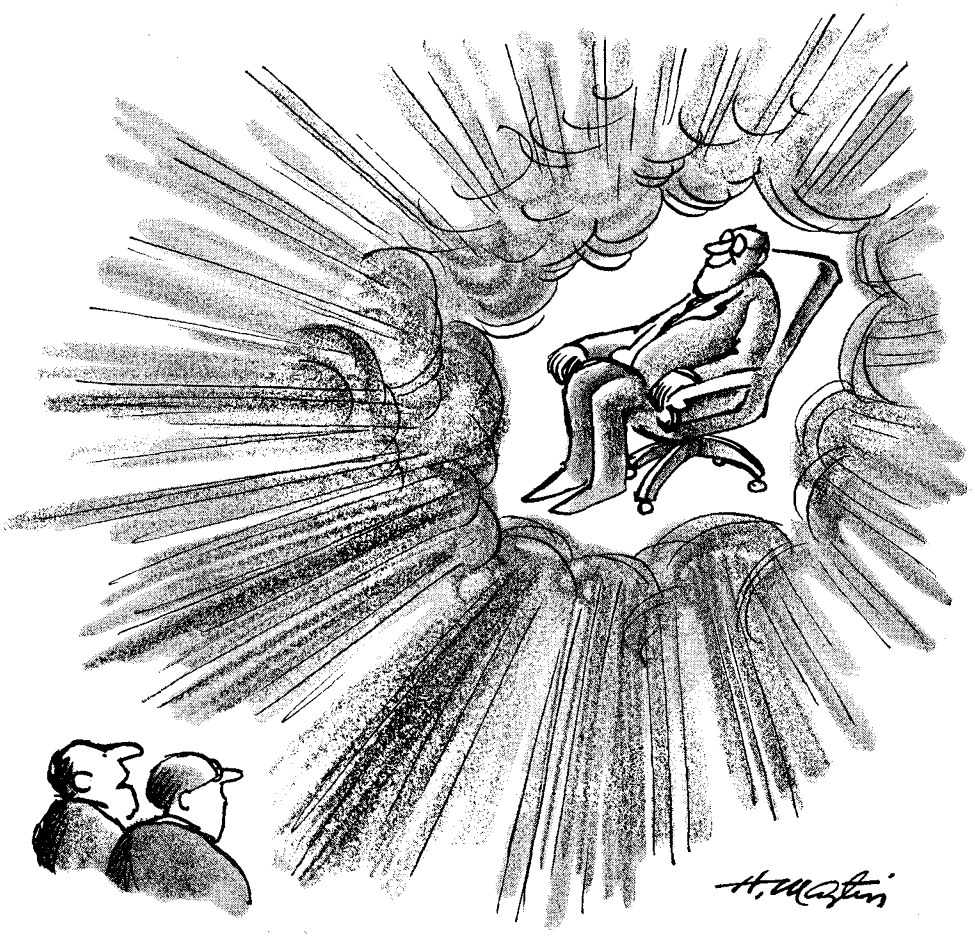
Our seats were at the top table, at the end. I sat between Hilary and my mother, and my father sat on my mother's left.

"It's not just the comb," Hilary said. "What about my powder and lipstick, what about my handkerchief?"

Before I could answer her, the chairman called for everybody to rise for grace to be said. The chairs scraped back and there was a shuffling of feet. "A load of old nonsense," I said quietly to Hilary—meaning the saying of grace. But when she looked round at me I knew she had misunderstood.

Grace said, we sat down and drew in our chairs. "It's not nonsense at all," she said. "I like to think my hair's looking nice and that my makeup's right."

I would have explained that I was referring to the saying of grace, but my mother was asking me to pass her the menu. When I turned toward her, I saw that my father was standing behind her chair; he had helped her to



"In 1948, he was made vice-president and treasurer. Then, in 1953, he was promoted to president and director. In 1960, he was named chairman of the board, and then, last Friday, in an unprecedented move, he was apotheosized."

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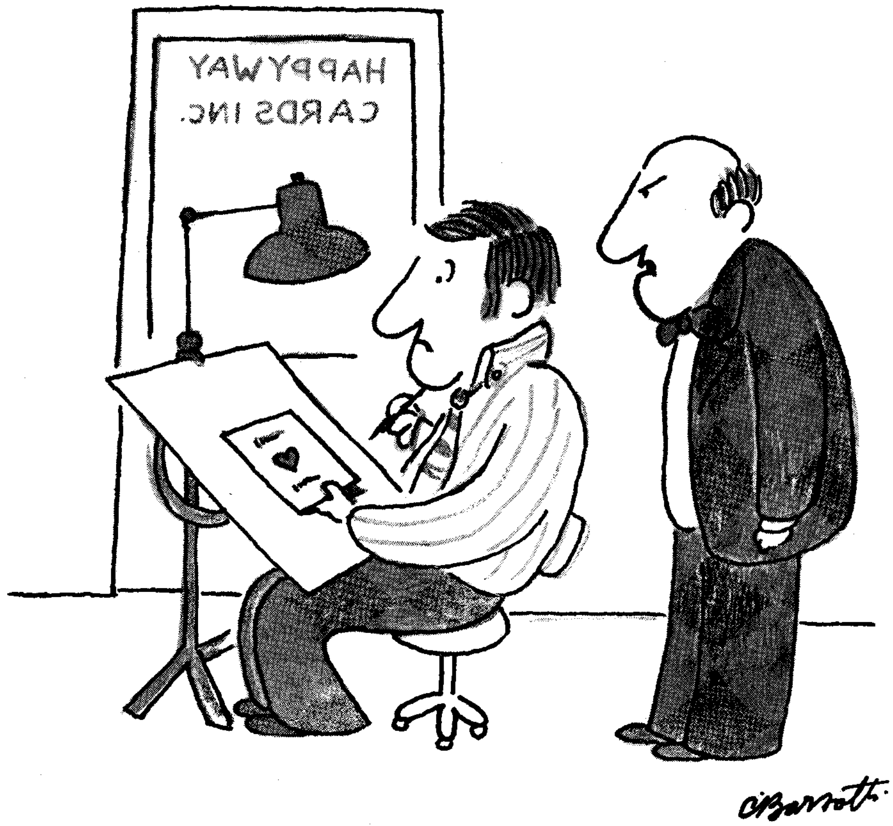
settle in her place. I wished I had thought of doing that for Hilary, but it was too late. I'd make up for it by being more attentive during the meal. But there was nothing I could pass to her yet, before the soup was served.

My mother spoke to me, several times. I remember answering her, but I can't remember what it was we spoke about. I can only recall that my answers were very short and that I used the calculated, deferential manner I usually reserve for speaking to total strangers. I was aware of this; it was as if a part of me was observing, objectively, all that was going on. Hilary didn't speak to me, nor I to her. She reached in front of me for the cruet, and when she had used it she reached in front of me again to put it back. There was nobody else for her to talk to, for she was at the end of the table and there was nobody sitting opposite us. She didn't even have occasion to speak to the waiter. I kept thinking, *Now you must say something, now, before you leave it too late again*, but the throbbing began in my temples, as it had the year before, and the muscles in the back of my neck were tightening. I read through the menu, time after time. It was the same meal we had had last year, the meal that the majority of the club members had voted to have again. They'd have it year after year, as if it were an affirmation of the happy times they spent together; to change the composition of the meal would be like a bad omen. The food was bland—an acceptable compromise agreed upon by two hundred and fifty middle-aged and elderly people who met regularly once a week during the whole year, wearing their ordinary, everyday clothes, who looked forward to this annual opportunity to put on evening dress and eat together and make speeches about the year just gone by. In his speech, the chairman would refer to the members who had died since the last dinner and to the members who couldn't be present this year owing to illness. I felt very hot. My head was pounding, and I wanted to shut my eyes. Course after course was served—tasteless, colorless, unspiced, dry. Year after year, I thought, this was the way my father's life was elapsing, and my mother's life. They wanted me to join the club; it would make them happy. I studied the white tablecloth and saw how it had been decorated with the same bit of pink ribbon that had been used the year before. A sweet white wine was poured into my glass, a sauterne. I would not drink it; I left the cream cheese untouched. I undid my shirt cuffs and felt my pulse racing. My forearm was wet with sweat. During the speeches, I smoked a cigar, keeping it in front of my face as I leaned on the table; I wanted my eyes behind the smoke, where they couldn't be seen. As soon as I heard chairs being pushed back, I got up and made my way to the door and into the vestibule. I was shivering. There were women there, laughing loudly in the echoing marble passageway. I saw their fat arms shaking as they smoothed their brittle, lacquered hair. Once I was outside in the cool air of the night, I made myself take twenty deep breaths. I kept telling myself that all I had to do was go to the car and fetch Hilary's evening bag and go back in with a smile on my face. And then, for three hours, dance.

I pushed the car backward until I could open the door. Hilary's bag was on the seat, just as she had said. On my way through the parking lot, I had noticed a space that I could use and I decided to move the car into it. It would avoid inconvenience later on, when everybody would be trying to get home quickly. All I needed, I thought, was a couple of minutes more of being on my own. I started the engine, reversed, then moved forward slowly toward the empty space. It was just outside a window of the ballroom. As I turned in, somebody was opening the curtains to pull a ventilator cord; he drew the curtains again just as I stopped the car in front of him. But—perhaps because my headlights blinded him—he turned away from the window, leaving the curtains open a few inches. I turned off my lights and looked through the gap. I could see my parents and Hilary. My father was looking toward the vestibule. He walked in that direction, out of my view, and then came back. His shoulders were hunched and his big hands hung at his sides, his taut fingers spread. It was his attitude of despair. I saw him shake his head as he said something to my mother and Hilary. The band, which I couldn't see, started to play a waltz. The three of them sat round a table. They stared at the ashtray, and glanced up from time to time. A few couples danced past them, and then I noticed that my mother was sitting alone. The music stopped after a few minutes, and when the floor was cleared I saw Hilary and my father going back to their seats. My mother looked up and said something to them. A waiter brought three drinks to their table.

It was too late now. I sat in the dark car and held my head in my hot, moist hands as I watched. It was like watching television with the sound turned off.

—TED WALKER



"It's not 'Our hearts in twine,' you idiot, it's 'Our hearts entwine.'"

•

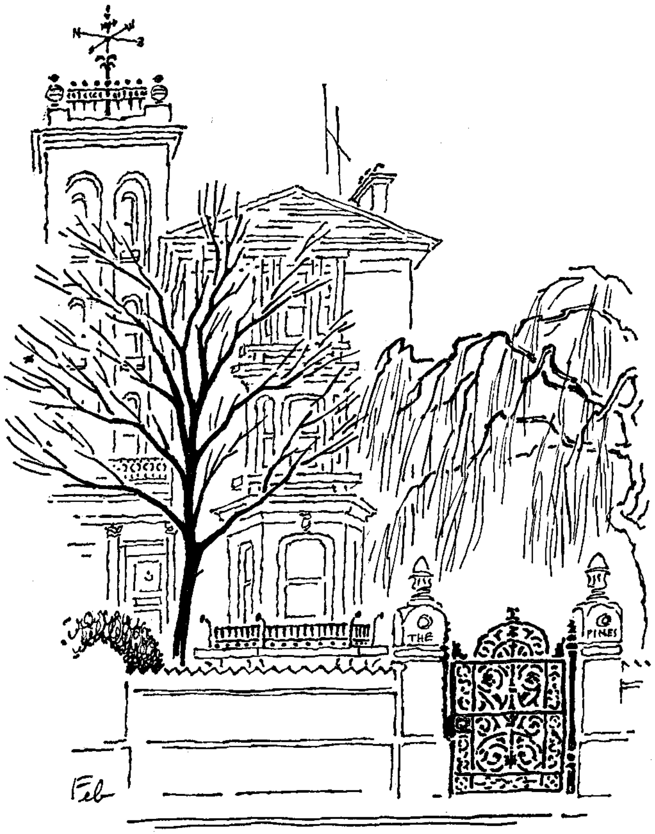
That same year, Congress authorized $22.6 million for the construction of a problem for which no practical solution is yet known.—*Electronic News.*

Other years, you can't squeeze a cent out of them.

PROFILES

AT THE PINES

II—WHEN I HAD WINGS, MY BROTHER

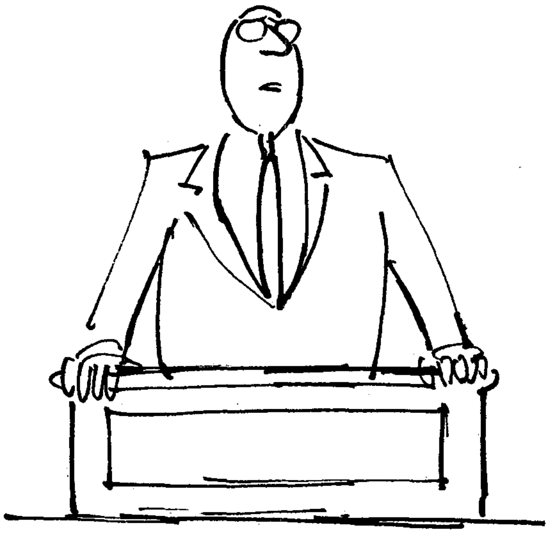


“WILL Friday—to-day week—suit you to receive us?” wrote Algernon Charles Swinburne from Putney in July, 1884, to Mrs. Anne Ritchie, Thackeray’s gay and delightful daughter, who was living not far off in Wimbledon. “It is the day which would best suit Mr. Watts; to me, who never go anywhere, all days are usually alike.” By now, Walter Theodore Watts (he did not add the “Dunton,” his mother’s maiden name, until 1896) is the man of affairs who meets new people and goes out and about (though not so much, to be sure, as the gregarious diner-out would have liked), and Swinburne, who has been living in an odd, almost connubial sequestration with him at No. 2, The Pines, since 1879, has begun the process of deliberate detachment that by the turn of the century will have become absolute. To Mrs. Ritchie—a dear friend since her girlhood days, when she and her sister, rapturously giggling, had listened to young Mr. Swinburne shrilling “Les Noyades” to a dumbfounded after-dinner gathering that included the Archbishop of York—he was simply offering a piece of information, without complaining or wishing that it were different. His refusal to repine was one of his greatest virtues.

> I would not bid thee, though I
> might, give back
> One good thing youth has given
> and borne away;
> I crave not any comfort of the day
> That is not, nor on time’s
> retrodden track
> Would turn to meet the white-
> robed hours or black
> That long since left me on their
> mortal way. . . .

“A Vision of Spring in Winter” had been written when he was a wintery thirty-eight. Now he was forty-seven, and he appeared to be stoically going forward, practically at a running pace, to meet old age. He and Watts, two middle-aged bachelors, had left the uncertain spring behind and were thankfully settled side by side in front of the fire at The Pines. Watts, we are told by his biographers Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett, hardly changed in appearance after that. “He had grown old at forty,” and the broad, calm forehead remained unwrinkled to the end; the whole face stayed round and rosy as a good-keeping apple, slightly withered but still wholesome on its shelf. He and Swinburne had now lived together for five years, and their joint household resembled, in all particulars but sex, a steady and successful homosexual union. Swinburne was the docile, stay-at-home “wife;” Watts was the “husband,” who managed all their business affairs, dictated the decisions, and doled out the pin money. No woman, it was clear, would ever enter the picture now. Swinburne had apparently not thought of marriage since the disastrous death of the heart that he suffered when he was twenty-five. Though he supplied a cardiogram to what had happened to him in the passionate, self-castigating lament “The Triumph of Time,” his biographers disagree in their readings. According to Edmund Gosse, he had been rejected, with wounding peals of nervous laughter at his twitching limbs and shrill voice, by a young lady called Jane Faulkner, nicknamed Boo. But later researchers have rejected Boo herself, ever since a Swinburne scholar, Mr. John S. Mayfield, of Syracuse University, tracked her down and revealed that she was hardly out of the nursery when Swinburne was supposed to have fallen in love with her. They insist that the girl was his beloved cousin Mary Gordon, who scribbled verse and rode and acted in uproarious family theatricals with him in the blissful early days at the Swinburne house, East Dene, on the Isle of Wight. In 1865, she had married an older man—Colonel Disney Leith, of the 106th Light Infantry—who bore her off into a happy fishing-and-shooting life in Scotland. Silence closes down, maternity closes down, and she does not reappear until, wearing a widow’s cap, she visits her old cousin at The Pines in the nineties. This lady fiercely denied any sentimental attachment between them other than deep ties of family affection, which may have been the cause of her wish—piously fulfilled, and calling down on her head the rage of all collectors of Swinburniana—that her priceless collection of the intimate letters he wrote to her, to his mother, and to two of his sisters should be burned after she, the only survivor, died. (She had edited a small volume of tantalizingly brief extracts.) The bonfire was duly made sometime after her death in 1926. All that appears with certainty in the light of its flames is that it was the mid-sixties when Swinburne made his first visits to the luxurious establishment in St. John’s Wood where two blond amazons flagellated the customers, and it was the mid-sixties when he started his wild, compulsive drinking.

What could not be burned by any loyal self-appointed censor are his two novels, “Lesbia Brandon” (though Watts successfully vetoed its publication in their lifetime) and “Love’s Cross-Currents,” and the blank-verse autobiographical play “The Sisters,” which he wrote looking back at the



"And now a few words in favor of the . . ."

past from Putney when he was fifty-five. Herbert in the first novel, and the two Reginalds—Redgie Harewood and Reggie Clavering—who are the heroes of the other novel and the verse drama, are clearly Algernon Swinburne. In all three works we are in a world that has an odd, haunting familiarity, until we realize it is the world of an Ivy Compton-Burnett novel, in which well-bred voices murmur under the elms, where the family is taking tea. The butler carries away the silver tray, croquet balls click on the summer air, and the civilized voices murmur some more, but suddenly the lawn seems to open, fire and brimstone spout, and the butler reappears with the visiting card of one of the Eumenides, who is now waiting, smoothing her skirts, in the drawing room. Against the country-house background of his youth—a vivid blend of East Dene; the Gordons' nearby house, Northcourt; and autumn visits to his extraordinary old grandfather, Sir John Swinburne, at Capheaton Hall, in Northumberland—Swinburne set his obsessive personal themes of disturbing relationships going on all the time under the smooth upper-class Victorian surface: of implacable old dowagers arranging the lives of other people as calmly as though they were pieces on a solitaire board, of the child of an adulterous affair conveniently becoming heir to his supposed father's title before any scandal breaks, of masochistic passions always, and of erotic situations between two young people tied too closely in kinship (in "Lesbia Brandon" they are brother and sister, in "The Sisters" they are cousins), who cannot follow their emotions through into marriage.

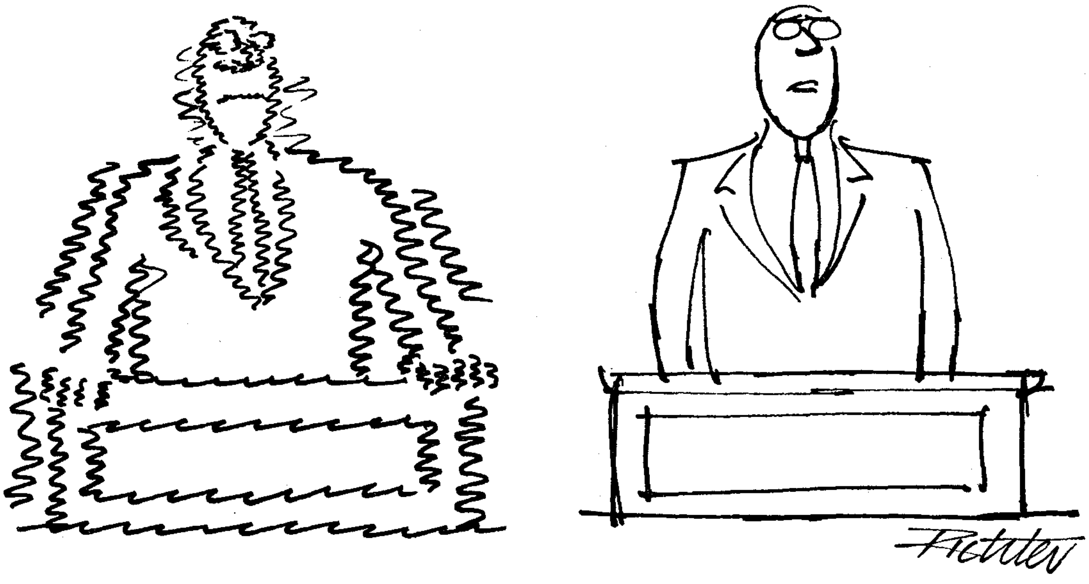
Whatever the love disappointment had been, it produced a trauma about marriage that lasted all Swinburne's life. "When I hear that a personal friend has fallen into matrimonial courses, I feel the same sorrow as if I had heard of him lapsing into theism," he wrote a correspondent in 1878. More wistfully, he had sent his congratulations to Edmund Gosse when Gosse married Miss Nellie Epps three years earlier: "I suppose it must be the best thing that can befall a man to win and keep the woman that he loves while yet young." That particular happiness, he said, was one he was "now never likely to share."

Watts may have suffered a similar early disappointment over a girl, but his biographers have kept it dark. According to them, Literature and Nature were the beautiful twin sisters whom he worshipped equally from his very different youth up, as Pope managed to divide his ardor simultaneously between the ravishing Blount girls, Martha and Teresa. Yet we may suspect that the "eminently respectable suburban solicitor, conservative of taste and habits," of whom many visitors to The Pines made a little obvious fun, though not quite knowing what to do with his uncharacteristically wild and romantic fixation on the gypsies, their lore and their language—we may suspect that this solid, self-contained man was not impervious to women. He liked them pretty. Beneath that waterfall of a brown mustache, drowned in the cascade of "clotted" hair (as one caller at The Pines, A. C. Benson, has described it), there was a sensuous mouth, which can be better observed in earlier pictures, before shagginess descended. His poems about men and women, supplied with careful Romany glossaries, abound in ripe lips and trim, tempting shapes of *rinkeni* (handsome) gypsy *chis* (girls), to whom his hero whispers "*Minaw!*" ("My own!").

> Pouring through all my frame a life divine
> From Rhona's throbbing bosom claspt to mine . . .
>
> And when upon my neck she fell, my love,
> Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice. . . .

Perhaps something had happened to him as it had happened to Swinburne. It may be that one of these whin-scented Rhonas or Sinfis, about whom he loved to ramble on to sympathetic callers until Swinburne's eyes glazed over with boredom, had dealt him a blow from which he never fully recovered. The mustache grew, the mouth hid itself prudently in the thicket. But Watts is always capable of surprises. As soon as we decide to believe in the dull and jealous duenna of a brilliant charge—the extinguisher of a burning flame, as Edmund Gosse hinted in his biography of Swinburne—Watts steps out of character. Watts, we are told by Robert Speaight in his life of the painter William Rothenstein, once took a cab in which to follow, at a discreet distance, the promenade of a "stunner" whom he admired. The stunner was the radiant young actress Alice Kingsley, the daughter of the Pre-Raphaelite painter and pupil of Rossetti, Walter Knewstub. (She later married Rothenstein.) Watts knelt on the floor of the cab, so that if the glorious creature happened to look back she would not easily recognize him. It is a ridiculous position, and we would admire him more if he had followed the young woman boldly on foot, but the episode seems to show that Mr. Watts had a susceptible heart. He appears to have suppressed it in order to give himself up, with a stoicism perhaps as great as Swinburne's own, to the difficult business of being guardian and servant to genius in Putney.

In 1879, Watts had rescued Swinburne from delirium tremens, but the hardest part of his task came later, as often happens, when the extreme crisis was over and all that remained was to keep the divine bow of Apollo and its owner safely employed at The Pines. Now, and for the rest of their lives together, he must try to indicate directions (preferably profitable ones) in which to aim the shafts. So many vistas were closed, their great trees felled, their statues overthrown in the grass. Mazzini was dead, and the gods and the nymphs had flown. Yet Swinburne's health was better than it had ever been, and his vigor, carefully guarded by an inflexible timetable, was prodigious. The arrows flew out of the study window at The Pines in an astonishing shower and in all directions—poetry, drama, literary essays for the reviews and for the Encyclopædia Britannica, political tirades, thundering letters to the press denouncing his enemies and the enemies of Literature. Watts had his work cut out to gather them up and bear them off to market.



". . . SST."

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If some of them did not absolutely reach the mark—how could they? for Heaven's gift of infallibility hardly ever lasts a mortal span, and perhaps those critics are right who hold that Swinburne's genius suffered a subtle and serious injury, from which it never fully recovered, in the St. John's Wood establishment of the rapacious chastising goddesses—Watts was always on hand to praise the marksmanship and to assure him that aim and style had never been more masterly. "Watts says it is *the* best poem I ever wrote," Swinburne would report cheerfully to his mother, Lady Jane Swinburne, now living in Wiltshire with his three sisters. Or "Watts praises both the design and (thus far) the performance to the skies—in terms which I will not quote lest you should be reminded of the glowing praises recorded by Mrs. Gamp as having so 'frequent' been bestowed on her by Mrs. Harris." Or "I shall be glad if you like the play as well or half as well as Watts does. He *is* satisfactory."

He was indeed. "Watts says," "Watts thinks and I agree"—the phrases are threaded through Swinburne's letters as liberally as the Sarah Gamp-ese, the lines from Shakespeare and the Bible, the classical allusions, and the obscure Elizabethan jests. In time, the satisfactory friend's praise flowed almost automatically, and it seems that eventually Swinburne needed Watts' approval even of what he was going to say in the presumed confidence of a letter to a friend. "Walter has read and cordially agrees with every word of the above," he writes contentedly to Edmund Gosse, for instance, and we can imagine without difficulty what kind of expression snapped and glinted behind Gosse's spectacles as *he* read.

And was Watts really to blame, as his enemies said, for supplying such an abundance of the stimulating appreciation that Swinburne needed, and not applying the brake to his fatal fluency, or (as Lady Jane sadly and wisely put it in one of the occasional confidential letters she wrote to her son's friend) his fault of "not knowing where to stop"? There was much that he wrote at The Pines that merited all Watts' admiration. Sometimes the arrow sped through the air with the old, superb rush of musical sound and, for us, a sense of the hand launching it and the brain beautifully controlling it. But there was more—much more—for which the best words seem to be those that a perceptive Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, used after he had paid a visit to the little couple at The Pines in the nineties. Swinburne took a fancy to him and expressed it by reeling off, as a mark of favor, the whole of the extremely long poem on the doom of the two knightly Northumbrian brothers, Balen and Balan, who served King Arthur and slew one another unwittingly in combat. The metre of "The Tale of Balen," melodious for a lyrical subject, ends by falling on a listener's ear with the exhausting monotony of torture by water. Swinburne was incapable of believing that others might not share his rapturous delight in declaiming his own song. When, in his youth, he first met his idolized Mazzini, he had seized Mazzini's hand, kissed it, and then carolled into the leader's ear the more than seven hundred lines of the "Song of Italy." Poor old Walter Savage Landor had reeled under the weight of the little young poet's homage in 1864. Now, as Maarten Maartens sat in the book-lined room gravely listening, Swinburne was a little elderly poet, but nothing else had changed. He still never knew where to stop. And for his chanting delivery of "Balen" the sympathetic Dutchman found a description that seems to apply to so much of Swinburne's poetry in the thirty years of life with Watts: "Too subjective an outpour, and wearisomely impassioned, like a child's jump against a wall." Yet—he did not quite know how it was—the moment the ordeal was over and the clear, high-pitched voice stopped warbling, the visitor felt "a poignant grief" that it had ceased. He got up, said goodbye to the Dickensian pair in their carpet slippers, glanced in farewell around the "dull temple of a rainbow muse," and walked out into Putney. It had been strangely lovely while it lasted, like a tormenting but unforgettable affair, and he used an erotic metaphor to describe the experience of Swinburne singing in the flesh instead of in print: "All the difference between seeing a beautiful woman and feeling her embraces."

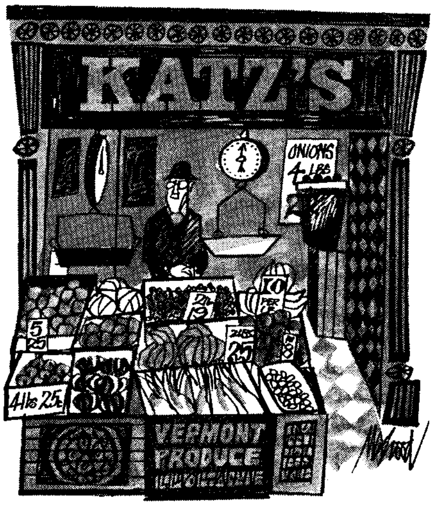
WHEN we look back at Swinburne's methodical, day-to-day routine at The Pines, it strikes us as having the monotony and isolation of life on board ship, which many people, after all, find extremely agreeable. Sleeping, eating, walking, eating again, sleeping again, working in one's cabin, mixing with the other passengers for a while in the lounge, perhaps another little turn around the deck before dinner, reading, lights out. Sleeping, eating, walking, thinking—so the voyage went on for thirty years. The familiar daily round was soothing and never boring. In the summer, The Pines seemed stuffy and airless. The hot weather was always a penance to Swinburne as he grew older. He wilted, and longed for the annual holiday that for several years running he and Watts took in lodgings at various seaside places. Their decorous bathing costumes packed among the books and the weekly reviews (but Swinburne liked, whenever possible, to go out in a boat and swim naked), they journeyed, over the years, to Sark and Guernsey; to Shoreham and Eastbourne, on the south coast; to Cromer, on the east coast. Swinburne's rapture over these reunions with his "nursing mother," the sea, overflowed in some of the loveliest and most intensely felt poetry of his landlocked Putney years.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
A peace more happy than lives on land,
Fulfils with pulse of diviner pleasure
The dreaming head and the steering hand.
I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

When it came to suggesting new sources of inspiration for his friend, it was inevitable that Watts, the dedicated Child of the Open Air, should commend Swinburne earnestly to Nature, the splendid untamed power after whom Watts used to tramp through Richmond Park with George Borrow and his enormous green umbrella, listening respectfully to the great man's musings on the ways of birds, roe deer, and Romany women. Watts wrote deplorable nature poetry himself. Swinburne would stay in his room, breakfasting and reading, until ten o'clock, but Watts was up between five and six all through the year, lighting his own fire in winter and making his tea and boiling the egg left out for him before trotting off to Wimbledon Common to startle the birds and the townships of scudding rabbits. He was an admirer of Thoreau, though Borrow had referred rather nastily to "the Yankee hermit." Once, he made a rendezvous with Christina Rossetti to watch the sun rising, after the poetess admitted that she had never seen the phenomenon. The gray sky became apple-green and lilac; up came the sun, changing all the cows to beasts of burnished copper reclining on a field of the cloth of gold. Yes, Miss Rossetti gravely allowed, "a sunrise surpassed a sunset and was worth getting up to see." Watts felt, with scientific satisfaction, that dear Christina's description of a dawn would be more authentic in the future, though he was pretty certain (with one of those quick flashes of understanding of other people's ways) that she would never trouble to get up to see another as long as she lived.

But he urged Swinburne to be authentic, too—to hoard accurate observations thriftily on his walks and on their joint midsummer excursions to the sea. Swinburne seems to have needed no urging. He fell in with the suggestion so enthusiastically that we find him exclaiming in a letter to his sister Alice that "if only poor Coleridge could—if only poor Rossetti could—have taken the same wholesome and happy and grateful delight in Nature as Wordsworth and Tennyson did, and as Walter and I do, they would have been so much happier—and (I hope and think) such much better men." The sentiments doubtless gratified Miss Alice, of whom we have a delightful photograph taken in middle age—a plump, unmistakably Swinburne lady dressed in a braided tailored suit, sitting pensively with a bit of Nature in the shape of a pet parrot perched on her knee. Though addressed to this approving family audience, they have a touch of that odd Prince Hal priggishness, very alien to Swinburne, which something in the stuffy air of The Pines seems to bring out. Poor Coleridge had been enslaved by opium, poor Rossetti by chloral, but Swinburne, having thrown off his infirmity, is sitting in Putney as a member of an exclusive club along with Wordsworth and Tennyson and Walter, endlessly celebrating the wholesome, nourishing mother of them all. He is happy—there is no doubt about that. For the rest of his life, he continued to sing of Nature—sometimes splendidly, sometimes so mechanically and verbosely that Nature stiffens up and says nothing, smells of nothing, does not move a flat painted leaf or flower.

ANOTHER source of inspiration turned out to be close at hand in the unpromising Pre-Raphaelite clutter of The Pines. It was the logical outcome—the isolation of Putney must have concentrated it and loosened a screw or two—of Swinburne's lifelong fondness for the very old and the very young. Though he "never went anywhere" and disliked parties "more than ever as I get older and deafer," as he wrote to one of his women friends, the wife of William Rossetti, there were still welcoming houses of married friends—kind, dependable William and his Lucy; the Gosses; Ned and Georgiana Burne-Jones, in Fulham—to which he enjoyed paying a quiet visit with Watts, being made much of, and, above all, admiring the latest additions to their young families. If ever there was a loving father *manqué*, it was Swinburne. It is a pity that the Swinburne procreative strain—so lusty in that ancestress who was one of the landmarks of Northumberland for having given birth to thirty live, thriving children by one husband—seemed to be thinning out. It is a great pity that our photograph of Swinburne's sister Alice does not show her proudly perching a first grandchild on her breadth of serge skirt instead of a parrot. It is really a thousand pities that she and Charlotte and Isabel (Ally, Wibbie, and Abba, according to their affectionate nicknames) never married and presented him with housefuls of nephews and nieces. Cheerful, industrious maiden ladies, they did not seem in the least rueful about their condition. The strong ties of family affection that bound them all, and Swinburne, too, maybe sufficed. They stayed in Wiltshire and helped their mother entertain the relatives who dropped in for those exhausting Victorian visitations of a month or so; nursed Lady Jane devotedly when she was ill; taught the lodgekeeper's children their pothooks and sums; played the piano; exchanged long, loving letters with The Pines; and laughed a great deal over Algernon's readings of "Tristram Shandy" as they sat with their needlework in the summer evenings of one of his visits. Very occasionally, they went to London for an art exhibition or the Handel Festival. Such were the short and simple annals of the gentle unmarried woman in the Misses Swinburne's day, and they seemed to accept their limitations with something of their brother's stoicism.



Swinburne's passion for the whole "race of babies" was not in the least like the calm kindliness with which we can picture Ally and Abba bending over the slates of the good little creatures from the lodge. It may have started, as the Swinburnian scholars have told us, in his admiration for Blake's songs of childhood and for Victor Hugo's "L'Art d'Être Grandpère." But there was nothing of the grandfather—or, at least, nothing of the

"If all these things are 'heartening developments' to the 'Wall Street Journal,' why aren't they 'heartening developments' to you?"

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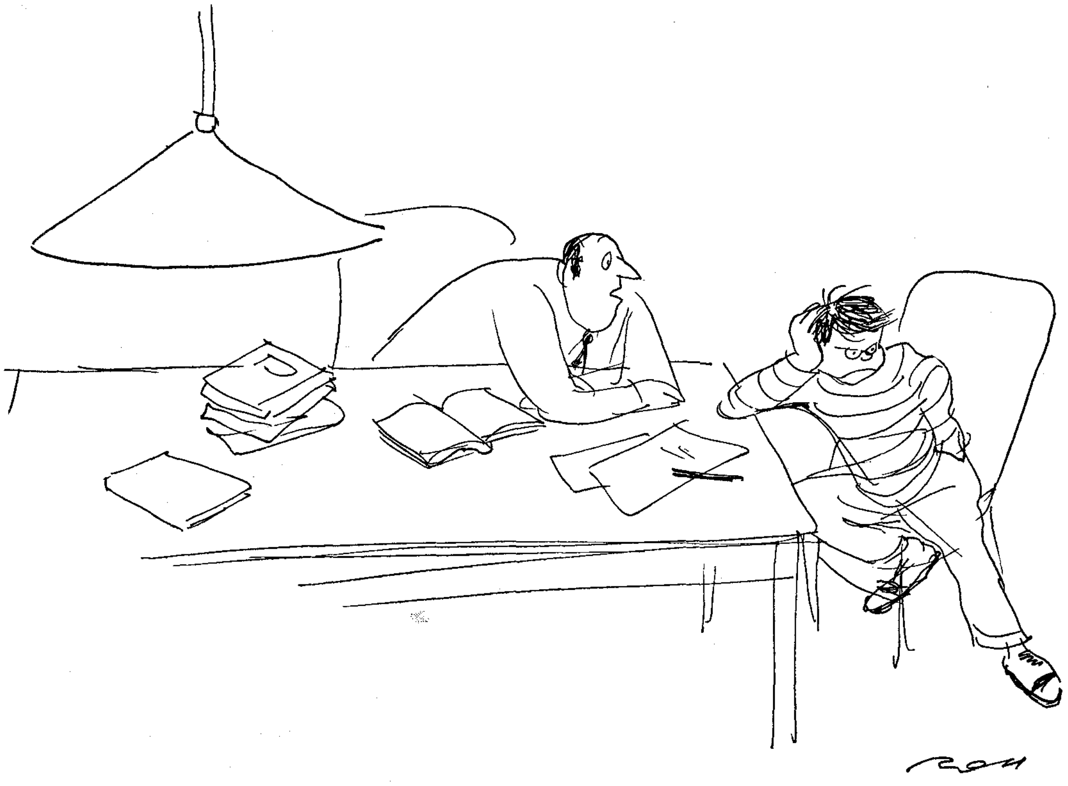
British grandfather—in his idolatry of the infant world, which was heightened and became a little too generous with incense, more than a little dotty, in the first decade of his years at The Pines. Calm and kindly it was not. There was something oddly voracious about it, as his drinking habits had been said to be in his youth. The children of his friends were always reliably getting themselves born and requiring a graceful letter of welcome to them and congratulation to their fortunate parents. Swinburne longed, he would write, to kiss the feet of the new arrival. In their innocent fashion, these crumpled, rosy godlings and godlingesses seem to be carrying on the delicious tyranny of the amazons in St. John's Wood. He abased himself happily before them. At the same time, he refused firmly all requests to stand godfather. Much later in life, he explained his still deeply felt antagonism to the symbolism of Christian baptism in making his excuses to a distant cousin, Lady Henniker Heaton, who had asked him to sponsor a new daughter at the font. Though "greatly honoured," he repeated how impossible it would be for him "to take any part, direct or indirect, in a religious ceremony which represents [a newborn baby] as 'a child of wrath'—words which seem to me the most horrible of all blasphemies—standing in need of human intervention to transmute it into 'a child of grace.' " But he would often drop into the cradle of an old friend's infant a lovely little song or a shapely rondel in place of a coral rattle or a silver teething ring. When the babes occasionally died in infancy, he fashioned smooth monuments of verse for them. The charms of the strikingly good-looking Rossetti family; Sylvia Gosse; a beautiful little dark-eyed niece of Watts, Olive, who at nine years old was already a "stunner"—he celebrated them all.

Bertie Mason, Watts' nephew, the object of Swinburne's prolonged antic of the heart that began in the first year or two of his domicile at The Pines, was five years old when he came to live there with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason. "Of all children out of arms," Swinburne reported to his mother, Bertie was "the sweetest thing going at any price." This celebrated and, indeed, very pathetic infatuation with a child, revealed so candidly and dolorously in "A Dark Month," seems to show us, too, how much of the heart had been untenanted when the new obsession filled it. In the autobiographical verse drama "The Sisters," which he was to write in 1891, one of the characters, addressing Reggie Clavering (alias Algie Swinburne), hits the nail right on the head:

> Just a hot-head still—
> The very schoolboy that I knew
> you first,
> On fire with admiration and with
> love
> Of someone or of something,
> always.

Swinburne still felt that youthful compulsion to worship a human being or a cause, or both together. Ardor, keyed a shade too shrill, for someone or something was a necessity, and his grateful affection for Watts, his devotion to the loving, anxious women down in Wiltshire, did not quite meet the bill. Then along came Bertie, filling the dusty hours at The Pines with an extraordinary new happiness. Part of the little boy's charm, engaging though he doubtless was, sprang from his being the closest as well as the sweetest thing going. He was a marvellously gay diversion in days of which the high spots of entertainment—the nearest thing to a good time—seem to have been the morning bottle of ale and the evening readings aloud of Dickens. (Swinburne's appetite for Dickens—a passion since his Eton days, when he used to wait eagerly for the monthly installments of "Bleak House"—was never glutted. When he had declaimed and chuckled his way from "Pickwick Papers" to the other end of "Edwin Drood," he would begin again. The round trip was made, Watts calculated stoically long afterward, at least three times in the thirty years of domestic evenings together.) But Bertie was better than Mrs. Gamp or Mr. Guppy or the Artful Dodger. He was alive, he said funny things, he presented Swinburne with "a highly elaborate match-box, and a penholder which is also a pencil at the other end." Swinburne's immediate capitulation to Bertie has the eager concentration of a prisoner striking up an intimacy with a pet mouse. What was this pet child like? A photograph shows a sturdy, rather button-eyed small boy dressed in a knickerbocker suit, staring unsmilingly into the camera, one hand jauntily resting where his hip would be if he owned a ghost of one, the other dangling a round straw sailor hat. Beside him is stretched a canine doormat, mouth open in a grin of indiscriminate affability, who one supposes is The Pines' guardian, Dido. The dog



"When you come right down to it, Son, homework is the basis of civilization."

looks less overwhelmed than the boy by the ordeal of keeping still on the photographer's strip of carpet. That such solemnity was only a passing and unnatural expression for a boy who liked to laugh is clear from the fifty or so poems that Swinburne addressed to Bertie, as well as from the anecdotes he relayed fondly to the Swinburne ladies and to receptive women friends—to Mme. Tola Dorian, for instance, his fascinating Russian-born Nihilist friend in Paris, who translated his poems, and who received regular reports over the years on "Sa Majesté Herbert I," putting some of the verses into French to show to Victor Hugo. Bertie, he wrote to Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton, the novelist, was the "brightest, bravest, quaintest of all his kind, and though 'the gods have not made him poetical,' they have given him a sense of humour which I never saw equalled at his age or perhaps at twice his age." He was constantly preoccupied with present-giving to the child, not only on birthdays. His letters of these years to his publisher, Andrew Chatto, who was also a bookseller, are full of strange requests: "Dear Sir, I shall be obliged if you will send me *Aunt Judy's Magazine* for 1881 . . . Kate Greenaway's new 'birthday book' . . . Mrs. Molesworth's new book—'The Adventures of Herr Baby,'—together with Mrs. Surr's 'Stories about Cats,' which I see advertised as out." He became a devoted admirer, and soon a personal friend, of Mrs. Molesworth and her tales for children. They corresponded warmly and swapped stories of her younger son, Lionel, and "the Venerable Bertie." It disappointed Swinburne very much a few years later when Mrs. Molesworth proposed dedicating her latest work, "Us: An Old-Fashioned Story," to Mr. Swinburne's little friend and the Masons politely refused, in case Bertie should be too set up by the compliment.

Watts' bright, penetrating eyes no doubt regarded the pair rather thoughtfully. It was the time when he had to absent himself from The Pines for a night or two every week, going back and forth to Chelsea to cheer Gabriel Rossetti. Each time he returned to Putney, he could see more clearly that Algernon's devotion to the little nephew was getting rather too emotional, as was Algernon's way. It would be no bad thing if he could take his mind off it for a while and work quietly without distraction. How fortunate, then, that Bertie happened to be going off on a visit for the whole of May. Or was he sent away on purpose? It is not clear. At any rate, grasping an adult hand, Bertie climbs into a cab and is driven briskly away from The Pines.

The result of his departure was the very reverse of Watts' reasonable expectation. It was at once tragic and absurd. Swinburne seemed to lose his center and to spin like a demented top, faster and faster, emitting a shrill wailing note of anguish. Take his mind off it? Work quietly without distraction? His mind was nailed to the loss of his friend, and he was distracted. Stoicism, the keynote of the later years at The Pines, was abandoned; the gallant refusal to indulge in self-pity went sailing out into the road. The thirty-one "poems of lamentation" that Swinburne wrote to tick off the dragging days make embarrassing but illuminating reading. The scholars, conducting us around the long-out-of-fashion splendors of the collected works, all sheer off hastily from "A Dark Month," muttering words like "mawkish" and "intolerable." Yet the songs, even if they are not shafted by Apollo, tell us a lot about Swinburne. They tell—or blurt out miserably—too much. It is rather surprising that Watts, who was always so quick in suppressing the things he felt would be damaging to his friend's greatness, did not suppress these. But he allowed them to survive, a piteous human lump, and to face the world. They appeared, chaperoned by the sturdy company of Swinburne's beloved Elizabethans in the sequence of "Sonnets on English Dramatic Poets," in "Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems" in 1882.

Perhaps the public eighty-nine years ago would have read "A Dark Month" with approval as a sentimental but charming record of a poet's tenderness for a child, but when we read it now it seems merely melancholy. For the language in which Swinburne expresses his longing for a jolly little boy to hurry home and brighten up the place again is horribly humble. The implacable punishing women, the ruthless Madonnas of Pain, have simply been succeeded by a bullet-headed small boy in a knickerbocker suit—"my benevolent despot," as Swinburne affectionately called him. Now, writing in an extreme of bereavement that seems, like the woe of a child, to be able to see no end to the darkness, he laments the absence of his "king," without whose firm rule "my world is a cultureless island, my spirit a masterless slave." Then we get confused and seem to be listening to the voice of a lover bewailing a mistress who has left him and is probably faithless into the bargain, for Swinburne sharply accuses the seven-year-old child of having too good a time on holiday and not writing:

Not a ghost
Of a word
Riding post
Have I heard
Since the day
When my king
Took away
With him spring . . .

The "Dark Month" passed, in spite of everything. It must have been a slow and painful one for Watts, too, caught, that spring of 1881, between the crossfire of Gabriel Rossetti, fast declining in Cheyne Walk, and of Swinburne, only too vigorously living and spinning and wailing at The Pines. For Swinburne, the anticipation of Bertie's homecoming became keen when he had got no further than the twenty-third day and song:

The sunset says to the moon,
He is nearer to-night
Whose coming in June
Is looked for more than the light.

But then June also went by without him, and so did July. August passed, and still Bertie was carefully banished to some distant beach or relative's garden. Swinburne appears to have accepted the disappointment with a return of his dignified natural stoicism. His spirits seem to have bounded upward in their cheerful Swinburnian way and thankfully left behind the glib "king"s and "spring"s, "moon"s and "June"s.

When Bertie, sunburned and merry, came stumping back at last in September, Swinburne wrote the exultant hosanna "Sunrise," with which "A Dark Month" ends. He explains, without details, how the household remaining at The Pines had "trusted in June" to bring their child home "and by June been defrauded," and how "joyless" July and then August, "arid and sterile," went by also. But now all is well.

For the days of the darkness of
spirit are over
for all of us here, and the season
When desire was a longing, and
absence a thorn,
and rejoicing a word without
reason.
For the roof overhead of the pines
is astir with
delight as of jubilant voices,
And the floor underfoot of the
bracken and heather
alive as a heart that rejoices. . . .

because of the return of one small urchin in a knickerbocker suit. It seems to put the loneliness of Swinburne's life at The Pines, even with Watts, in rather awful perspective.

Curiously enough, the happy ending of "A Dark Month" seemed to end the exaggeration of the attachment, as though Swinburne, by capitulating to it completely, had put himself beyond the conflict. Watts must have managed it all with immense patience and skill. For from now on the tone is much calmer. Bertie is still the beloved child, but he is cheerfully referred to as "The Seneschal," a title that suggests a comfortable joke about his running The Pines and everybody in it. As the years went by, *Aunt Judy's Magazine* gave way to the *Sea* and the *World of Adventure*, which Swinburne read avidly before passing them on to Bertie. The orders to Mr. Chatto were for such strong stuff as G. A. Henty's "With Wolfe in Canada" and "Harry Raymond: His Adventures Among Pirates, Slavers, and Cannibals," by Commander Lovett-Cameron. Swinburne carried them upstairs and devoured them, too. On Bertie's twelfth birthday, in 1886, he ordered Leech's "Drawings from *Punch*" for him, or, as second choice, Scott's Waverley Novels in half-morocco binding, price twelve guineas—a handsome present from one of (as he described it himself) "very narrowly limited income." So Bertie vanishes from our sight, a nice, practical-minded schoolboy, towering over his little Uncle Walter and little Swinburne. Then there is a long gap, and when next he appears it will be as Mr. Herbert Mason, a man of thirty-five, in the list of mourners at Swinburne's funeral, and we shall not recognize him.

THE methodical round of life at The Pines, which had been interrupted for a few months by the distracted humming of a top, returned to its placid normal. Swinburne was to write many more poems celebrating or mourning his friends' children—he boasted to Burne-Jones that he had "discovered the one serious rhyme in the language" for "babe," which was, not very helpfully, "astrolabe"—but he would never feel for any of them the tenderness he had felt so intensely for Bertie. Perhaps the queer emotional flareup would not have happened at all if Watts' attention had not been divided that year between him and the old allegiance to Rossetti. Now that the sympathy and the affection could all be concentrated on Swinburne, he became himself again—if we can decide which self was the true one in the variety of bewildering beings who at one time or another seemed to be uppermost in him. He was soon busy seeing "Tristram," with which "A Dark Month" was to be so oddly yoked, through the press. For such an Argus-eyed perfectionist, reading proofs was always an exhausting, intensely exasperating labor. Before each of his publications through the years, a hail of small, sharp, stinging letters to Andrew Chatto rattled out of The Pines as though blown from a peashooter. An

"We've heard some wonderful things about you from Boojum!"

extraordinary author-publisher relationship existed—with both sides apparently understanding its rules perfectly—between the charming, cultured, incredibly sweet-tempered Mr. Chatto, who founded the firm of Chatto & Windus, and his valuable little property volcanically erupting from time to time on Putney Hill. When Swinburne took his pen in his hand to write a curt order to 74 Piccadilly (in 1880 the firm moved to No. 214) for books, or to point out that "those predestinate sons of Tophet, the printers" (so he named them fumingly to Edmund Gosse) had once more misplaced a word or altered a comma in a poem, the daemon in charge was clearly the *grand seigneur* who liked to remember that he was descended from the noble French house of Polignac—a very tenuous link, as a matter of fact, but it was one of the romantic beliefs he cherished—and that the Swinburne family had always "given their blood like water and their lands like dust to the Stuarts." The tone is lordly. How is it that something or other has not been done? "You will remember it was my particular desire"—so off to the guardroom with "the dog Chatto," as he sometimes called him to Watts. The sons of Tophet had turned "Landor" into "Larder." Off with their heads! "Dear Sir," he addressed Chatto crustily; only much later would he mellow gradually, and occasionally, into "Dear Mr. Chatto." "Dear Sir: I have detected in the copy received this morning blunders upon blunders, of the most scandalous kind, which would disgrace the lowest publishing house in London. I distinctly remember to have corrected some errors . . . and I perceive that these corrections have been impudently ignored, etc., etc." One gets the impression that Mr. Chatto is a junior office boy suspected by the head of the firm of smoking in the stockroom. His photograph is of a trimly bearded gentleman with a broad, serene brow and a humorous twinkle in the eye. Serenity and humor he must have needed and possessed abundantly, along with a capacity for smoothing ruffled men of genius that was as softly skillful as Watts' own. Swinburne, in spite of his threats to change his publisher, remained with Chatto & Windus for life. His name proudly headed the anthology, "A Century of Writers," with which the firm celebrated its centenary in 1955.

With "Tristram" in print, the restless hunt for a new arrow to string to the bow began again. "I rather want something big to do or at least attempt," Swinburne wrote to Churton Collins. Once more, he was thinking of a historical tragedy, whose subject had been simmering in his mind ever since 1861, when he was on a visit to Mentone, a resort on which even now, twenty-one years later, he heaped violent maledictions as "a place which of all others upon earth . . . I most utterly abominate and abhor." On that long-distant, disenchanted visit, he had cheered himself by writing, in his favorite Sarah Gamp-ese nonsense, to Lady Trevelyan, the intelligent older woman friend and adored confidante of his youth, that he was working on a story "about my blessedest pet which her initials is Lucrezia Estense Borgia. Which soon I hope to see her hair as is kep at Milan in spirits in a bottle." Now, a middle-aged man becalmed on the tideless pond of The Pines, he was drawn back to the old idea of a tragedy on the "Holy Family" of the Borgias. All the same, he added to Collins, "between triple incest and the bi-sexual harem of the Vicar of Christ—points which could not be wholly ignored in a chronicle history of the Borgias—even I feel conscious of something like the sentiment called funk in face of the inevitable difficulties." It was certainly far from rhymed yearnings for his blessedest pet Bertie; he managed the switch to fratricide and incest quite comfortably. The monstrous old dream could somehow nestle down side by side with humdrum, affectionate thoughts about *Aunt Judy's Magazine* and a penholder which is also a pencil at the other end. These bewildering divisions much distressed Sir Edmund Gosse when he was struggling with his "Life of Swinburne." How impossible it seemed to try to portray a character that had "a very ugly side" and yet was so lovable! "What humbug has been printed about his purity and high-mindedness!" he burst out to (of all people) the far from high-minded forger of Swinburne first editions, the then unsuspected and esteemed bibliographer Thomas J. Wise. But the coin is spun again, and down comes Apollo's head instead of the satyr's mask. Gosse adds the inevitable scrupulous, perplexed postscript: "And yet, such is the paradox, he was pure and he was high-minded—on certain defined sides."

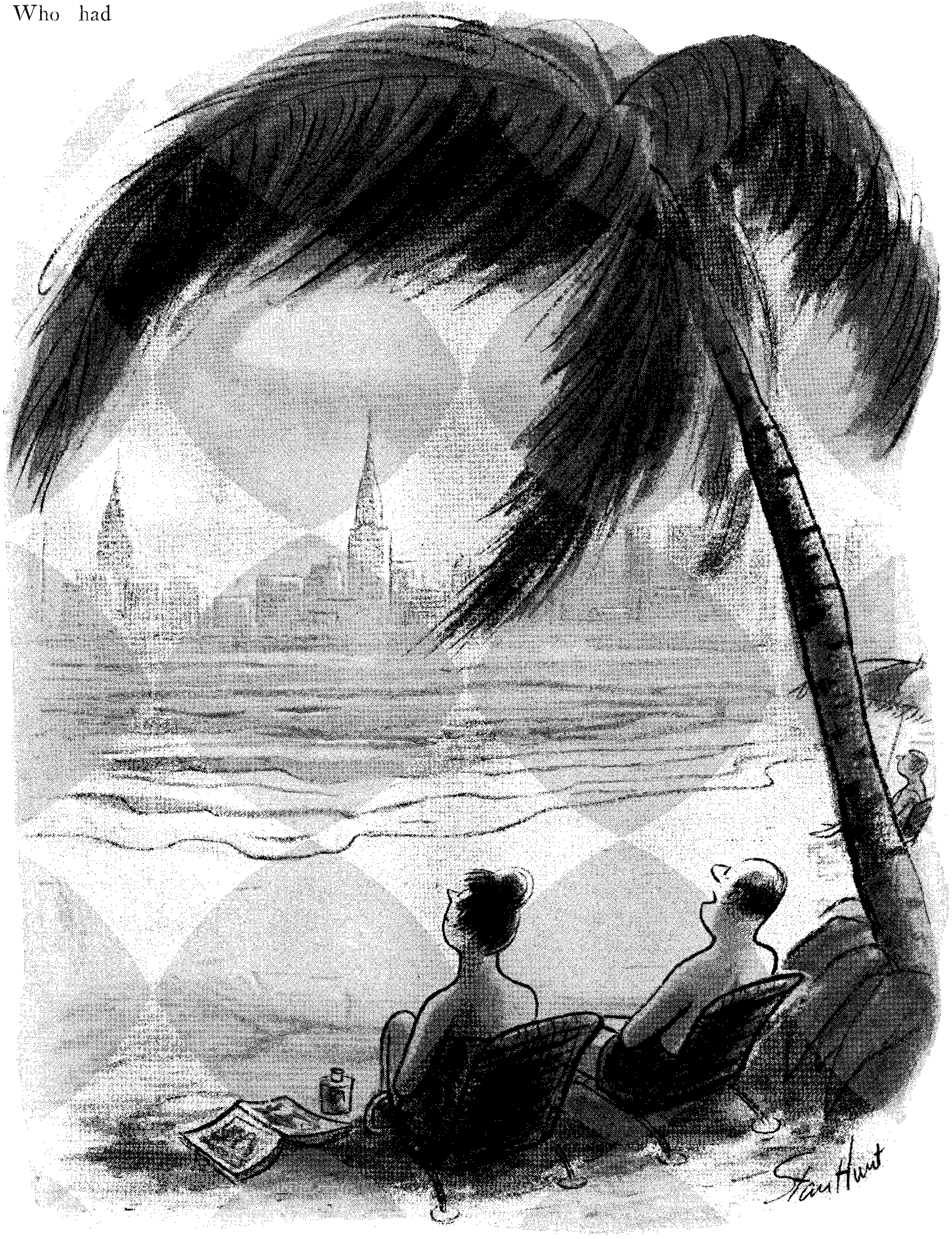
The difficulties of tackling the Borgias, Swinburne found, were also impossible. He abandoned the tragedy and left it to glitter on alluringly, preserved in colorless fluid, like the lock of Lucrezia Borgia's hair, until he took it out again when he was an old man. It was never finished. "The Duke of Gandia," a fragment only of the grand chronicle he had planned, was published in 1908.

Meanwhile, Watts sat at his own untidy table in The Pines writing his regular articles and revising, over and over again, chapters of his tortoise of a novel, "Aylwin." This long, romantic work, full of gypsies and family curses and wild Welsh scenery, which interests impatient readers now, if at all, chiefly because Gabriel Rossetti figures in it, portrayed as the painter D'Arcy, had been ready to put into the race as far back as 1874. No novel can ever have dawdled so long. For some mysterious reason, Watts seemed loath to dig it up and push it out into the world. He appeared to desire to remain unknown. He had only recently begun to sign his literary essays, believing that "anonymity was what especially suited my temperament." Perhaps he feared criticism, to which he was painfully sensitive; a hostile comment on anything he had written would fill him with despair for days. Finally, in 1885, he was persuaded to have "Aylwin" set up in page proofs, but only to have portions of it circulated among receptive friends. Lady Jane Swinburne and her daughters were allowed to read the first half in proof, and her breathless letter of thanks to Watts overflowed gratifyingly with praises. "If you will forgive me I must tell you that I think it is the most wonderful and most clever story I ever read—its originality unflagging interestingness and though fearfully exciting the tone throughout is so entirely free from anything one could not quite like that I think it really a wonderful book." Yet the tortoise still dallied. It appeared at last in 1898, when Watts-Dunton (he had changed his name two years before) was sixty-six, and lo! it became a hare! It raced off at mettlesome speed through the libraries; it ran into lush meadows of circulation and munched its way through seventeen editions in six months. Before Watts-Dunton died, in 1914, the novel had been reprinted twenty-six times. It is now thoroughly forgotten, but then every novel reader in England, apparently, shared Lady Jane's views. Oscar Wilde pronounced it "a capital book to give one's parents at Christmas." It was, in short, an extraordinary success, and the delighted and startled author was emboldened into starting another romance. But this one remained a tortoise; there was never a second hare to leap at a bound into the public's fancy.

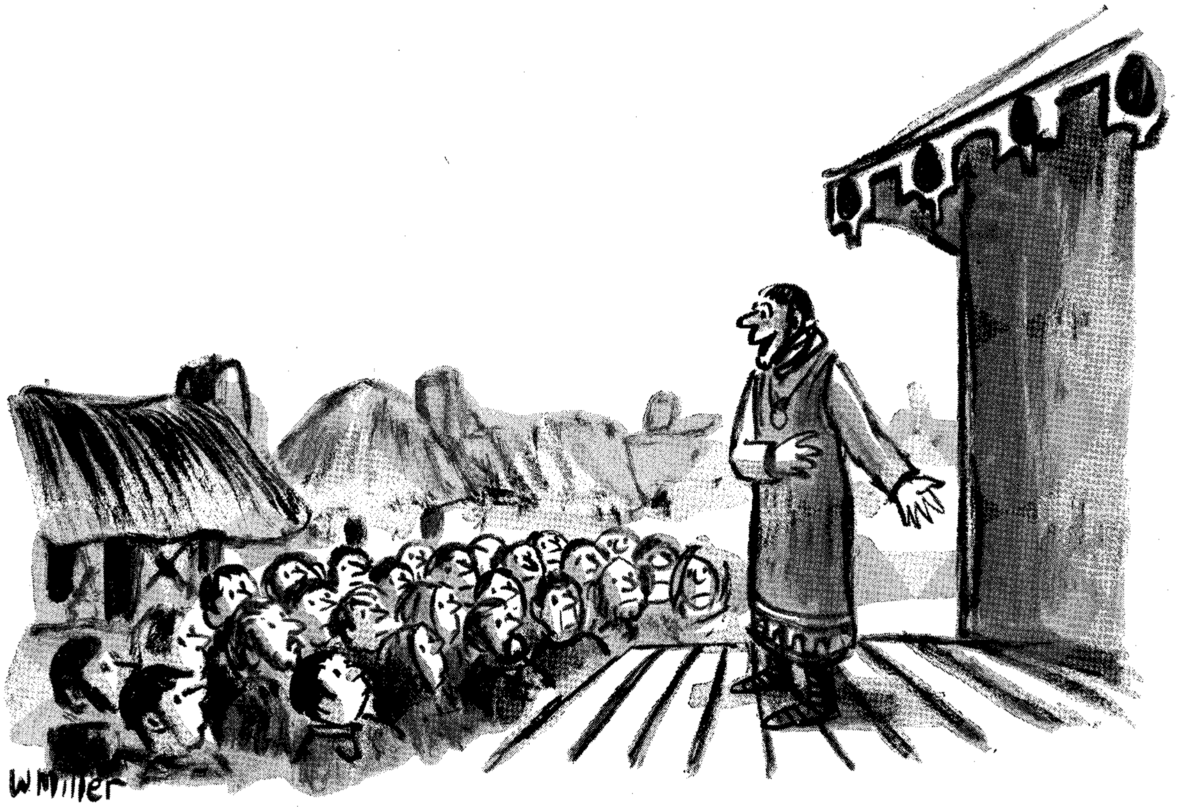
The procrastination over "Aylwin"

was oddly typical of Watts. It is part of the unexpectedness of the man that he, who was so shrewd, so firm and masterful in giving counsel and settling the muddled business affairs of his friends, should be diffuse and unmethodical in arranging his own work. He wrote prodigiously, eternally, but nothing much emerged. "A great deal of work on hand just now—a great deal of work." Thus he always greeted young Max Beerbohm arriving at The Pines, and Beerbohm used to "wonder what work it was, for he published little enough." Publishers stalked him hopefully, nevertheless. They wanted him to write a life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Who had known him better in the last years? Watts was always going to write a life of Rossetti, and then, after Algernon died, a life of Swinburne, but he died in his turn without putting pen to paper in memoriam of either cherished friend. Yet stacks of pens wore out, rivers of ink flowed, page after page was dropped on his favorite resting place for all things, the floor, in the cozy, cluttered den where he sat furiously writing away. At what? Letters for much of the time, certainly. He conducted an enormous correspondence. The big mantelpiece looked as though some child had been trying his hand at building vast, topless towers of letters, notes, invitations to dinner, which listed and tottered perilously until the fatal envelope was laid and the paper city collapsed into the fireplace. Watts answered them all, at great and time-consuming length. If a friend published a new poem or a new novel, or if some totally unknown young writer forwarded a manuscript and asked for an opinion, off went a long, careful, and cheering letter. His enemies, gazing resentfully at the uncommunicative front door of The Pines, behind which lurked the double cordon of Watts or Mrs. Mason and a well-trained parlormaid to keep them away from Swinburne, were apt to sneer at him as a cultivator of famous men only—a cheap-day tripper to Parnassus who would never have breathed its high and sparkling air at all if he had not arrived by hanging on for dear life to the coattails of the greater pilgrims. Yet many obscure, struggling men testified gratefully that he was always generously ready to help them with advice and, frequently, money.

So he sat writing away, and later, when the chronic shortsightedness of those deceptively bright eyes increased, dictating away to a secretary, in a chaos of books and papers—on the floor, stacked high on chairs and tables. Later still, he had two secretaries to help with the great deal of mysterious work that was perpetually on hand. And he read, or had read to him, seven newspapers a day. Plans for books, plots and characters on a vast scale were always churning about in his mind and then being abandoned. We seem to hear him, as Beerbohm heard him on that first visit to The Pines, richly booming enormous, rotund sentences that go on and on, but we cannot really catch the words across



"Probably some kind of smog-refraction mirage."



"Gather around, folks. We're going to put on a little play explaining the wonderful world of feudalism, and what it means to each and every one of you."

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the space dividing us. Swinburne, with the extravagantly loyal enthusiasm he showed always for the work of his friends, pronounced Watts the greatest critic of the age. Yet what has survived from all these incessant labors, except our impression of a far-off voice rolling out elaborate phrase after phrase, page after stately dead page? The Muse of Literature, whom he served so devotedly, regretfully echoes her young Mr. Beerbohm and, yawning, murmurs, "Little enough."

NOW that Swinburne, isolated by his deafness, had accepted an increasingly homebound existence at The Pines, Watts was able to go out and about once more, as in the happy days when he first came to London. Though his watch and ward over his friend would never slacken—indeed, as time went on the tactful guardian of the first few years at Putney would become more possessive and careful about who should or should not be suffered to pass between the stone pineapples that gave No. 2 its name—he became again a familiar figure at dinner parties and Academy soirées and first nights. Now and then, he met Bernard Shaw, the critic of the *Saturday Review*, at the theatre. Shaw liked him and teased him. Little Watts, he recalled years later, used to dye the tremendous mustache so outrageously that "sometimes the dye 'crept' and blackened the stalls." Perhaps it was partly as material for his articles in the *Athenaeum* and the *Nineteenth Century*, but Watts unfeignedly enjoyed the company of the celebrated, and they often appeared to enjoy his. So we see him lunching with Robert Browning and staying with the Tennysons at "heathery Aldworth," the house the Laureate had built on a Sussex hilltop. He sees much of the American diplomat James Russell Lowell, and goes often to visit George Meredith on Box Hill. "Any day you please to name, and certainly you will sleep here," Meredith writes. "Your coming will rejoice me. Give my warm love to Swinburne." "You are indeed deep in the Vortex of Dissipation!" Lady Jane exclaimed, a shade reprovingly, when she came to London for a while in the summer of 1889 and Watts had to make excuses of previous engagements for not accompanying Algernon to see her. He would tell E. V. Lucas when they met in the nineties that at one time he "dared not leave London" for fear that he might miss some newly arrived celebrity who was passing through. An avid appetite for life was at the back of the mild tract of forehead, the sharp squirrel eyes. Treed in The Pines, he must for a while have given up a good deal of his collecting, hoarding, sampling of such congenial pleasures. But now he felt free to sally out from Putney into the murmuring, fascinating thicket of literary London, where the great Victorian oaks still spread their shade majestically over all; from these excursions he brought back a store of news and fresh ideas for Swinburne. "Watts tells me . . ." Swinburne would write, or "I hear from Watts . . ." The last phrase can be read literally, for while much of the world had fallen silent for him, that resonant loud voice always reached him with ease. "What does he say?" he would ask forlornly, turning to Watts at lunch when a guest with a less carrying voice was saying something he wanted to hear, and Watts would tell him. Watts had become, as it were, his interpreter, his legman, his proxy link with the city in which he had lived for nineteen years, on and off, without exhibiting the slightest affection for, or interest in, it and its citizens. He seemed, indeed, not to wish to see it again for more than a fleeting visit. London had slipped past like a dream in which only the dome of the British Museum Reading Room and a few houses of friends occasionally solidified out of the blur, while East Dene and Northumberland remained crystal-clear and bright to the end.

Though Swinburne had disappeared into Putney, many people still trained their telescopes attentively on the demure windows of The Pines. "Well—shall I never see you again?" Robert Browning wrote sadly to him in 1881. Watts' coming to lunch had been pleasant, no doubt, but one would be even more delighted to see Swinburne at one's table. The withdrawal and the isolation became more pronounced every year. Whether Watts' "desperate experiment" would have had such an extraordinary effect if Swinburne had not been afflicted with deafness is a teasing question. In any event, he hid in The Pines and would be tempted out to dine only where no alarming new faces and voices would be sprung on him—with, for instance, his old friend and medical man Dr. George Bird and his sister, Miss Alice Bird, in Welbeck Street. Dr. Bird was one of those links with the past to which Swinburne was always affectionately loyal. As a young practitioner, he had attended poor, alcoholic Mrs. Leigh Hunt, and Sir John Swinburne, the adored grandfather, had been such an admirer and staunch friend of Leigh Hunt in his financial troubles that one of Hunt's sons was named Swinburne in gratitude. It enraged the grandson that Dickens, who was supposed to have satirized Leigh Hunt in the sponging and rascally person of Harold Skimpole, had defended himself against the absurdly libellous charge, Swinburne wrathfully considered, with lamentable lameness.

And at Dr. Bird's table he and Watts would often meet a very old friend: the sharp-tongued, brilliant old woman Mrs. Anne Procter, who was herself a link—or a scintillating necklace of links—not only with Hunt but with Charles and Mary Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Blake, and Byron, who had been at Harrow with her late husband. She talked of them all constantly and wittily, without a trace of the quotation marks that people put around "the dead," so that Swinburne felt "as if one might and ought to call on them, or at least leave cards for them on the next landing." Henry James, who found her splendidly amusing, wrote of her as the "very interesting lady of extreme age" who would say "You know William Hazlitt has fallen in love with such a very odd woman" as though it had happened last week, for "death had beautifully passed out of her world." It was an attitude Swinburne applauded. Mrs. Procter's gossip about Lamb—Lamb living and walking in and making a pun only last Friday, as it were—would alone have been an instant passport to his affections. He and Watts were both what he called "Lambolaters." The front door of The Pines was thrown open to select fellow-worshippers who would be appreciative of one of the most treasured things in his library—Lamb's own interleaved copy of the poems of George Wither, in which the owner had pencilled copious comments. It was always a pleasure to Swinburne to find Mrs. Procter using her "perilous tongue" almost without a pause in the Birds' drawing room. It was never perilous to him. He would have liked to see her more often, but "the old angel" lived in a flat in Westminster to which one had to go up in a lift, and a lift, he had admitted to Lord Houghton, "is almost as impossible for my fancy to face as a balloon." He, who had climbed Culver Cliff, could face the dizziest of natural heights with equanimity, but he drew the line, he said, at machinery.

Far closer and dearer friends—Richard Burton and his wife, Isabel—were often guests at Dr. Bird's dinner parties when they were in England. They would turn up suddenly at The Pines from foreign parts, like a couple of darkly sunburned sailors swarming ashore in Swinburne's library for an hour or two, to sit smoking cigarettes and talking of old times, and their host would be rapturously delighted to see them. Watts, if he padded in to join the party, would give a worried thought, no doubt, to the overwrought state in which Algernon was always left after one of "Dick's" visits. If he had dared, this might have been one of Swinburne's former friendships that Watts would have tried to suppress. Burton had been a far from admirable influence. Was there not some regrettable story of how he had once been seen, a huge figure, striding out from an evening at the dubious Cannibal Club with his tiny, liquefied companion tucked tenderly under one arm? But Watts knew his man too well. Swinburne was "courteous and affectionate and unsuspicious and faithful beyond most people to those he really loved" (it is Edward Burne-Jones who speaks). He would never, of course, be budged from his devotion to the friend with whom he had spent a magical holiday wandering happily among the gorges and waterfalls and haunted ruins of Auvergne in 1869. "Auvergne, Auvergne, O wild and woeful land." So he would begin his sorrowing "Elegy" when Burton died, in 1890. It contains some bitter stanzas aimed at Isabel, who has become "that poor liar, Lady Burton" in a furious letter to his dear Mrs. Lynn Linton. He was appalled by her destruction of her husband's manuscript of "The Perfumed Garden" and by her "popish mendacities" in having had Dick buried with the rites of her own Roman Catholic faith. But now, as he welcomed them to The Pines in the eighties, there was no shadow over his positively boyish joy at seeing both the Burtons.

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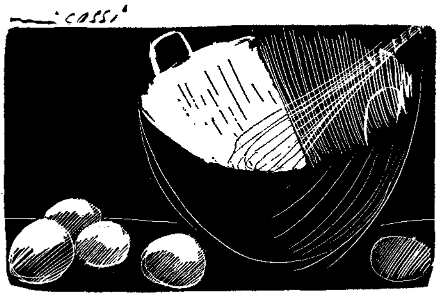
SPOTTING
REASONABLE RATES
D. Reilly

THE years went by, and the writing of elegies became more frequent. It was comically ironic. Swinburne had so nearly died himself more than once. According to one of his favorite but not necessarily gospel legends, he had not been expected to live more than an hour after birth. Then he had narrowly escaped drowning, and his friends had thought that he was heading for an early grave in his riotous London days. Mazzini, who had mournfully expected "his" young poet to survive only a year or two, and Ruskin, with his fears that this beautiful rank growth of deadly nightshade would be stricken down in the full heat of its dazzling noonday, would have been astonished if they could have looked into a crystal ball and seen the healthy little man sitting among his books and fashioning memorial verses for friends who might have expected at one time to survive him. "Your report of Algernon's health is most satisfactory," Lady Jane wrote thankfully to Watts, as though to her son's housemaster. And indeed it was. He slept soundly now in his narrow, monastic bed, in contrast to Watts, whose placid countenance concealed a raging insomnia, and who averaged four hours nightly before rising to make his tea and, soon afterward, to plunge resolutely into that ocean of important work. Swinburne never felt so well, it was true, when he was away from The Pines, but a cold now and then was the extent of his ailments for many years. He was growing quite plump. There he sat in his room, which smelled pleasantly of old leather and was increasingly cluttered in its lower shelves with the stout packages in which he seems to have bundled up every scrap of paper on his table from time to time—manuscripts, letters, bills, proofs, catalogues—until the day of his own death. He and Watts were both dug in behind a great mass of paper, snug as a couple of silverfish. There he sat, transformed into a surprisingly robust little aging man, writing elegy after elegy upon friends who dropped away silently through the years.

There are no fewer than three grieving poems in memory of George Powell, who died unexpectedly six months after Gabriel Rossetti in 1882. He was a friend of Swinburne's own generation. Powell had known and loved him without reserve of any kind, accepting the noble side and the ugly that so baffled the genteel imagination of Edmund Gosse. Their friendship had apparently begun (though they had both been at Eton) through a letter of fervent admiration that Powell wrote after the publication of "Atalanta." Swinburne's many letters to Powell over the years were all carefully kept and flatteringly bound up in small leather volumes, which Powell promised to keep out of the sight of the Philistines. In spite of the promise, the thought of his spirited scrawls' being respectably stabled in this way probably slowed down Swinburne's wild gallop to a more decorous pace. Powell was a wealthy, amiable Welsh landowner who had inherited a ghostly old mansion, Nant-Eos, in some of the loveliest country in Wales, where he spent as little time as possible; he could not endure polite county society. Swinburne stayed with him there, and also at Étretat one summer when he swam too far out to sea, only to be netted by some French fishermen, who thus preserved him for The Pines. Young Guy de Maupassant, another summer visitor, had made the acquaintance of the rash swimmer and his friend, and years later he passed on to Henry James a confused impression of the Englishman's eccentric household, which had included a supernaturally intelligent pet monkey called Nip, and of Swinburne's strangeness and charm. Swinburne must have thought of Étretat often as he sat in Putney—happy, as he constantly averred, but with a very different kind of happiness—writing "A Dead Friend." In the pre-Watts days, Powell had been untiring in executing all the imperious commissions showering in on him in London when Swinburne was recovering from another alcoholic "bilious attack" with his family in the country. The good-natured man would patiently arrange for journals and books to be posted, interview landladies, send carpets to be cleaned, look for the everlastingly mislaid belongings, and settle the bills of dunning tradesmen for his friend. If there had not been a Watts, it would clearly have been necessary to invent one. So strong, to some natures, was the attraction of Swinburne's total worldly helplessness that an obliging Powell would always have stepped into the vacuum.

The death of such a staunch old friend was a heavy blow to Swinburne. He heard the news when he was paying his autumn visit to Lady Jane at Leigh House, in Wiltshire. "However, it is no use wailing," he wrote to Watts, adding, in Greek, "Being mortals, we have suffered." His fancy continued to dwell mournfully on "poor dear George." Powell had been passionately devoted to music, a pleasure that he tried to share with Swinburne. It is doubtful if he really succeeded. Swinburne's superb ear for poetic metre was curiously deaf—even before actual silence closed down—to music. Once, a lady invited him to listen to a very ancient little Florentine air that some scholar had only just discovered. Solemnly she sat down at the piano and played "Three Blind Mice." Swinburne was ravished. He said that it captured perfectly "the cruel beauty of the Medicis." But Powell had been one of the ardent early enthusiasts who helped to make Wagner fashionable in London, and Swinburne caught a little of the excitement. Now, three months after Powell's death, his adored master, Wagner, died. Could it be, Swinburne wrote to his sister Isabel, that George "had gone before to announce his [Wagner's] coming?" The thought, so uncharacteristic of him, was doubtless read out approvingly over the feminine breakfast table at Leigh House. He used it in one of his poems on Powell. He was as fiercely antitheist as ever, but a few questions, perhaps influenced by Watts, about the possibility of some sort of personal immortality occur wistfully from now on in the poems and letters, as in "Past Days," a reverie on the happy Étretat holiday:



Bound am I with time as with a tether;
Thee perchance death leads enfranchised on,
Far from deathlike life and changeful weather,
Dead and gone.

Far, too, from the Swinburne who wrote proudly that

We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea. . . .

He was convinced, he wrote to his mother in 1885, that death does not really separate people. The "insuperable and irremediable separation" was caused by the ultimate sin of unworthiness to a friend, or a friend's betrayal of oneself, in life. He was thinking, as usual, of Rossetti, "the friend who died to me—by his own act and wish." The nagging pain of that insuperable separation thirteen years ago from the only true fellow-spirit he had ever known would never let up.

Powell's death, as a matter of fact, must have saved a good deal of awkwardness. Watts' apprehensive mind would certainly have filed this early friendship of Algernon's in the brimming "Undesirable" pigeonhole. It is unlikely that Powell would have been encouraged to become a frequent visitor to The Pines, and it is hard to picture him there. He looks rather too life-size, too careless and cheerfully amoral an inhabitant of a different world, to settle well among the antimacassars in the plebeian odors of roast mutton. He had always been on cordial terms with Watts, careful to write to him for news of "our dear Bard" and to stake no tactless possessive claim of earlier friendship, and yet . . . And yet it seems probable that before long "poor dear George" would have been dropped as quietly, as prudently, as Swinburne appears to have shed other chapters of his past after the move to Putney. How-

ever that may be, a rather touching link with Powell that Swinburne had brought along with his few belongings remained carefully preserved at The Pines until his death. In a corner of the little boxroom up in the tower was a trunk containing the coarse sacking blouse and trousers in which the men on the French fishing smack had dressed their tiny, half-drowned English fish when they landed him off Étretat in 1868. "My sea-breeches," Swinburne called the rig. "Give my love to my fishermen," he wrote to Powell when his friend was paying another visit to the Étretat cottage. It had been one of the key experiences of his life, and he often harked back to it.

In 1886, when he was forty-nine, Swinburne wrote the touching lyric that purposes to be a poem addressed to a sea mew and is in reality an elegy for himself. It was a particular sea mew that he singled out from the multitude shuttling up and down the towering cliff face of Beachy Head. He and Watts were taking their September holiday in lodgings on the less populous outskirts of Eastbourne, and Bertie, now a twelve-year-old schoolboy, was there, too, for some of the time. The weather was good; they managed to swim a good deal. The conditions do not seem right for a sudden passionate cry of longing to escape, to leave Bertie and Walter in 197 Seaside Road and to swim out to sea, perhaps, until the coast of England fades from sight. Some such confession of intent startles us in the poem, for Swinburne has gone out of his way from time to time to insist that he is perfectly contented with his lot and would not have it otherwise. He had spoken scornfully, in a letter to his mother, of those people who go on and on about youth being the happiest time of life. What stuff they talked! "Thank God . . . I am very much more than twice as happy now as I was when half my present age just twenty-four years ago." Could anything be plainer and more gratifying to Watts than that? The poem is responsible for reviving the tiresome spirit of doubtfulness that refuses to allow George Powell to make himself genially at home at The Pines. Would it, after all, have been accounted a better thing for poetry, in the ledger where such things are totted up, if Watts had fallen ill, taken fright, gone away—if he had in some manner not been on hand to save Swinburne from dying of delirium tremens? Some say one thing and some another. The balance sheet will always be argued over. For it seems certain that during these years before the dust settles thicker on The Pines, and everything gets shabbier and looks smaller, and Swinburne and Watts turn finally into the well-known Dickensian old buffers in carpet slippers, there are moments of acute depression. The poem to the sea mew tells us about them. In the middle of the happy domestic holiday with the two people he loves best in the world besides his mother and sisters, Swinburne suddenly addresses the sea mew with intolerable longing and envy:

> When I had wings, my brother,
> Such wings were mine as thine:
> Such life my heart remembers
> In all as wild Septembers
> As this when life seems other,
> Though sweet, than once was
> mine;
> When I had wings, my brother,
> Such wings were mine as thine.

But they had not been so powerful as those marvellous freewheeling pinions. Some essential quill or dynamic necessary for them to soar safely in storm or calm was missing.

> We are fallen, even we, whose
> passion
> On earth is nearest thine:
> Who sing, and cease from flying,
> Who live, and dream of dying;
> Grey time, in time's grey fashion,
> Bids wingless creatures pine:
> We are fallen, even we, whose
> passion
> On earth is nearest thine. . . .
>
> Ah, well were I for ever,
> Wouldst thou change lives with me,
> And take my song's wild honey,
> And give me back thy sunny
> Wide eyes that weary never,
> And wings that search the sea;
> Ah, well were I for ever,
> Wouldst thou change lives with me.

Soon after that, the party returned to Putney, and the gate of The Pines shut, gently but firmly, for another twenty-three years.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

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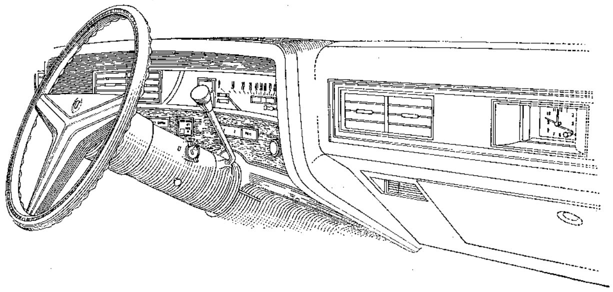

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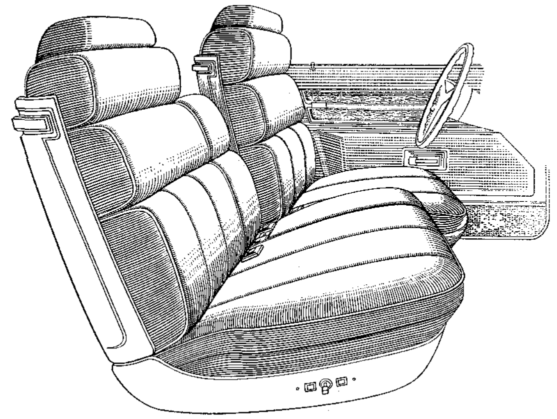

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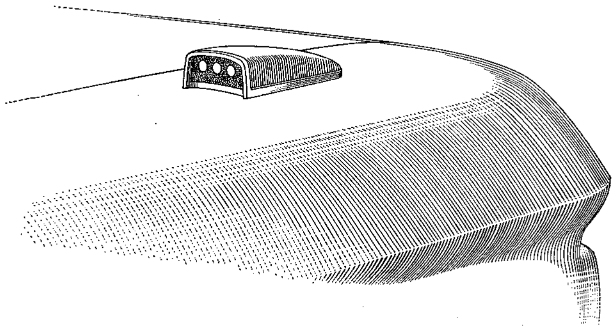

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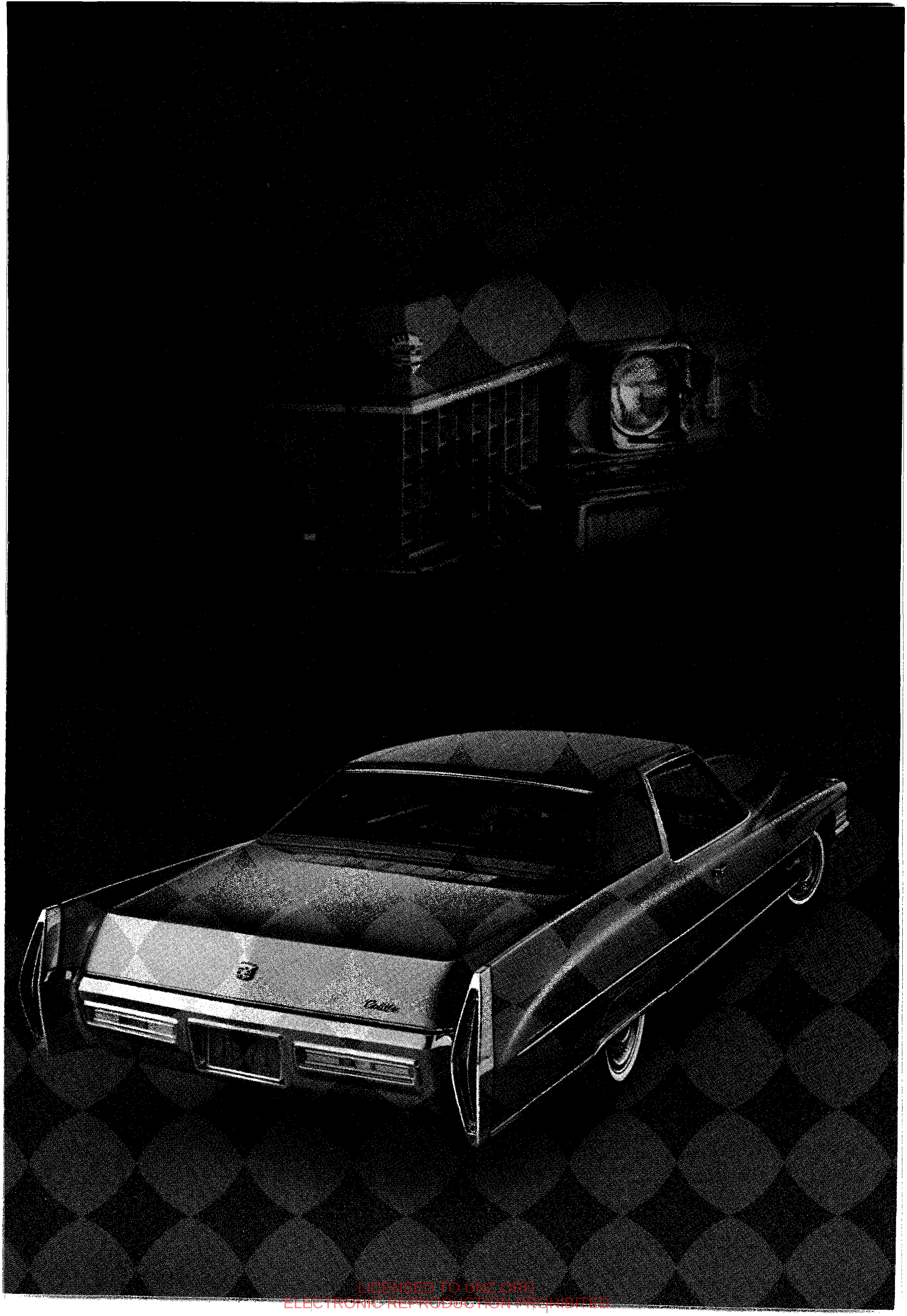
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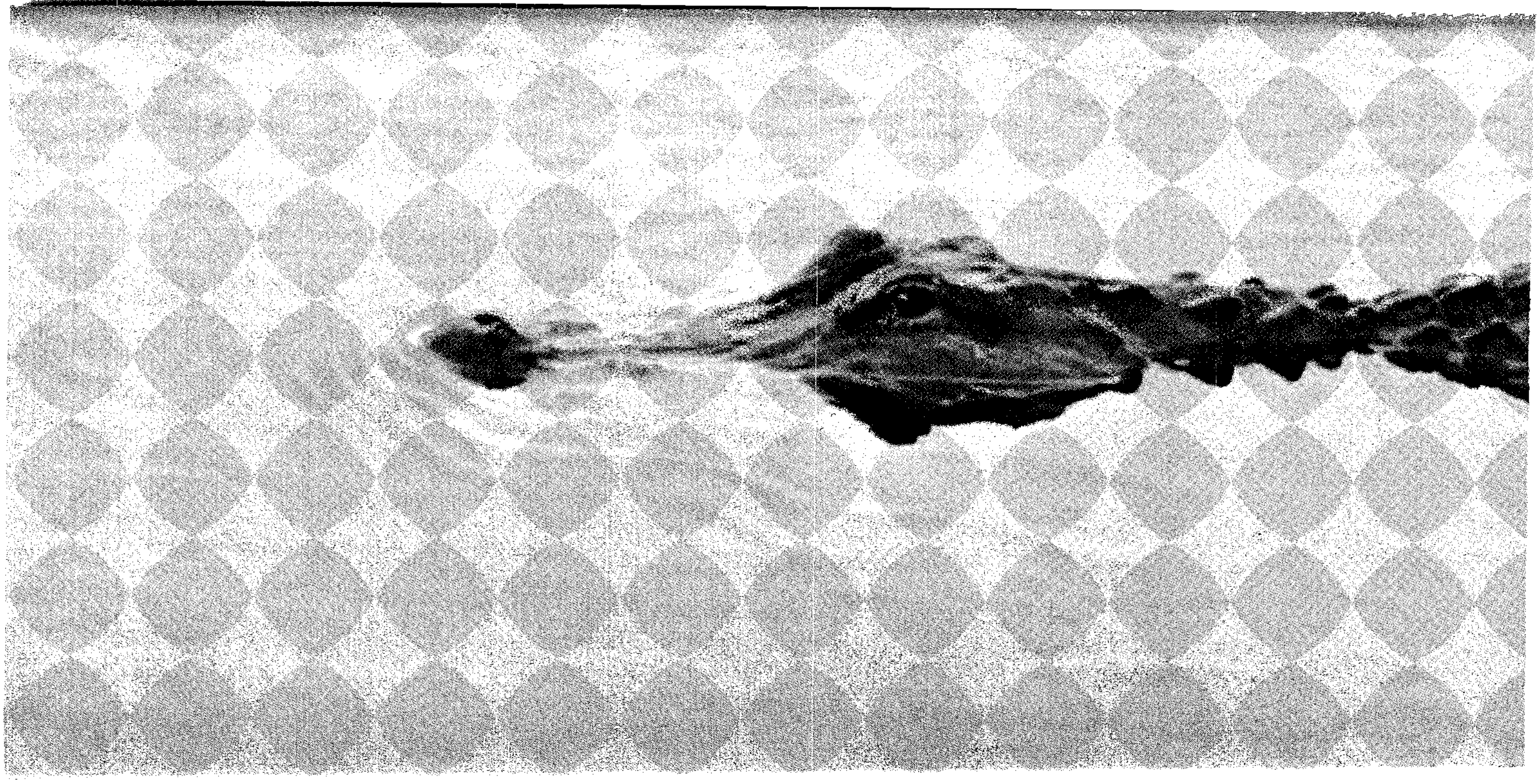

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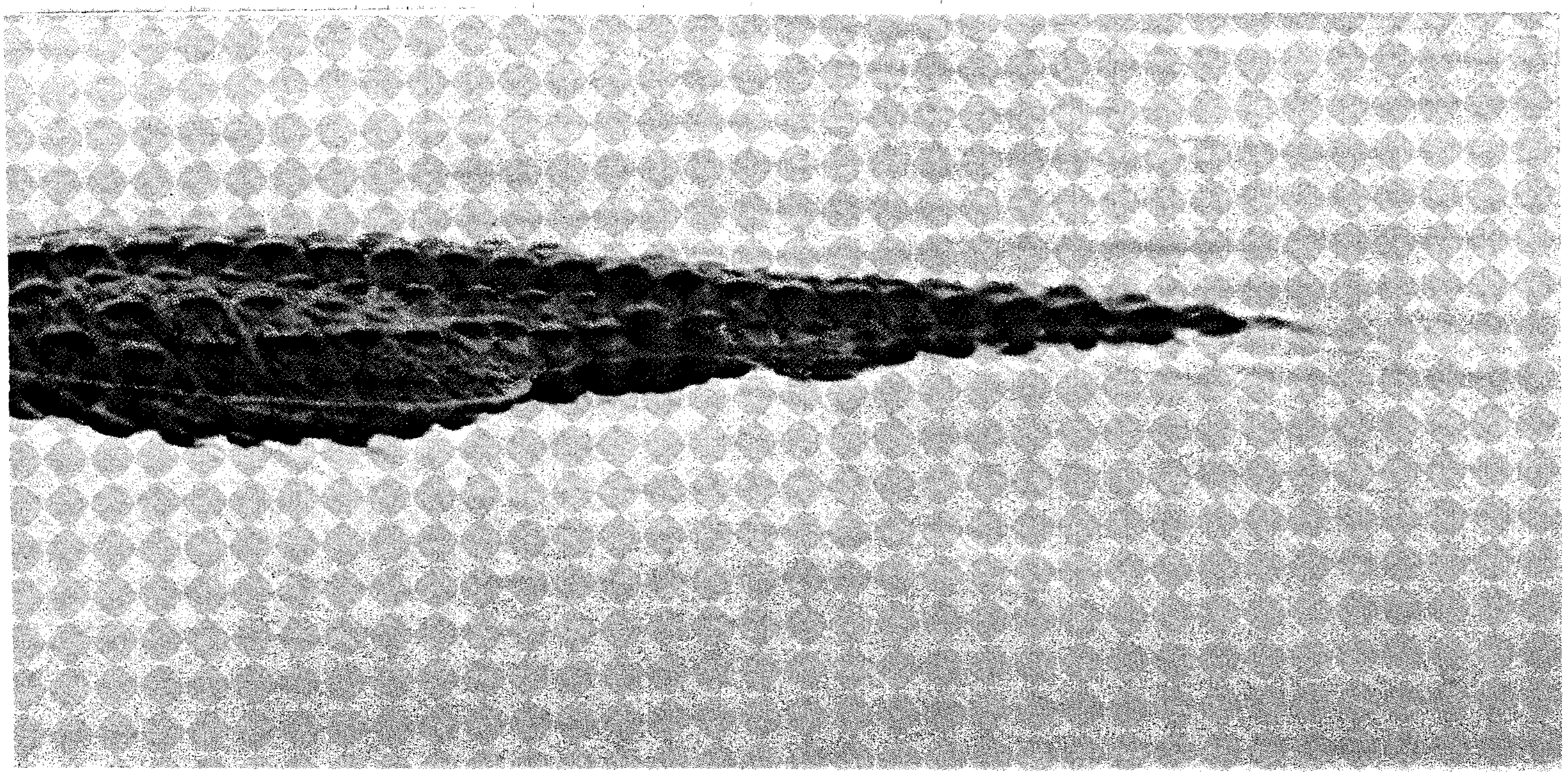

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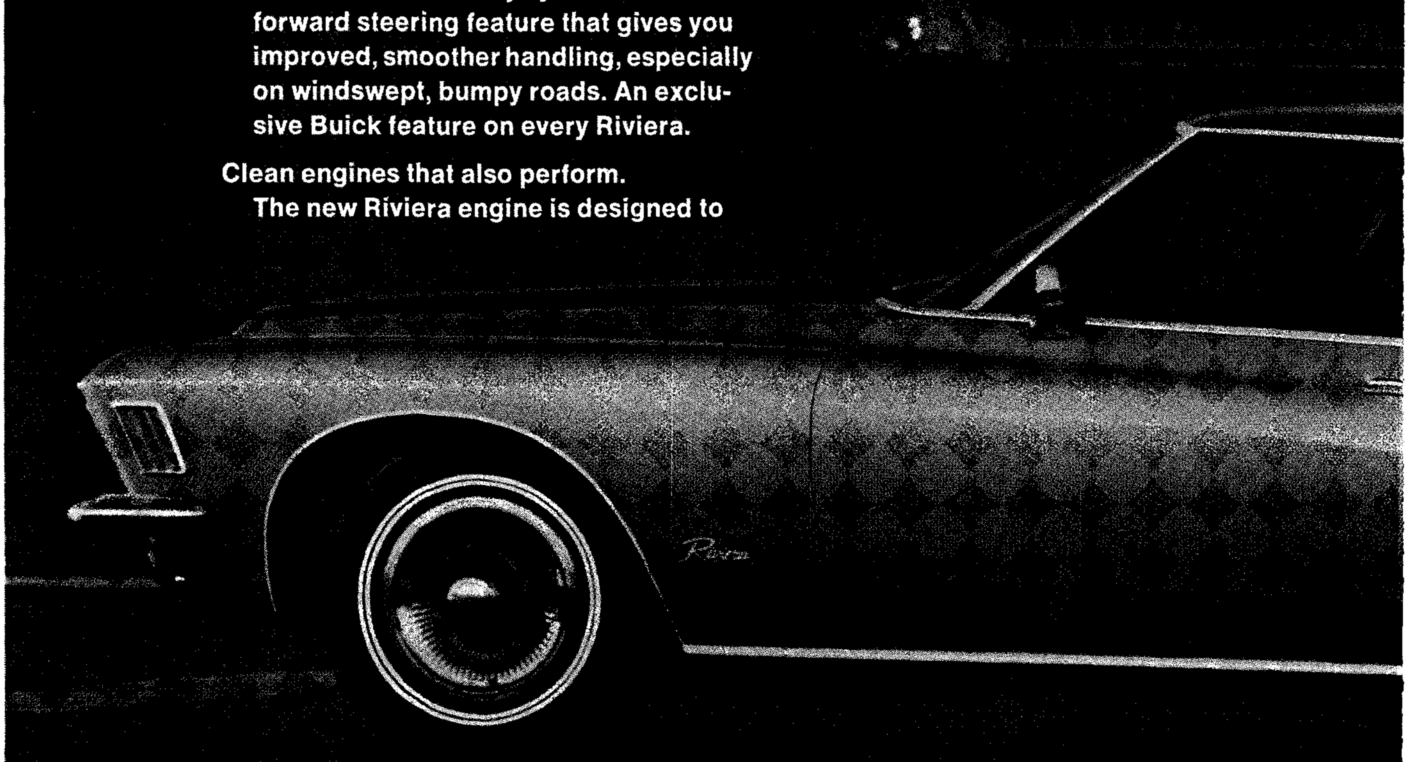

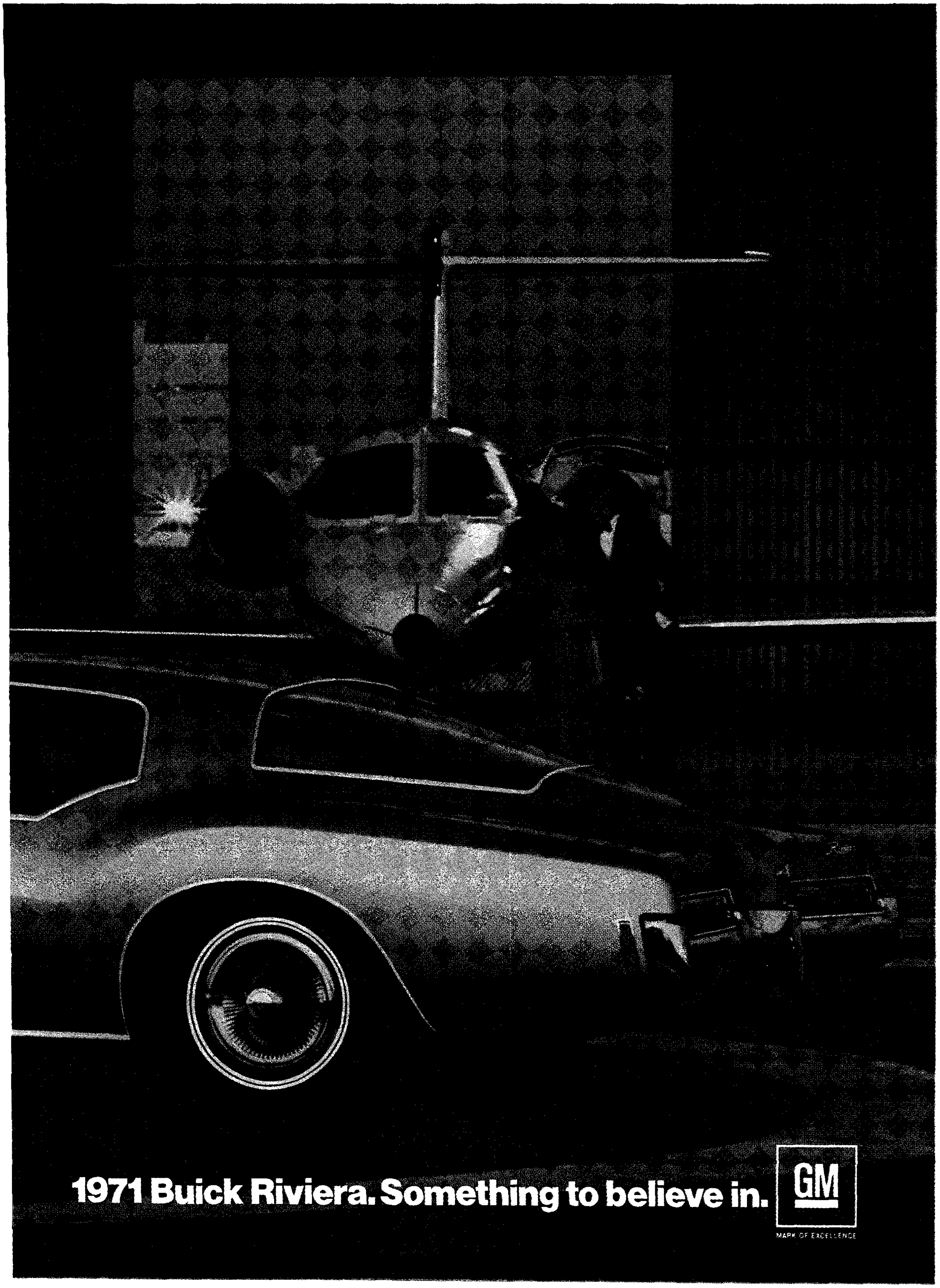
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a four-day work week?

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THE THEATRE

REVENANTS

I WAS a little too young to catch "No, No, Nanette" when it opened here forty-five years ago, but I am pretty sure that the present revival, at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is a much better show than the original, and the reasons are not far to seek. For one thing, it appears that the 1925 book of the musical was a simple-minded mess even by the comparatively low standards of represented human emotion and factual plausibility applicable to musicals in those days, and the show spent a year on the road before venturing to come to New York, with all hands feverishly patching together a framework worthy of the marvellous Vincent Youmans songs ("I Want to Be Happy" and "Tea for Two" being the most celebrated of them, and being also, heaven knows, simpleminded, though not in the least messy). Burt Shevelove, the director and adapter of this revival, has cleared away a dense underbrush of subplotting and left just the right amount of sentimental silliness to make us feel—whether by age and experience we deserve to or not—a pleasing, rueful nostalgia for that long-vanished time. Moreover, Raoul Pène duBois has provided fantastically beautiful sets and costumes, in colors so fresh and strange that they appear to have been newly created, possibly out of sunrises and sunsets; they are sure to be the envy of the latest generation of Lepidoptera everywhere. I would be content to sit through "No, No, Nanette" for the sake of Mr. duBois' handiwork alone; all the other things—the dancing of Ruby Keeler and Bobby Van, the singing/dancing of Susan Watson, Helen Gallagher, and Roger Rathburn, and the sweet-faced, non-stop mugging of Patsy Kelly and Jack Gilford—are just so many delightful extra dividends.

It has been forty years since Miss Keeler abandoned Broadway for Hollywood and family life, and the opening-night audience greeted her belated return with roars that I have heard equalled only at football games in the Yale Bowl, and then only in the last two minutes of play, with the score tied. Miss Keeler has kept her good looks and vigor, and I didn't find it in the least remarkable that, at sixty-odd, she danced with such superlative gusto; if she continues her present pace at the age of ninety, I will take the liberty of beginning to be surprised.

As a sort of footnote to the above, let me just mention that the lyrics that Irving Caesar affixed to "Tea for Two" strike me as being among the most mysterious in the whole history of popular songwriting. Has there ever been a more astonishing sequence of seemingly adventitious rhymes than "Day will break/ and you'll awake/ and start to bake/ a sugar cake/ for me to take/ for all the boys to see"? What on earth does this mean? Surely the Freudian or Jungian implications of that unexpected sugar cake would stun the mind, if one could but puzzle them out. Why is the young man taking a sugar cake to the boys? What boys? And why should the boys want to see a sugar cake? What will the boys *say* when they see it? I noticed Mr. Caesar in the audience on opening night, and I hope he will take time off from the congratulations he must be receiving on "No, No, Nanette" to answer some of these extremely important questions.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" has the shape and sound and, if one can say such a thing, the "feel" of a masque rather than a play, and one guesses that Shakespeare must have written it for a particular private occasion and then reworked it for presentation before the usual theatrical audience. In the Pelican edition of Shakespeare, Madeleine Doran suggests that "the play may have been written as an entertainment for a great wedding. . . . Attempts have been made to find such a wedding of a suitable date. Among the several noble weddings proposed, ranging from 1591 to 1598, the one most favored is that of William Stanley, Earl of Derby (whose father and whose brother had been patrons of Shakespeare's company of actors), to Elizabeth Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, on January 26, 1595; it was performed at Greenwich Palace and Queen Elizabeth may have attended it." Whatever the historical facts may someday prove to be, it is certainly the case that "A Midsummer Night's Dream," seen as part of a ceremony of innocence threatened by experience, offers a humorous and touching admonition to young love; as a play in a theatre, it is something of a curiosity—one of the plays of Shakespeare that I am just as content to read as to see.

The Royal Shakespeare Company production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," brought from Stratford-Upon-Avon to the Billy Rose Theatre with the help of the David Merrick Arts Foundation, the Billy Rose Foundation, and the Theatre Development Fund (virtuous deeds take much doing), has been directed by Peter Brook, and every moment of the play is marked by Mr. Brook's idiosyncratic interpretation of its structure and content. The glorious words remain, but so violently has Mr. Brook wrenched their settings about that they no longer mean what they did. The play takes place in what amounts to a single white-walled pit with doors, slots, and steel ladders, surmounted by a catwalk; floating in air above the pit are trapezes, a climbing rope, dangling spirals of stainless steel, and a cot concealed behind a single prodigious bright-red feather. This forbidding clinical space, ablaze with light, is filled with incessant running, jumping, hopping, crawling, and flopping, and I must say that Mr. Brook has trained his company well: they are good athletes, passable acrobats, and, when need be, adequate jugglers, and I am only sorry that they are not better-looking—I have rarely seen a group of actors so young and eager and unprepossessing. All through the evening, Mr. Brook drove the company headlong from scene to scene, and I was at a loss to tell for what purpose. It cannot have been his intention simply to exhaust the audience, though, speaking for myself, he succeeded in this modest ambition. I will remember this evening not as a willing enchantment of my mind but as a struggled-against exacerbation of it. Miserable as I was, I admired Mary Rutherford as Hermia, Frances De La Tour as Helena, John Kane as Puck, and David Waller as Bottom. In no matter how esoteric a production, Bottom can be counted on to bring down the house. He has been doing it for nearly four hundred years.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

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THE Negro Ensemble Company's second offering in its season of "Themes of Black Struggle" is a pair of one-acters—"Perry's Mission" and "Rosalee Pritchett"—which opened last week at the St. Marks. Together, under the expert direction of Douglas

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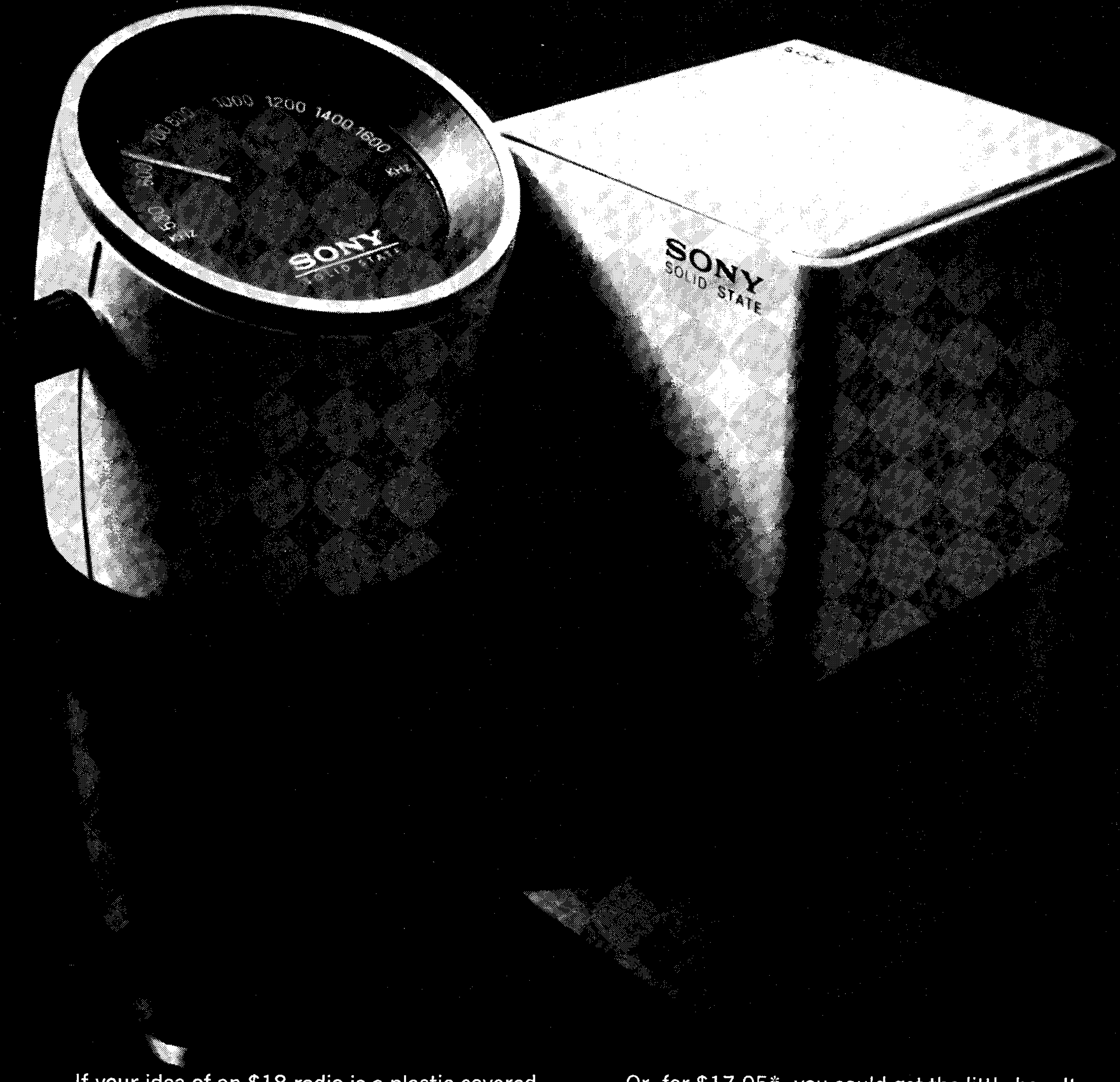

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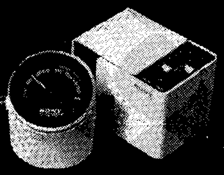

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Turner Ward and Shauneille Perry, respectively, they make up this troupe's strongest bill in ages. In each instance, the richness and much of the interest lie in the characters, their interplay, and the small scenes within the framework of the plots.

Actually, "Perry's Mission" seems, for most of its length, to *be* just a series of small scenes—comic, scatological, sexual, or eruptive. There is, however, a plot (in both senses of the word), which is so well camouflaged by the author, Clarence Young III, as to make the shocking ending and the message that goes with it next to impossible to swallow. For all practical purposes, the camouflage is the play. The setting is a bar in the black community of a Midwestern city on a very rainy night. The bartender and proprietor (Adolph Caesar) is a spindly old fellow—humorous, somewhat cranky, and wholly in charge. The patrons are a brash and foulmouthed white whore (Katherine McGrath) with a black dude (Charles Weldon); a couple of schoolteachers—one black and expansive (William Jay), the other white and edgy (Jeff David)—who are victims of a flat tire; two swaggering youngsters (Win Wilford and Charles Grant), who reluctantly show their ID cards to the bartender and just as reluctantly settle for Cokes and enforced good behavior; a menacing, fiery black militant (David Downing); an old prizefighter gone to seed (Arthur French); and a bus driver (Harold Triggs). During the action, the atmosphere tightens and then loosens again, a lot of the byplay is funny, and the tension underneath it is almost imperceptible, but it is there all the same, right up to the explosive, preposterous finish.

The Rosalee Pritchett of the second play, by Carlton and Barbara Molette, is the Negro wife of a prosperous and respected Negro doctor living in a peaceful, comfortable suburb of a Southern city that is anything but peaceful—a riot is taking place and the National Guard has been summoned to keep order and enforce a curfew. Throughout the action, which is all flashback, she is sitting in a hospital room on an upstage platform participating in the dialogue and, with pantomime, in the scenes taking place below. On two screens on either side of her, pictures of the riot and of burning buildings are juxtaposed with those of her usual activities—tennis and swimming at the country club, a facial at the beauty parlor, a trip to the milliner's. Beneath her, at the outset, several women are playing bridge (she is a fourth), and the three other women

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at her table, fellow-suburbanites, talk of their contempt for the unruly "niggers in the ghetto" who are making life so difficult for them, and of their relief that the Guard has been called in. Mrs. Pritchett announces that her son has joined a white fraternity at college. She is congratulated, and someone voices the hope that he will marry a white girl who isn't "trashy." The chatter is very bitchy and very funny, and much of it is taken up with plans for a forthcoming débutante ball and with a debate on the merits of lobster thermidor vs. lobster Américaine, especially when eaten in a three-hundred-dollar dress. (The extra drop of acid that Clarice Taylor adds to her characterization of the brightest and the bitchiest of the cardplayers seems to act as a catalyst, making the bridge scenes sharp and sparkling. She gives a grand high-comedy performance.) Then, driving home from the game, Mrs. Pritchett, who has broken the curfew, never dreaming that it could apply to her, is stopped and insulted and taunted and eventually raped by four filthy-talking rednecks of the National Guard, acted with scathing realism by Mr. Caesar, Mr. French, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Downing, who, by the way, play white men, not caricatures of white men. As the play closes, we see her, a spotlight shining on her weeping face, shattered to nervous collapse by the terrible thing that has happened to her and by her realization, twice as terrible, of what it implies about her husband's achievements and her own rickety social position. As Mrs. Pritchett, Frances Foster is touching, ultimately tragic, and entirely satisfying. Esther Rolle, Roxie Roker, and Anita Wilson are good, too, as assorted bridge players, and it certainly is fine to see everybody back on the stage of the St. Marks. As for the script, it is nicked but not severely damaged by a bitterness and scorn that are, among other things, too unselective—making no distinction between selfishness and heartlessness, on the one hand, and rather foolish snobbery and frivolity, on the other. The satisfaction taken in Mrs. Pritchett's debacle weakens and undermines the play's ironic point. That aside, "Rosalee Pritchett" is a witty, sad, and powerful play that may well remain alive long after the immediate issues it raises have been settled.

—Edith Oliver

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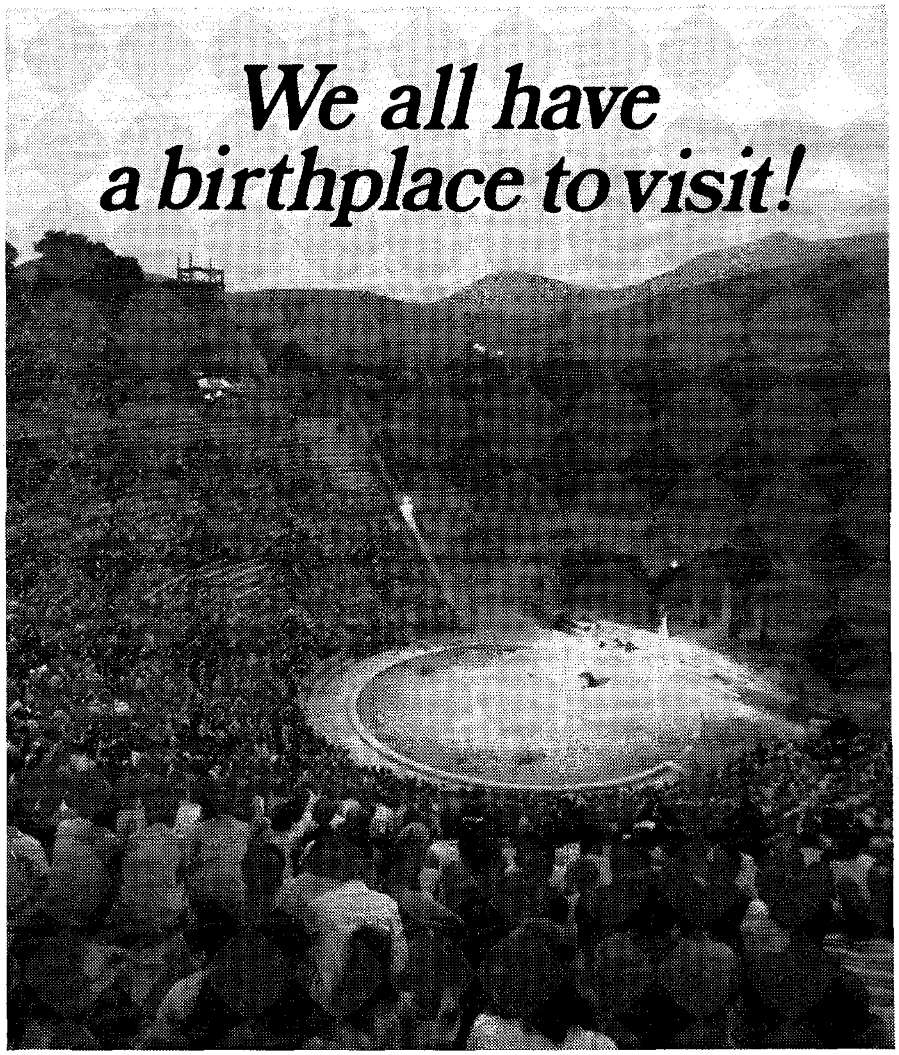

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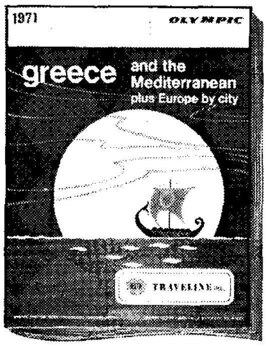

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THE RACE TRACK

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BY the end of last season, no great powers of clairvoyance were needed for racegoers to declare that the two-year-olds were the most mediocre lot in years. Now the search for classic colts has begun. At Hialeah last week, Executioner, third in the Experimental Free Handicap—the Jockey Club's rating of a hundred and sixty-eight of the two-year-olds that ran in 1970—went all out to win the Hibiscus Stakes, the first of the races leading up to the Flamingo. In front for most of the six furlongs, he barely nosed out Brazen Brother. Raja Baba was third, a neck behind. Both are ranked far below Executioner in the Experimental, a list that has many possibles and few probables. As you probably know, Hoist the Flag is top weight, under 126 pounds. The big bay colt finished first in all of his four starts last year, but was disqualified in the final one, the Champagne Stakes, for swerving and bumping. It is said that shin trouble and ankle trouble were the reason he didn't keep a straight course. He is skipping Florida. Instead, Sidney Watters, Jr., who trains him for Mrs. Stephen C. Clark, Jr., is wintering him at Camden, South Carolina, and will ship him from there to New York for the opening of the season at Aqueduct on March 8th.

There are two colts not in the Experimental that have been attracting attention. In Florida, there's Highbinder, a full brother to Dr. Fager (Johnny Nerud thinks so well of him that he's named him for the Flamingo), and in California there's Triple Bend, by Never Bend, whom Frank McMahon gave $100,000 for as a yearling. Johnny Longden, who trains Triple Bend, says he might be a Derby colt.

Lion Sleeps made it six straight in the seven-furlong Royal Palm Handicap at Hialeah, winning by a nose from Spotted Line, who was half a length ahead of True North. (In the Super Bowl Handicap, the previous Saturday, Lion Sleeps won, True North was second, and Spotted Line was third.) Although he has won at a mile, all of Lion Sleeps' recent races have been at six furlongs, so there were doubts about how he would fancy the extra distance, especially since he was carrying 127 pounds and giving big weight to everything. But he likes to run in front, and it's going to take something better than he has met in Florida so far to head him. Hartack rode him, replacing Ussery, who chose to ride Corn Off the Cob instead. He finished fifth. Hartack did a competent job. True North, whom the talent made the favorite because he had a fifteen-pound advantage in the weights, gave his backers a thrill for their money. Last until the field swung into the stretch, he was beaten less than a length for all the money.

ALFRED VANDERBILT may have a real runner in Rum, who won the Pimlico Stakes in Baltimore last weekend. It was a photo finish, with Rum, Jig Dancer, and Cocky Raider going under the wire noses apart. This was Rum's fifth victory in a row, and his third on successive Saturdays. . . . Another repeater was the Chilean-bred Cougar II, who romped home by six lengths in the San Marcos Handicap, at a mile and a quarter on the turf at Santa Anita. Earlier on, he'd won the San Gabriel Handicap, at nine furlongs. The big excitement of the afternoon started in the first race, with King Rogers winning and paying $114.20. Then Night Launch won the second, paying $71.60, leading to the climax of a $4,028 double.

THIS department reports with regret the death last week of Harry F. Guggenheim, who for more than thirty years raced in the best traditions of the sport, and whose delight was to breed horses for his Cain Hoy Stable and watch them develop and prove themselves on the racecourse and in the stud. He, John W. Hanes, and Christopher T. Chenery were the triumvirate who founded the N.Y.R.A., rebuilt Aqueduct, and remodelled Belmont Park. In the autumn of 1969, he sold all but one of his horses—Ack Ack. A few days before he died, Ack Ack won at Santa Anita. I hope they told him.

—AUDAX MINOR

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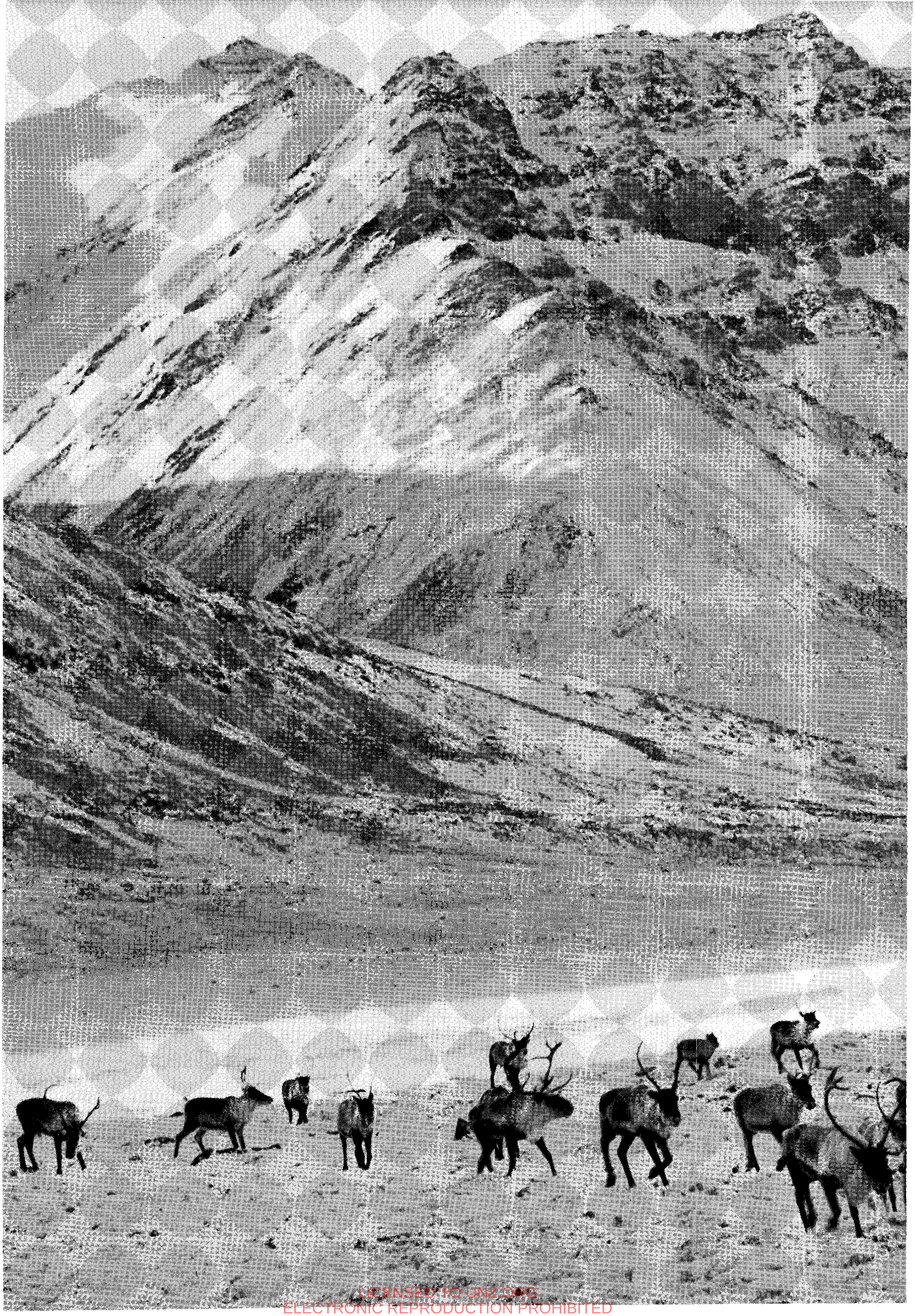

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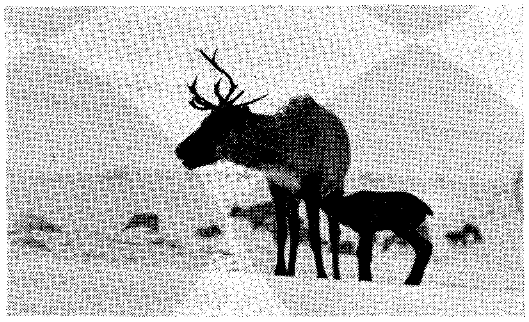

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What we have learned about the Arctic leads us to believe that there is nothing inherently dangerous to the environment providing the line is designed, built and operated in a manner that is considerate *of* and responsible *to* the environment. In truth, what's good for the environment is also very good for the safety and security of the pipeline. On this you have our pledge: *The environmental disturbances will be avoided where possible, held to a minimum where unavoidable and restored to the fullest practicable extent.* And we can assure you that the pipeline will be the most carefully engineered and constructed crude oil pipeline in the world. If you would like further information, please write: Public Affairs Division, Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, 2805 Denali Street, Anchorage, Alaska 99503.

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PIG TALE

ABOUT five years ago, I realized that young pigs are adorable. I was strolling through the Bronx Zoo one afternoon, on my way to visit a gorilla I knew, when I happened to pass a pen containing four piglets. At my approach, they raced to the fence and began jumping up and down, as though beside themselves with joy. They must have been six or eight weeks old. They were pink and cute, and they had the sort of build—with straight, apparently hockless legs ending abruptly in tiny feet—that makes some breeds of pig appear to be always standing on tiptoe. They seemed to be doing a jittery little pig toe dance. They were amazingly nimble; if they had been on a hard surface instead of grass, they would have sounded like a roomful of expert typists. I suppose they thought I might be there to feed them, but I preferred to believe they just wanted to come out and play.

Though I grew up in a largely rural state, I'm not sure I had ever seen a live pig until that moment. I certainly had never given pigs a thought, and I had seldom heard the words "pig" and "hog" spoken except in conversations about girls. ("What was she like?" "A real hog.") But these pigs made a great impression on me. I couldn't get over their cuteness. Suddenly, New York seemed to be alive with pigs. The day after the zoo visit, I went into D/R International, on Fifty-seventh Street, and the first object I focussed on, despite the visual competition of whole walls of glassware, was a small glass pig. At Abercrombie & Fitch, on Madison Avenue, I walked, as though guided by some sort of strange pig radar, straight to a handsome leather pig. In other gift shops, hand-painted china pigs and pig paperweights almost jumped off the shelves at me. My doodles changed from my usual wishful lettering—

BLACK-EYED PEAS
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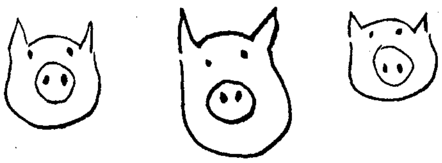
—to:



Pig news and pig photos sprouted in the pages of the liberal Eastern press. For instance, my all-time favorite *Times* story reads:

> MARLBORO TOWNSHIP, N.J., Nov. 13—Pigs are breaking the law, hurting the Mayor's vanity and making fools of people in this township.
>
> The result is that a pig hunt is now under way to capture about a dozen pigs that have been living in bogland and brambles for as much as a year.
>
> The hunt opened officially today, when the local dogcatcher, Michael T. Seaman, assisted by two other men, ventured into the wilds under orders of the Mayor to bag the beasts.
>
> Mayor Walter C. Grubb Jr. became angry at the pigs when one ran in front of his car a week ago while he was heading a committee studying substandard housing.
>
> The Mayor ordered his dogcatcher to catch the offender.
>
> Mr. Seaman and his two assistants cornered their quarry a short time later, but the pig deftly evaded a four-foot net.
>
> The men pursued the pig into the briars, where they spotted at least 10 more. But the chase ended when the herd vanished into the brambles.
>
> The Mayor said the pigs were violating an ordinance that reads: "No swine or hogs shall have access to public streams or water supplies."
>
> He said he assumed that it was in the nature of pigs to use "public streams."

I began clipping and saving pig photos, such as this beauty from *Life:*

A baby boy who has turned into a pig

To my eye, no medium was pigless. I even ran across a pig poem, by Spike Hawkins, in the English magazine *Encounter:*

Pig sit still in the strainer
Pig sit still in the strainer!
I do like my pig tea.

I didn't know if it was just my imagination or if we were in an all-out pig storm.

WHILE I've grown fonder and fonder of pigs in the abstract during the past few years, the animal's reputation has gone from low to even lower, until now the word "pig" is widely used as a term of abuse connoting not only filth but rapaciousness and brutality. (The word has had unpleasant associations for centuries, of course, from the Bible to Orwell's "Animal Farm," except in children's literature—for example, "This Little Pig Went to Market," "The Story of the Three Little Pigs," Porky Pig, "Charlotte's Web," and "Roland the Minstrel Pig.") With so much pig talk in the air, I started wondering recently what real pigs were like. Had I romanticized them, or had they taken a bum rap? Could they be as piggy as the average Manhattan litterbug, or were they more like Porky and the wonderful Roland? I decided to go see for myself, at some nearby pig farm. I called Rex Wilmore, the hog editor of *Farm Journal*, and asked his advice. He said that most of the big-time pig operations were in the Midwest, naturally, but that there was a nice one in Pennsylvania called Real Farms, Inc., in the little town of Tipton, about ten miles northeast of Altoona. He said that the farm's manager, Ronald Harrison, was a real good pig man. When I called Harrison, he told me to come on out, and a couple of days later I did.

The farm, which covers two hundred acres in a pleasant, hilly setting, is dotted with hayfields and wheat fields, dusty pasture lots for the breeding animals, an old barn, several long, low buildings for the market animals, and a house for the manager and his family. Before I toured the farm and met the pigs, Harrison, a tanned, healthy-looking man in his early thirties, sat me down at the kitchen table for a briefing. Mrs. Harrison, an attractive brunette, didn't need us underfoot, because she was busy doing the dishes, canning some preserves, and taking care of the baby, but she said never mind.

When I asked Harrison for his view of the pig's personality, he said, "One of the first things you notice about pigs is how curious and inquisitive they are. A pig doesn't take anything for granted. He has to check everything out. Smell it, push at it, see what it does. And then you see how intelligent they are. With a pig, you show him something one time and that's it—he's got

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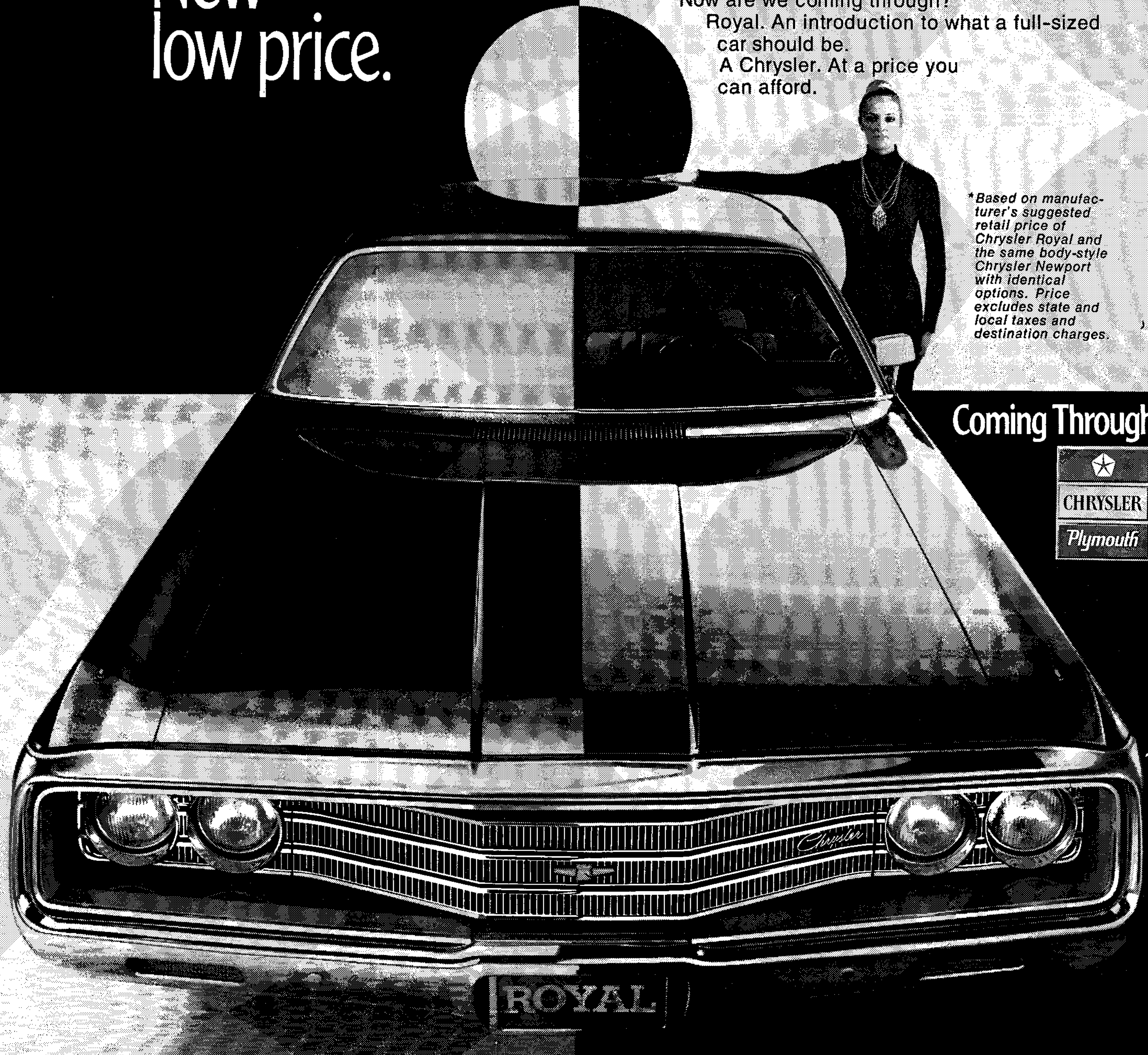

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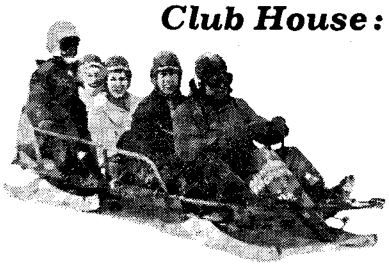

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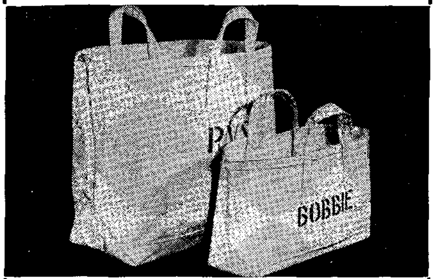

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it. If there's a fence hole there and you want a pig to go through it, show him what you want and he understands. Take a cow and show her and she'll be too dumb to get it until you show her several times.

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"Will a pig work?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," Harrison said. "A pig will pull a cart, and I think you could teach him to heel."

I asked about the pig's reputation for overeating.

"If food is always available, a pig will keep something in his stomach all the time and won't overeat," Harrison said. "But if the food is not there where he can get at it, and you bring him some several times each day and let him eat as much as he wants each time, then he'll overeat—he'll make a pig of himself." He added that dogs and many other animals would overeat, too, if they had the opportunity.

"Everyone thinks of pigs as being filthy and sloppy," I said. "Isn't there some justification for that? When I drove up, I could see some of your pigs lying in the mud, and I thought they looked very content."

Harrison explained that, unlike most other animals, pigs didn't sweat, and thus had terrible problems with the heat. He reminded me that they had no access to showers or swimming pools, and that what water they could find to cool off in was nearly always situated so that their lying in it created a mud puddle. He couldn't prove it, but he suspected that, given a choice, pigs might prefer swimming pools to mud puddles. He was encouraged in this belief by the tidy housekeeping exhibited by so many pigs when they are kept indoors, he said.

And so it went. Whatever old slander I brought up, Harrison countered it with praise. Pigs were not only smart and tidy but sensitive, affectionate, playful, and brave. After an hour or so

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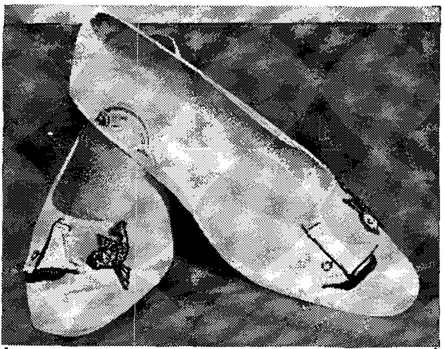

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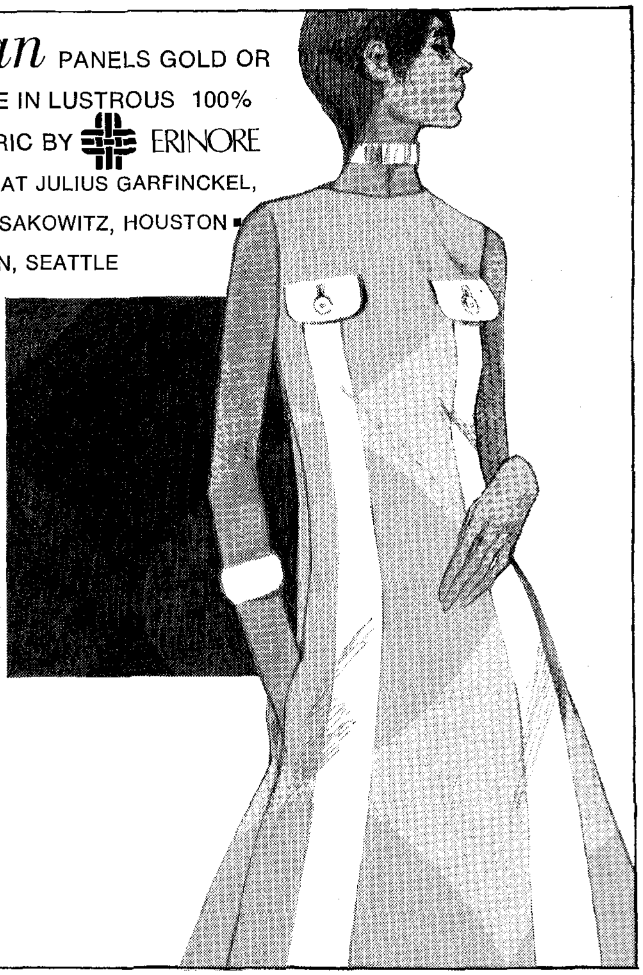
of this, I asked Harrison if he thought his pigs would mind our continuing the discussion in their midst. He said no, he didn't think so—that they had had some experience with outsiders. Groups of schoolchildren sometimes toured the farm, he explained, and the pigs were occasionally allowed to listen to the radio, so that they would become accustomed to the sound of strange voices.

OUR first stop was at one of the farm's two farrowing houses. A farrowing house is the scene of the only true happiness that most pigs ever know. They are born there, and they spend the first few weeks of their lives there, in what must be total bliss—eating, sleeping in the clean straw, playing with their brothers and sisters, and snuggling up against their mamas for warmth and security. At about four to six weeks of age, Harrison told me, the pigs are taken away from their mamas—a traumatic experience—and moved to a nursery and finishing house. From there, a lucky few go on to adult pleasures as members of the breeding stock, but the great majority are fattened up and sent to their doom.

Before we went into the farrowing house, Harrison was worried about my city nostrils. He warned me several times to brace myself for the smell. But when he opened the door, the aroma that wafted out was very mild—fresh as clover, I told him, compared to what I had experienced in the monkey house at the Central Park Zoo. Inside, there were about twenty pens, each occupied by a sow and her babies. Harrison pointed out that most of the sows were good housekeepers, who used one corner of a pen as a latrine and kept the rest clean for the piglets, while others were casual or worse. After pigs leave home, they tend to follow whatever example their mothers set for them in this regard, he said.

As we walked down an aisle between rows of pens, the sight of me caused many of the piglets to start with fright and some of the sows to grunt uneasily. I asked Harrison if sows were very protective toward their young. He said yes, that they were fearless when on the defensive and would charge any animal, regardless of its size, that seemed to present a threat to their babies. In an effort to provoke a demonstration of sow temper, Harrison stepped into a pen and yanked up a piglet by one of its hind legs. The piglet let out piercing squeals, which set



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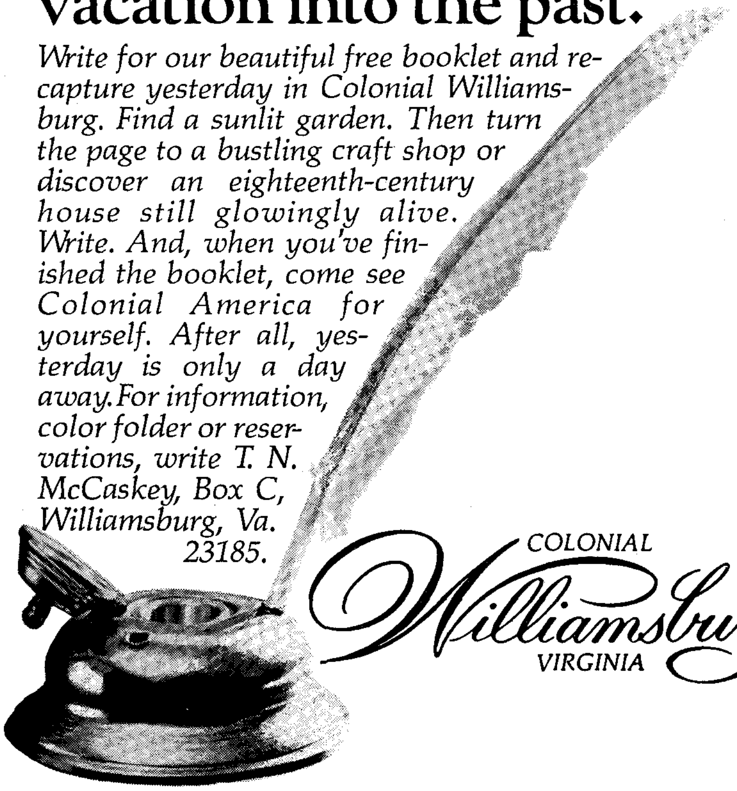

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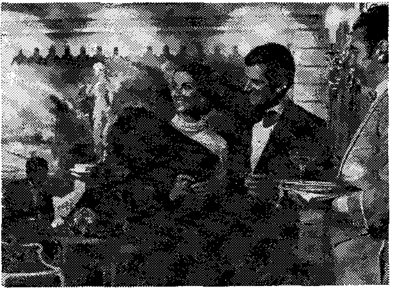

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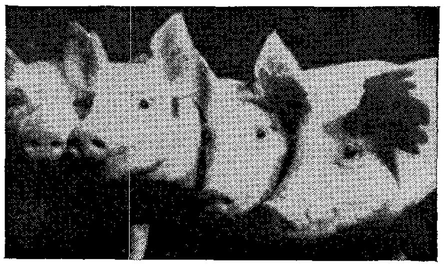
off a commotion in the neighboring pens and what-now oinks of irritation all up and down the farrowing house. The piglet's mama jumped to her feet, thrust her snout toward Harrison, and made angry barking sounds of terrific volume. However, the sow apparently knew Harrison too well and trusted him too much to do more than complain; she made no real move to charge him. (Dr. J. L. Gobble, an associate professor of animal sciences at Penn State, told me later that this was a tribute to Harrison's gentleness and competence as a herdsman. In a similar situation, he said, many sows would mount a ferocious attack, no matter how well they knew the herdsman. He also agreed with Harrison's general evaluation of pigs, incidentally, describing them as the cleanest and smartest of farm animals.) When Harrison put the piglet down, the sow looked it over and sniffed it until she was satisfied that it was all right, and then lay down heavily, with the martyred air of a housewife who wonders just how much she's expected to bear.

I asked Harrison whether pigs had any natural enemies, and whether they were prone to fighting and other aggressive behavior among themselves. He said that sows kept on pasture land, instead of indoors, would often kill any snakes that wandered by, and that sexually mature males would sometimes fight if kept in the same pen. But in general, he said, pigs are placid and non-aggressive among themselves and toward other animals. "A pig doesn't usually think of fighting unless he's threatened or cornered," Harrison told me.

We went next to the other farrowing house. Each of the twenty or so pens here was filled with a litter of six-week-old pigs who had been separated from their mothers just that morning. Our entry was greeted with a chorus of mournful oinks and squeals from all sides. "That sound means 'I want my mama,' " Harrison explained. As soon as I looked around, I saw that these were pigs of just the sort that I had idealized for the past several years. Newborn pigs are cute but aren't much interested in people. Adult pigs aren't much interested in people, either, if they have the company of each other, and usually are so fat that they look beady-eyed and unattractive. But the six-week-old pig is just right. About the size of a small dog, it is slim and quick. It is intensely interested in people or anything else that moves, and it is playful. Its eyes, unlike those of the baby or the adult, are wide open, and are set in an expressive face. In fact, the six-week-old pig is capable of smiling sweetly, or even angelically. When anyone challenges this assertion, I prove it with my favorite pig photo, which I found in a Shell Chemical Company ad:



I noticed a pen occupied by ten cuties, all of whom were jockeying for a position along the aisle wall of their pen, where they could get a better look at me. When I approached them, they broke for the opposite side of the pen. But their curiosity was stronger than their fright; they turned and immediately began edging back toward me. When I stooped down, the sudden movement scared them again, and they again scattered and then again returned slowly for another look. To encourage them, I leaned forward and oinked several times—expertly, I thought. They oinked back and moved in closer. Finally, they were all lined up before me, silent and tense, their faces upturned, their snouts pressed against the wire of the pen. They gazed at me with expressions of fierce concentration, as though they were awaiting important instructions. I felt I ought to say something, but all I could think of was "I don't have to tell you men how dangerous this mission may be," and Harrison was too close for that. I took a piece of paper from my pocket and rattled it against the wire, and then slid one edge of it into the pen. They were delighted. They jostled each other as they tried to get close enough to sniff it and root at it. After I stood up, slowly, three or four of the pigs permitted me to pat their heads and scratch them behind their ears. I thought that if a mini-pig of this size could be developed, it would make an ideal pet. Harrison told me that he'd never had a pet pig but that he knew of people who had, and that he had seen pigs learn to answer to their names. There have been many such reports through the years. In "Pigs from Cave to Corn Belt," by Charles Wayland Towne and Edward Norris Wentworth, a book I later found in the library at Penn State, there is this quote from "Lives of Animals," by the German zoologist Alfred

Edmund Brehm: "A forest guard told me that at one time he had a little pig of the so-called Chinese breed in his possession. It followed him like a dog, knew its name, always came when it was called, went up the stairs with him, behaved quite decently in the house, obeyed orders, and performed tricks. It had been taught to hunt morels (mushrooms) in the woods, and performed its duty with great zeal."

ONE of the most surprising things I learned from Harrison is that pigs are amorous. When we left the youngsters and went outside for a look at the breeding animals, Harrison pointed to one of the pens and said, "See that young boar over there? We've had a terrible time with him ever since he reached breeding age. He just can't settle down. He'd go over an eight-foot fence to get to the ladies."

I looked at the huge animal, who was lying on his side in the shadow cast by his hog shelter. I couldn't imagine him running or jumping or getting excited about anything. "You mean that literally? An eight-foot fence? How could he get over *any* sort of fence?"

"Well, he can jump real high, and if he can't clear a fence he can get a foothold on it and then climb on over," Harrison said. "We finally had to put a sow in with him full time to calm him down. He's mated as much as twenty-five times in twenty-four hours."

As though on cue, the young lover roused himself and approached a sow. He put his face near hers and oinked in a way that was new to me—instead of the usual low, musing rumble, it was a burst of incredibly fast snorts. "That's the love song," Harrison explained. "That means 'How about it?' If she moves away, she's saying no. But if she stands still and braces herself, that means O.K." The sow said no.

It was an unseasonably warm day, and in a nearby pen two sows were lying in a mud puddle, trying to cool off. "What if they *had* swimming pools?" I said to Harrison. "Could they swim? I read in a children's book that pigs can't swim and are afraid of deep water."

Harrison replied that the author of the book obviously had never seen a pig in a lake. Harrison had, though, and he still remembered the sight of it streaking for shore, a four-footed dolphin that neither he nor his dog could catch.

"There's no *telling* what a pig can do," Harrison said.

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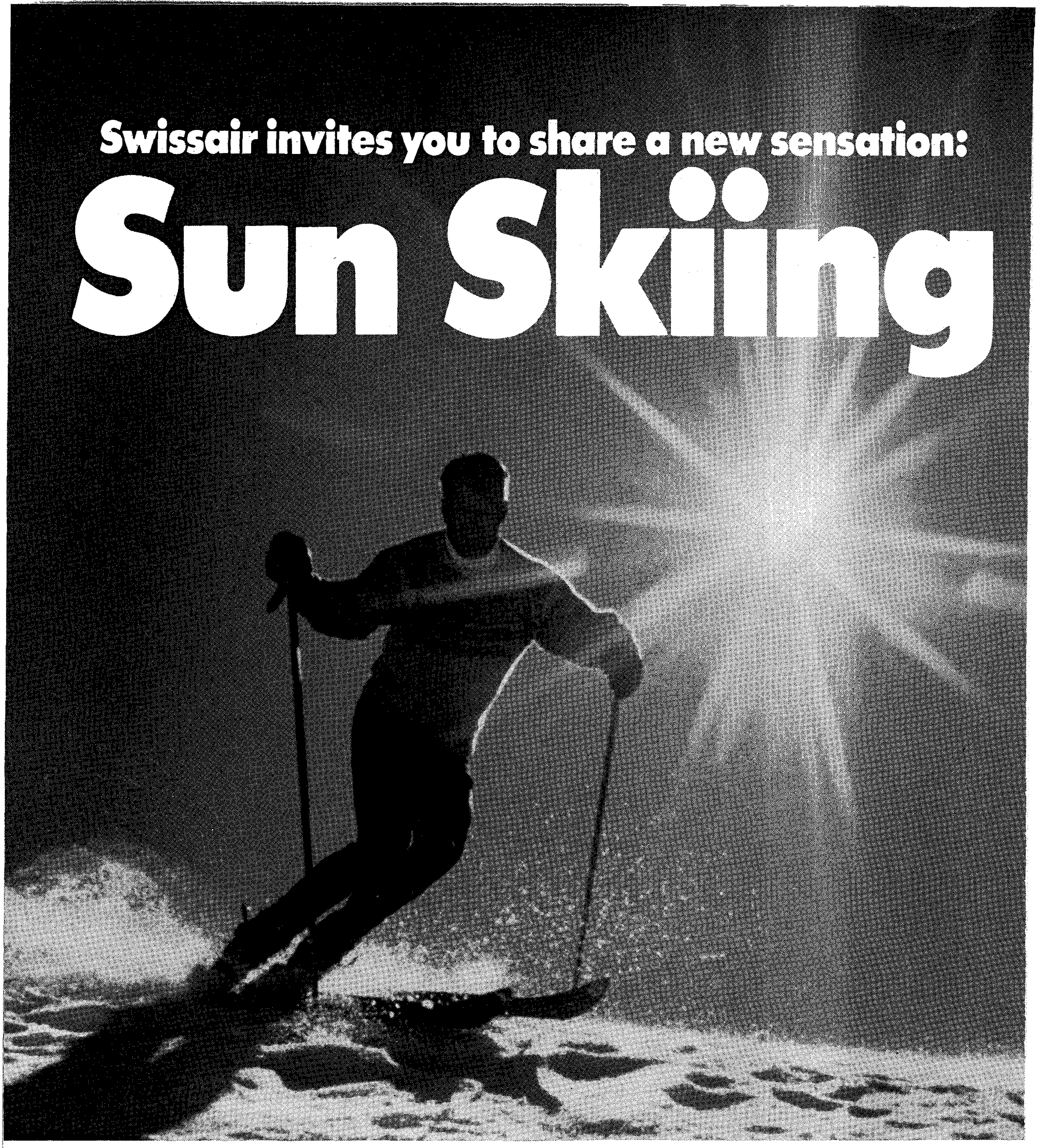
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THE ART WORLD

Paris Annexed

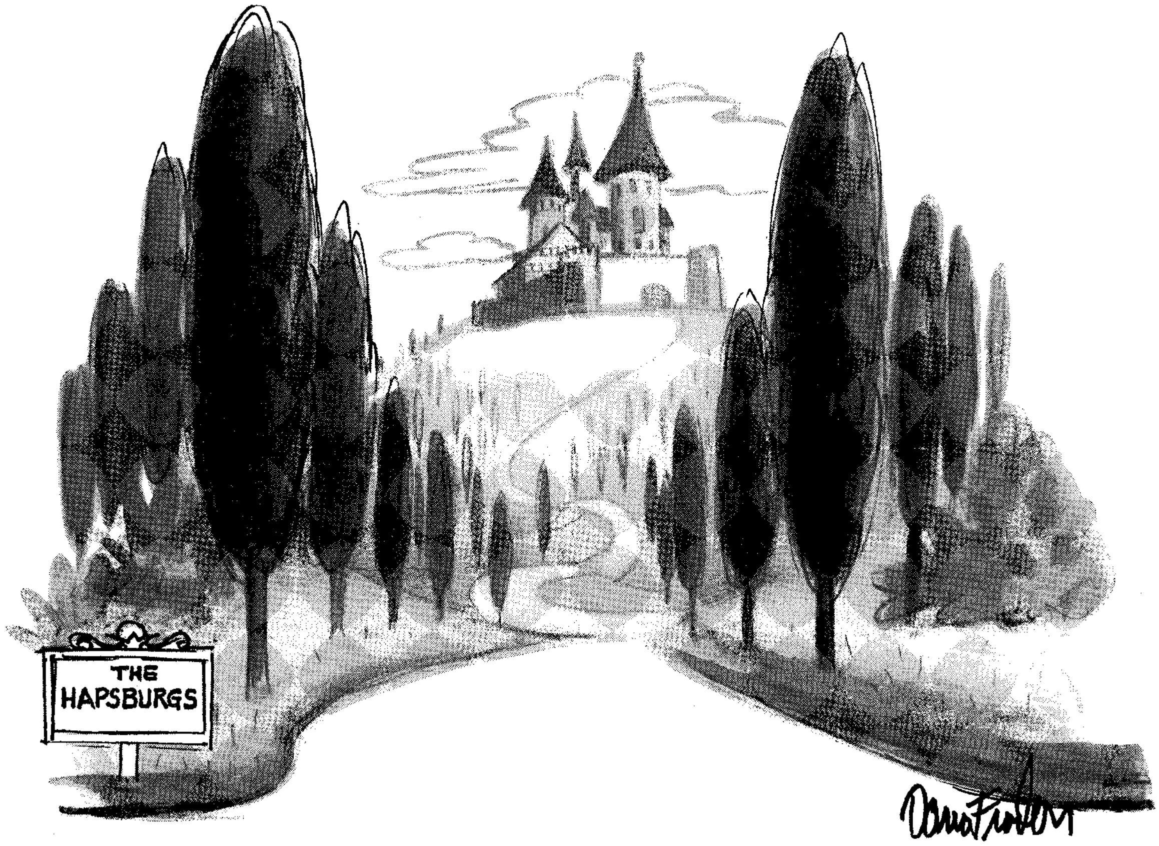
THE "Four Americans in Paris" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art of the collections of the Stein family is aptly named. It is a presentation of the collectors in terms of the works they assembled. The show has the absoluteness of biography: here are Gertrude Stein, her brothers Leo and Michael, and Michael's wife, Sarah, all active in the art capital of the world during the early decades of this century. The adventure of accumulating a hundred Picassos, more than eighty Matisses, ten paintings by Gris, plus Cézannes, Renoirs, a Bonnard, a Manet—canvases, sculptures, drawings, prints, souvenirs, scribbles—gave shape to their lives. "The painter," wrote Gertrude Stein, "does not conceive himself as existing in himself . . . he lives in the reflections of his pictures." Substitute "collector" for "painter" and her observation fits her brothers and sister-in-law; perhaps even more than the painters, they lived in the reflection of the works they collected. But not Gertrude Stein, who, as everyone knows, lived in her own reflection.

Even for her, however, part of Gertrude Stein's reflection was her Picassos, particularly the celebrated portrait of her that required, she said, eighty or ninety sittings. "Portrait of Gertrude Stein," done in 1905-06, dominates the Museum of Modern Art exhibition; it is hung alone on a panel that juts out into the main gallery. Unable to complete the canvas from life, Picasso painted out the head and left for a vacation in Spain. After experiments there based on pre-Roman Iberian sculpture, he returned to Paris and, without seeing her again, finished the portrait. For the face of his plump, genial-looking young American patron he substituted an intense, sharply contoured mask with formalized eyeholes and features of an indeterminate age. "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" relates that Picasso told Alice that people said that Gertrude did not look like the mask, "but that does not make any difference, she will, he said." Evidently, Picasso saw the author of "The Making of Americans" (she began this work the year the portrait was finished) as a person in the process of redefining herself, and he took the risk of prefiguring what she would become.

Portraits of her in painting and sculpture by ten artists reverberate throughout "Four Americans in Paris," and they are echoed in the photographs in the exhibition catalogue and in the reissue of her writings on Picasso—"Gertrude Stein on Picasso" (Liveright). Under the rigid stare of the Picasso portrait, which through the years confronted her in different places in the house she shared with Leo on the Rue de Fleurus, the smiling American girl with a taste for shirtwaists and slouch hats—and with a glance at times sly and a bit ingratiating, especially when she was flanked by her bearded big brothers—changed into the self-possessed, commanding proprietress of the renowned salon for talents from the United States and all over Europe, and finally into the close-cropped, monumental vestal of modernism posed in country gardens or across the living room from her faithful Alice.

In addition to the works in which Gertrude Stein could find herself, the collections of the Steins provided similar opportunities to Leo, Michael, and Sarah. Matisse painted heads of the young couple and made studies of their son Allan. Picasso painted Allan and Leo and did whimsical sketches of Leo walking that make him seem like an illustration for "Rameau's Nephew." The exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art differs from other exhibitions of early Matisses and Picassos by reason of the presence of the Steins in it; when the items are redistributed to their current owners their effect will be something else.

Much of the exuberance aroused by the Museum of Modern Art exhibition since its opening comes from seeing the works as the Steins saw them; that is, as new creations about which it was necessary for the collectors to make up their minds without any knowledge except knowing the artists. The same Matisses and Picassos in a survey exhibition or a retrospective would appear less fresh, because of being pushed back in time and loaded down by information and opinion about them. The aging of art is an effect of perspective; seen from the angle of the Steins in Paris, the works have the look of being new. The Steins chose among paintings and sculptures that were being created before their eyes, and their collections have the liveliness of individual enthusiasms and uncertainties—in contrast to



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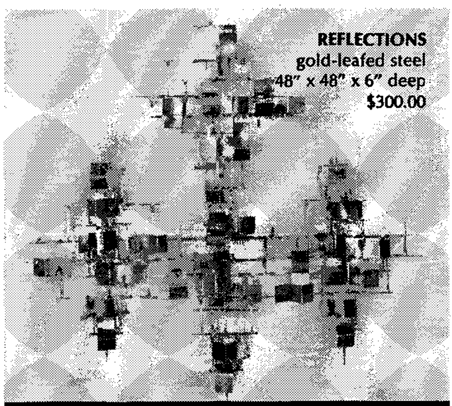

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collections that are the result of buying the right things.

The Steins had come to Paris as typical Americans in search of culture; since the Civil War the European art capital had been flooded with art lovers from the United States. Leo was the family connoisseur. He had studied art history in Italy, and he bought his first Cézanne on a cue from Berenson. He meditated about the new work he encountered in Paris and scrutinized paintings for formal factors that might relate them to Renaissance masterpieces. He admired the Picasso of the blue and rose periods, but Cubism stopped him; he saw nothing in it but ingenuity used as a cover for shallowness. Leo had almost ceased collecting by 1910, and his differences with Gertrude over the new directions in art resulted in a bitter break between them. Michael and Sarah, less learned than Leo, became attached to Matisse and continued to buy his work for several decades.

Gertrude was the exception among the Steins—and a new kind of American in Paris. She was there, she discovered, not to absorb culture or to copy it but to make culture. Where Leo saw traditional art values, she saw the new. As against Leo's aesthetics, she looked for the meaning of contemporary painting in the forms of contemporary fact—social and psychological. For her, the paintings she and her family were acquiring represented more than the latest manifestations of European art. A revolution was taking place, she was convinced—a gigantic shifting of cultural sites; through this revolution, the role of the American in Paris was being transformed. Twentieth-century art was not a continuation of European art; it was to a great degree an affirmation of what Europe was not. "Painting in the nineteenth century," she began her monograph on Picasso, "was only done in France and by Frenchmen, apart from that painting did not exist, in the twentieth century it was done in France but by Spaniards." The "Spaniards" are, of course, Picasso, plus an occasional nod of recognition to Gris. But the Spaniards, according to Gertrude Stein, are distinguished by the fact that they are not Europeans. "One must never forget that Spain is the only country in Europe whose landscape is not European, not at all, therefore it is natural that although Spaniards are Europeans even so they are not Europeans." Throughout her discussion of Picasso and Cubism, she returns repeatedly to this theme. But the same is true of Americans as of Spaniards: they, too, are Europeans but not Europeans. Thus, Spaniards and Americans in Paris have an affinity with one another. It was this affinity, she conjectures, that led Picasso to do the "ninety-sittings" portrait of her. Art in the twentieth century belongs to non-Europeans or semi-Europeans, and sensing this draws them together.

In "Picasso," she stresses that she is speaking of *Spanish* Cubism—that is, the art of the outsiders; French Cubism belongs to a different universe. She is tempted by the idea that Cubism originated in Picasso's portrait of her; this would make the painting the seal on an intercontinental alliance. Though it was begun during Picasso's blue period and finished at the end of the rose period, the portrait belongs to neither. The sombre composition of rounded volumes in deep brown and red is in keeping with the brooding, thrust-forward mask inspired by the art of ancient Spain. In both its earth tones and its formalization, the portrait anticipates the dozen masklike heads and "Studies for Nude with Drapery" of 1907, which provide the most spectacular wall of the "Four Americans" exhibition. And in these forerunners of "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," the heavy masses of the Stein portrait have been replaced by planes, hatchings, and linear rhythms in a radical departure from nature that leads directly into Cubism.

The transition from the theatrical naturalism of the blue period—the magnificent array of posed nudes, mother-and-child compositions, clowns, acrobats, lonely beggars that, together with the early Matisses, the Cézannes, the Renoirs, the Daumier, and the Bonnard, introduces the "Four Americans" exhibition—to the monochromatic fixity of the Stein portrait parallels, in Gertrude's view, the transition from nineteenth-century to twentieth-century painting. To her, Cubism was the visual language of a human condition unlike any that had ever existed before. Her rejection of Leo's historicity in art was based on her quasi-political insight that all forms had in the modern world been overtaken by a fatal instability. Leo had plotted the evolution of painting from Cézanne through Matisse and Picasso. Gertrude had no faith in evolution—whether in art or in anything else. Continuity itself, she asserted, is a nineteenth-century notion related to science and belief in progress, which is now no longer respected. In the twentieth century, "everything destroys itself . . . nothing continues," and she heroically embraces this era of breakdown as "a more splendid thing than a period where everything follows of itself."

The fragmentation of history and the consequent gap between the present and the past nullify notions dear to art historians, such as the "modernism," revealed by formal analysis, of early-nineteenth-century painters, such as Turner and Géricault. Even the art of Cézanne and Matisse fell short, she felt, of grasping the present. Picasso in his Cubist period was, she insisted, "the only one who felt it, the only one." The destiny of the modern movement was "to kill the nineteenth century," which Picasso was especially equipped to accomplish because Spain does not trust visual reality or believe that science makes for progress. "While other Europeans were still in the nineteenth century, Spain because of its lack of organization and America by its excess of organization were the natural founders of the twentieth century."

Obviously, much of what Gertrude Stein says about Spain-America is mythologizing. But her message is clear: European culture is being superseded by world culture, and Europeans in Paris are no longer the most original sources of creation. In extolling Picasso she also claims for the American in Paris the privilege of leading in the formation of a new epoch. The Steins' pioneering collections constitute the first stage of this project.

With the history of art set aside, her criterion for judging works is modern reality. There is no art talk in "Picasso," no formal comparisons, no analytical weighing of qualities. The vision is all, though the vision is a vision of forms. With Picasso there appears the "reality not of things seen but of things that exist." The artist is no longer seduced by objects as they commonly appear—surrender to which, she believed, diminished even Cézanne. Nor is the object used in Cubism as an occasion for subjective statements or to create a mood. Each entity preserves its own integrity, and in the decentralized compositional scheme of Cubism all images and all parts of the canvas are equal in importance. This equalization is also carried out, she might have added, by the monochromatic earth tones of such Cubist classics as "The Architect's Table" and "Still Life (Journal)." The form of Cubism corresponds to the form of modern fact: "Really, the composition of this war, 1914-1918, was not the composition of

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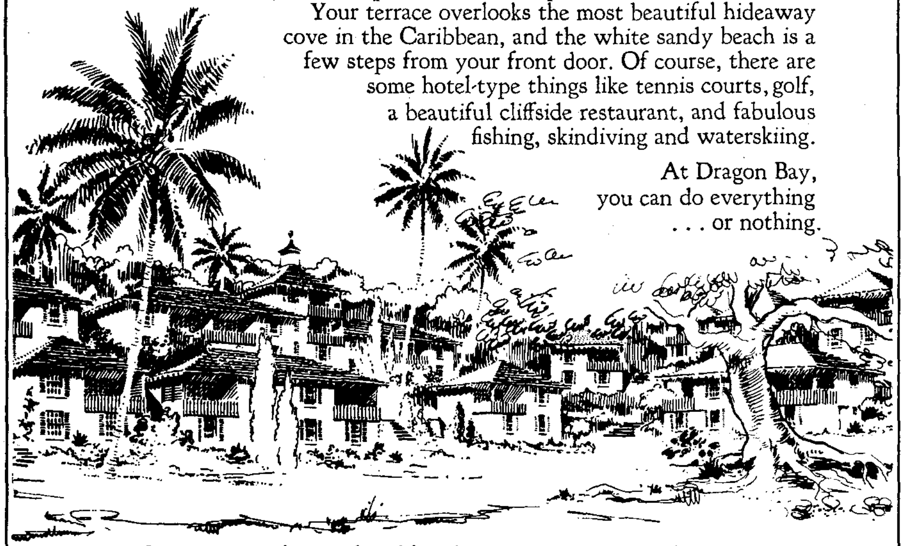
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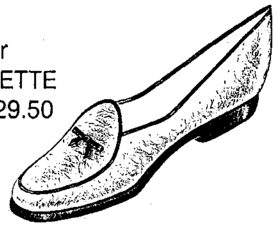

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all previous wars, the composition was not a composition in which there was one man in the center surrounded by a lot of other men but a composition that had neither a beginning nor an end, a composition of which one corner was as important as another corner, in fact the composition of Cubism." In the experience of modern man, phenomena have no particular dimensions and belong to no pattern or hierarchy. In Cubist painting, "a thing . . . existed in itself without the aid of association or emotion." Image and thing are fundamentally indistinguishable, so real objects can be introduced into paintings—a concept that led to the Cubist invention of collage. (Two insufficiently noticed masterworks of the "Four Americans" show—in comparison, for example, with the much larger Matisse masterpiece, "The Blue Nude," and Picasso's "Boy Leading a Horse"—are Picasso's "Student with a Pipe" and "The Violin;" the latter, done in 1912, had already achieved the finest "musical" effects of geometrical abstraction.) Leo Stein's objection to Matisse was that his paintings had begun to seem "rhythmically insufficient"—an aesthete's complaint. Gertrude Stein's criticism went beyond aesthetics to Matisse's apprehending nature "as everybody sees it" and his dependence on decorative harmonies.

With Cubism, as she understood it, aesthetics had become irrelevant. Or a new aesthetics had been promulgated, based on the exclusion of artifice. In her remarks on the Cubist object stripped of association or feeling, she spotted, decades in advance, the principle of the Minimalist "art of the real" and the "thingish" novel of the nineteen-sixties. "It is everything if it is what it is" is a dictum that might have been applauded by Barnett Newman. The intuition of one moment introduces no shadings into the next. The artist does not reach a conclusion and then organize his material in accordance with it. In Cubist creation, there is no beginning and no end—only an accumulation of statements and restatements resulting from a persistent, searching return to the object. The creator, since he cannot foretell the outcome of his activity, will make art that is ugly; only those who imitate can produce beauty. In her adaptation of Cubism for her "word portraits," Gertrude Stein seems deliberately to arrest the motion of her idea in order to revert to first statements again and again. As illustration, here are the famous opening lines of her word portrait of Picasso: "One whom some

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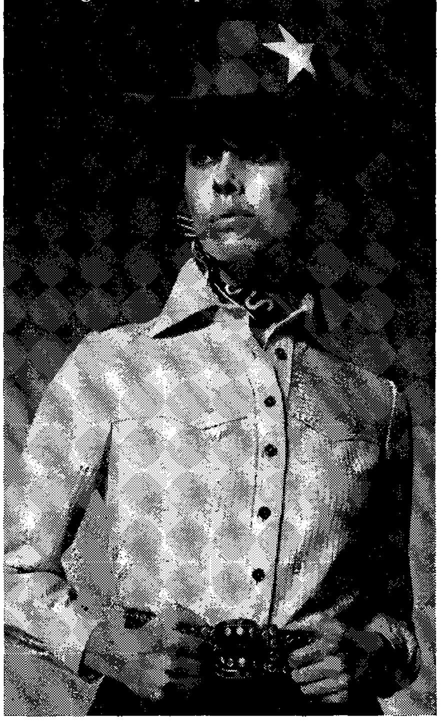

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were certainly following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were certainly following was one who was charming. One whom some were following was one who was completely charming. One whom . . ." and so on.

"The final test is always the portrait," she wrote, having in mind, perhaps, as had Henry James, that in the midst of disintegrated traditions beauty is secondary to grasping the identity of things. Cubism is no doubt the most enigmatic mode of painting in our age of enigmas, and intrinsic to it is its conversion of objects into signs of themselves, as in Gertrude Stein's face changed into a mask. Discovering the Who was the ruling axiom of her aesthetic, both as writer and as collector of art. She became interested in Picabia, Toklas reports, "because he at least knows that if you do not solve your painting problem in painting human beings you do not solve it at all." To Gertrude Stein, Picasso was essentially a portrait painter; whatever he did in still-life and landscape she considered to be preliminary to his painting of faces. What he saw in her she also saw in him—an individual engaged in bringing himself into being—and she worried constantly about his losing his true self. For the European, a self came ready-made. For the Spaniard and the American in Paris, it had to be formed by actions, and culture meant detecting the emergent form.

Gertrude proclaimed the historic role of the Steins in Paris by presenting her own card of identity. "America is my country," she announced, "and Paris is my home town." The French had not realized that their capital had been annexed—that the building on the Rue de Fleurus where Gertrude and Leo assembled their cultural contraband was the headquarters of an international force of occupation over which flew the banner of the twentieth century. Collecting Matisses and Picassos, the Steins brought into play the American cult of novelty, which Gertrude provided with the theoretical foundation drawn from the most extreme insights of the Paris vanguard. Until the First World War, it was rarely suspected that "School of Paris" meant the opposite of French art. Since that catastrophe, which, like all wars, brought to light changes that had already taken place, art has abandoned its "home town" and has become world art—and the pickings of the Steins, in an ironic defeat of Leo's judgments based on art history, have become treasures of the world museum. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

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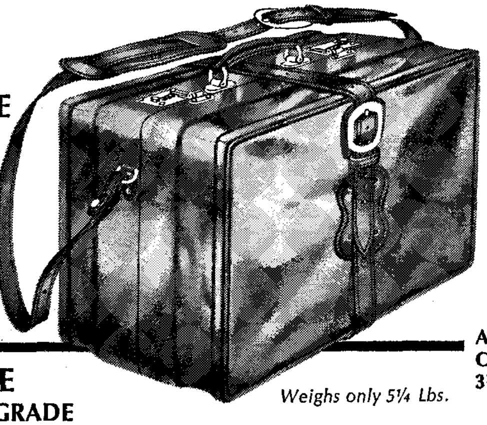

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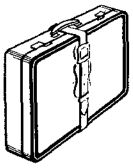

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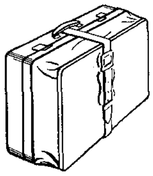

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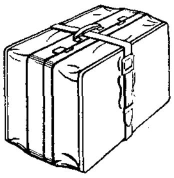

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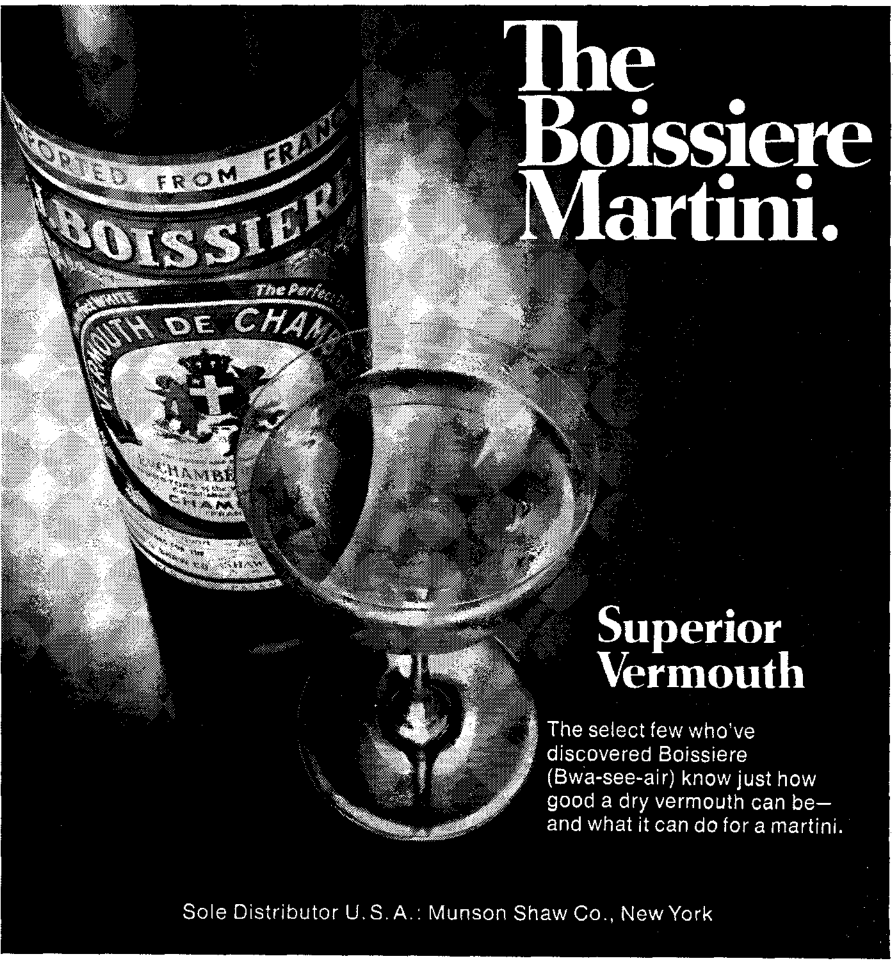

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Genius

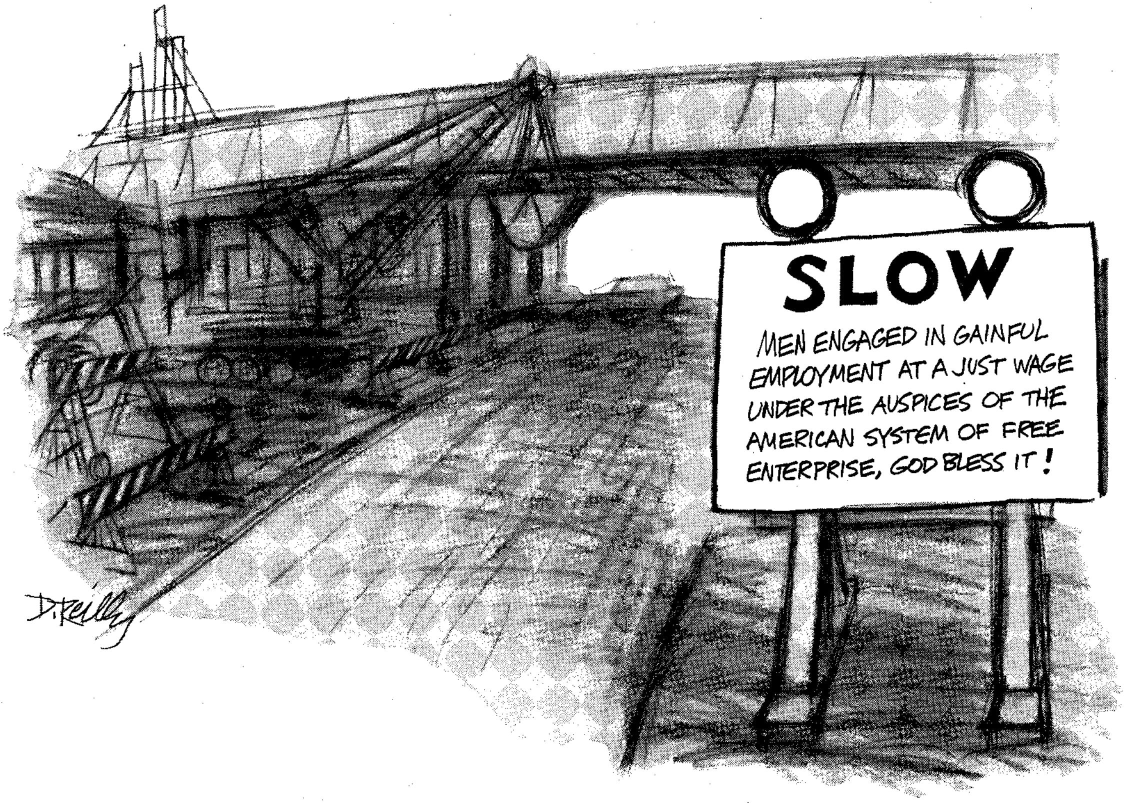
ARE bad ideas in the arts like those border disputes that flare up when everyone had thought they were settled? Ken Russell is establishing a reputation based on a profusion of bad ideas, a richer mix of the same ideas that used to make Hollywood biographies of artists such Campy drivel. Once again, the movies are exploiting romanticism and explaining art by "genius": some poor bastard gets a nod from Heaven and a prod from Hell, and out comes art. In musical biographies in the movies, all music is treated as program music, to be explained by events in the composer's life. The assumption that the man's joys and miseries are what went into his compositions is the basic crime of the genre; those who are interested in music are driven up the wall when they see a composer's life turned into the libretto for his music. It's the same romantic fallacy that popularizing biographers used to indulge in—often on the convenient, naïve basis that they would stir interest in the artist's art by involving readers in the artist's beautiful, suffering soul.

Ken Russell (who directed "Women in Love" and has made British television films about such artists as Delius and Richard Strauss, and is soon to make a film about Edith Piaf) takes this process several steps further in his new film, "The Music Lovers," with Richard Chamberlain as Tchaikovsky and Glenda Jackson as Nina, Tchaikovsky's mad wife. Russell and his scenarist, Melvyn Bragg (who had a hand in "The Loves of Isadora"), create an imaginary world of violent sexual extravagance to explain Tchaikovsky's music, and then somehow use this *against* both the art and the artist. "The Music Lovers" is so full of high spots that before the title comes on, you may think you're seeing a trailer for a coming attraction. Because of the deep volcanic purple of Russell's style, it's obvious that it's he who believes in sensual excitement above all.

For much of the movie, the characters slide in and out of fantasies that seem not so much theirs as Russell's. Whose pornographic fantasy is it that all the women in the movie have yellowish teeth—threatening, irregular teeth—while the men have gleaming white ones? Whose fantasy are we in when Glenda Jackson writhes in torment in a blue-green madhouse and, in one sequence, is seen deliberately lying across a grating, spread-eagled, while the madmen locked below reach up under her skirt? It's unlikely to be Tchaikovsky's fantasy, because his wife (whom he lived with for only a few weeks) wasn't confined in bedlam until three years after his death. How can things that didn't happen have "inspired" his music—which is how they are used? When Tchaikovsky's patroness, Mme. von Meck, licks a peach that he has just taken a few bites from, when Nina is brutally raped by an officer she has romantically invited to see her, when chains are put across a door to keep Tchaikovsky out of a house, and when fields are set on fire, whose fantasies are we in? The central plot mechanism of the movie—Mme. von Meck throws Tchaikovsky out when Count Chiluvsky, his castoff lover, reveals that Tchaikovsky is homosexual, and so he is forced to become a conductor to support himself—is a concoction. "The Music Lovers" has about as much to do with Tchaikovsky's actual life as "A Song to Remember," starring Cornel Wilde, had to do with Chopin's.

Though it rarely is, one has a right to expect that a movie biography, like a literary biography, will be an interpretation of how and why the people went from one known historical episode to the next. One realizes that the interpretation depends on who is making it and when, and one expects omissions because of reticence or ignorance. With new literary biographies featuring the homosexuality that used to be omitted or glossed over, it was to be expected that the movies would catch up. "The Music Lovers" does so with a vengeance, but, as usual in movies, it's a fictional biography. When the facts were falsified in the old Hollywood bios, it was generally to soften and simplify the characters and to make everything inspirational. The facts in "The Music Lovers" are just as deliberately fabricated as in any old Hollywood stinker, but Russell's motives are not so transparent.

If one compares the movie, peopled by monsters using Tchaikovsky for their own greedy or sensual purposes, with the known facts about his life—he was sustained by a large and loving family and devoted friends, who, along with Mme. von Meck, helped him to escape from his disastrous marriage and to live and work—the inevitable question is "Why?" Why use whatever discreditable impulse one can discover in historical characters as their entire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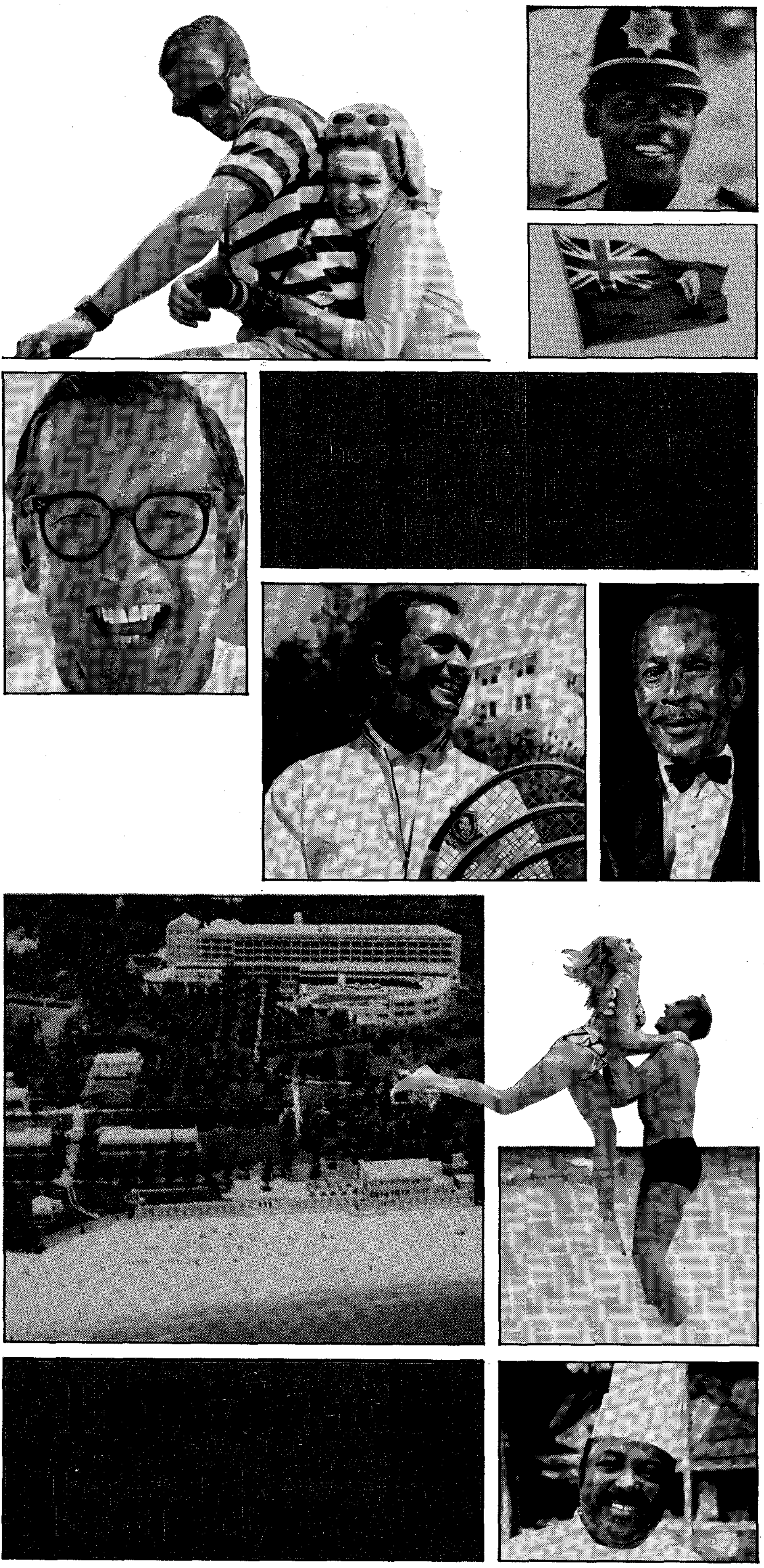
D. Reilly

motivation? Why use their sensual desires as the whole person, so that the sensuality becomes pathological? It is puzzling to find Anton Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky's teacher, and Nicholas Rubinstein, who introduced most of Tchaikovsky's compositions, combined into one person, called "Rubinstein," who is not much more than a sycophant. Why is the intelligent Mme. von Meck, a mother of twelve and an extraordinary woman who helped plan and run railroads, made into an amorous creep, attended by ghostly twin footmen? She isn't allowed to love his music; she's turned on by it, and in this movie everything sensual is corrupt. Why is Tchaikovsky made a suicide? Russell's intention in all this must be to show that no one really cared about Tchaikovsky's art: how *could* anyone when this is what it's all about?

Will those who are impressed by the climactic style—everything caught *in flagrante delicto*—exonerate Russell for his disdain for facts on the basis that he, too, is a genius, so his artistic truth is superior to facts? But there is no higher truth than respecting facts. If Russell is driven to make a movie with this hyper-Hollywood vision of life, he should not impose it on Tchaikovsky or other historical characters. He's doing a kind of Protocols of Zion transferred to the arts.

What's on the screen reveals Russell's baroque vulgarity—"The Music Lovers" is Ken Russell's "Futz"—and his opportunism. From the evidence of this film, Ken Russell is one of the most reckless movie directors who have ever lived. To take an example of his method, there's a sequence in which Tchaikovsky, hearing a woman sing, thinks it is his dead mother, traces the voice to its source, and enters a steaming bathroom, where the singer, a stranger to him, lies in the tub. The film then intercuts his wild grappling with the nude woman to pull her out of the water with a flashback of the child Tchaikovsky grappling with the men who are immersing his mother, dying of cholera, in a hot bath. It's an intense, frenzied sequence, which we see through the child's hysteria in his efforts to save his emaciated mother, her ravaged face hideous with the marks of cholera, her breast exposed, in the steaming room. The moviemakers have created a situation—Tchaikovsky's hearing a woman whose voice he mistakes for his mother's—in order to tie it in with a biographical falsification. (Actually, Tchaikovsky's mother died not when he was a little boy but when he was fourteen.) Even if the data



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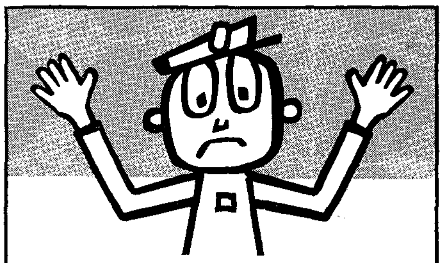
were accurate, is the scene there to help us understand anything about Tchaikovsky or is it there to jolt us and horrify us? The whole movie is made up of such conceits, and, piled together, they add up to the impression that Tchaikovsky's life was a bravura horror story. And Russell uses what the movie says was horrible and violent and sadistic in Tchaikovsky's life as a form of stimulus for the audience.

It is perhaps a cause for rejoicing that in this movie Russell's rash technique is self-defeating. The infatuation with shock and decay often turns into unintended self-parody. When Tchaikovsky plays the solo part in the first performance of the Concerto in B Flat Minor, the music is so familiar that we can't accept the convention that it has just been written, and instead of dispensing with the stale movie device of cutting away from the stage to the faces of those in the audience involved with the composer, Russell extends it to the rubbishy surreal. While the concerto is being played, there's a kind of visual rotten opera about incest and homosexuality and lust going on in a confusion of heads. The tumultuous emotions and sneaky passions are on the same level of revelation as in old Hollywood, except that now the dreaming lovers in the forest are incestuous, the lurking villain is a discarded homosexual lover, and so on. When the response to the concerto is "I felt as if all of last summer was in it," it hardly matters whether the girl saying it is a radiant Hollywood ingénue or, as in this case, a pale, vampirish sister, though in this movie it isn't funny and enjoyable, as it used to be—it's rather repulsive.

Russell's excesses are laced with imagery from the experimental "symbolic" films of the thirties, such as Watson's and Webber's "Lot in Sodom"—the old smoking-plains-and-tongues-of-fire school of filmmaking. He has a distinctive way of using effects borrowed from Expressionist painters (especially Schiele) for erotic horror—bony, wasted bodies, red mouths and red underclothes, and so on. These effects tone things up, but there's no rationale in Russell's use of Expressionist techniques and there's nothing, apparently, he won't throw in; he includes bits of imitation "Ivan the Terrible" and a picturesque use of children as dolls to be flung in the air. The surreal sequence with everyone the hero knows clutching at him and the fame-fantasy with colored streamers flying around him would look chichi even in a forties musical. Russell might have



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given anyone just about the same treatment. Of why Russian music flourished in that period or of what made Stravinsky say "Tchaikovsky was, of all of us, the most Russian" there isn't an inkling. The movie—which treats music as a Victorian aphrodisiac—uses Tchaikovsky's most frequently heard compositions, almost as if to destroy whatever reputation he has left (which is, I think, smaller than he deserves).

Even when you can't help being affected by a sequence in this movie, you know that the sequences don't come together into anything you can accept. And you don't like the way you're being moved—it's not the goose bumps of pleasure, it's more like the flesh-crawling of dismay. There are a few really good moments, such as Glenda Jackson's self-conscious grin when she first goes to meet Tchaikovsky. It's quite scary to watch this crazy girl snaring him, and this part of the movie has some suspense. Miss Jackson is a hard, compelling actress, but, unfortunately, her role (almost totally invented) is a compendium of her previous roles, and has so much "Marat/Sade" in it that it comes dangerously close to self-caricature. Richard Chamberlain is a handsome figure, and his alabaster anguish compares favorably with Cornel Wilde's. It's embarrassing to ask what Russell had in mind with Christopher Gable's Count Chiluvsky; Chiluvsky, who speaks such lines as "You must . . . know why I'm here," is a treacherous, snobby faggot—and totally gratuitously, except in terms of the homosexual "Song of Norway" plot that Bragg has cooked up. Russell's treatment of homosexuality is far more reactionary than simply omitting it. Tchaikovsky's homosexuality is made to seem the result of the invented traumatic horrors, and to accept one's homosexuality seems to mean becoming a flaming fop like Chiluvsky. The film is homo-erotic in style, and yet in dramatic content it's bizarrely anti-homosexual. When the Tchaikovskys and Chiluvsky witness a performance of the Black Swan pas de deux in "Swan Lake," the libretto is compounded into a fantasy, with Chiluvsky as the evil sorcerer. (This isn't merely stupid; it's also anachronistic, as the Black Swan pas de deux was added after Tchaikovsky's time.) So many composers have been homosexual that one might have hoped to gain some understanding. I don't know anybody who'd be bothered by an account of Tchaikovsky's homosexuality, but Russell's damned panache makes *everything* shameful and unclean.

—PAULINE KAEL

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LETTER FROM SANTIAGO

IN most of the great cities of Latin America, long avenues, straight as the edge of a ruler, run past immaculately perpendicular skyscrapers to plazas in the form of perfect squares: geometry dominates. But Santiago de Chile—partly because of earthquakes, and even more because it grew erratically as a commercial center rather than symmetrically as a city laid out from the beginning as a provincial capital of imperial Spain—is a place with soft edges. Downtown is a profusion of tiny streets in disarray. Homes and public buildings are squat structures done in stones of drab brown or gray, often with graceless columns. Even the obligatory equestrian statue of the founding father—a captain in Pizarro's band named Pedro de Valdivia—bears a distinctly unmartial aspect, since the bold conquistador has no reins to guide his stallion. A far greater local hero, especially among those who call themselves nationalists, is Diego Portales, Minister of the Interior and constitution-giver in the last century, who was neither a soldier nor a landowner but a tobacco merchant. And up to now, at least, the spirit of pliability and business as usual, of accommodation without great fuss, has dominated the reaction in Santiago to the popular-front government of President Salvador Allende, the Marxist physician whose election last September was widely supposed to put this country on the road to being, after Cuba, the second Communist state in the Western Hemisphere.

A good sampling of this spirit may be taken at the Golf Club—as it is known, without more identification, throughout Santiago—where friends took me one Saturday for lunch. On a shady terrace facing the snowy peaks of the Andean cordillera, dozens of elegantly dressed members—the men in narrow slacks and Italian sports shirts with long sleeves and open necks, the women in pants suits—were sipping pisco sours, eating, and talking of the Allende government. Much of the talk was a retelling of the kind of apocryphal tales the rich and their friends have probably been telling about populist regimes ever since Pericles was replaced by the demagogue Cleon. There was the Minister who asked for a round envelope so he could send a circular letter to the rest of the Cabinet. There was the division of the country into two camps—the weaklings, who fled, and the dimwits, who stayed. There was the trade-union leader who was offered a post by President Allende if he could fit four triangles into a square drawn on a piece of paper. He stared hopelessly at the paper, and then, in a fit of anger, drew a big X mark across the square and thrust it back at the President. "Fine," Dr. Allende is supposed to have said. "You're the Minister of Finance."

Almost everybody at the Golf Club had a personal grievance to air. A lawyer said that the foreign firms he represents are beginning to close down operations. The wife of a broker, who has her luggage packed, ready for a getaway, said her husband went to the Bolsa every day but had nothing to do, because trading there had almost stopped since the election. A young industrial designer reported that all his orders were cancelled after the vote. A visiting member from the Polo Club complained that two polo fields had been set aside for housing projects. But despite these intimations of a deluge to come, hardly anybody was getting out. Indeed, some who left Chile just after the election, on September 4th, had come back. "I suppose that it's too good to last," the wife of the lawyer said. "My sister in New York calls us every day on the phone. She says terrible things will happen and that we must come out. But we're not leaving yet. After all, where else can we live as well as in Chile?"

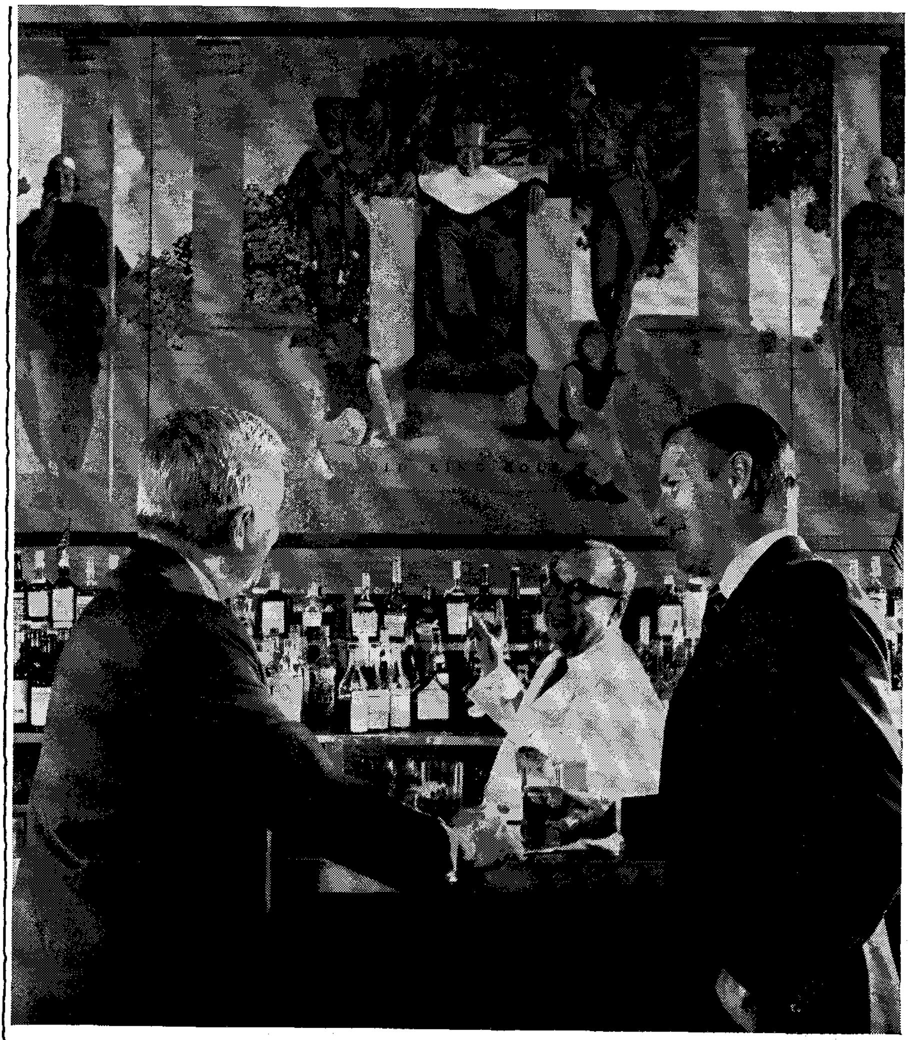
Inevitably, as I was told in advance it would, talk turned to a spectacular effort that was made to avert the accession of Dr. Allende—the Schneider affair, which is under investigation by a military prosecutor. On October 22nd—seven weeks after the election and forty-eight hours before the results were due to be confirmed by vote of the Congress—General René Schneider, the commander-in-chief of the Army, was assassinated. The original idea of the plotters had been to kidnap General Schneider, thus provoking the Army to seize power and thereby keep Dr. Allende from taking office. But the job was botched, either by sabotage or by incompetence. The General was shot, and eventually died. The license plates of the getaway car were taken down, and its occupants and many others were identified and apprehended. Several suspects were familiar figures at the Golf Club. One is Juan Luis Bulnes, the nephew of a prominent conservative senator and a direct descendant of a former President of Chile. Another is a youth in his twenties named Julio Bouchon, who went to the Grange, a British-style boarding school much favored by the good families of Santiago. "I remember Bouchon well," the young designer said. "I keep thinking I ought to go to see him now. Not that we were such good friends. He was wild and foolish—maybe a little crazy. But I hear the police have roughed him up. I wouldn't want him to think I was dropping him because of this."

The lawyer acknowledged that he had been approached when the plot was hatching. "If you put together all the people who knew about it, one way or another, it would reach an astonishing figure—maybe several thousand," he said.

"I remember when I first heard about it," his wife said. "It sounded like something for the Lavender Hill mob. I knew it couldn't work. I said then, and I say now, if we try anything, it will surely fail."

A PREMONITION of failure among the propertied classes goes to the heart of Chilean politics. The haves have kept what they have by camouflaging themselves in the clothes of the have-nots. Over and over, the right has effaced itself, the better to disarm and then incorporate the left. Three times in the first half of this century—in 1938, in 1942, and in 1946—middle-of-the-road governments took power with Communist support and then turned their backs on their left-wing allies. In the Presidential election of 1964, a left-wing Christian Democrat, Eduardo Frei, won a majority—55.7 per cent of the vote against 38.5 per cent for Dr. Allende, who ran in that election, too, as the Socialist candidate of a popular-front coalition—because conservative voters backed him instead of the candidate on the right put up by the Radical Party.

The most important contribution to political thought in Chile, and perhaps in all of Latin America, has been a series of essays on social conformity as an obstacle to change written under the direction of Claudio Veliz, who is the director of the Institute of International Studies at the University of Chile in Santiago and himself an accomplished conformist. When I visited Veliz, a smartly dressed man with a modish beard, who has an extensive network of connections at Harvard, Oxford, and the Sorbonne, he had recently returned to Chile after many years at the London School of Economics. Because of these connections, he has been a special target of the young people in the Movimiento de la Izquierda Revolucionaria, or the MIR, a far-left revolutionary movement that is a kind of appendage to Dr. Allende's Socialist Party. From a window in his office, Veliz pointed out to me one of the Mirista leaders—a well-dressed



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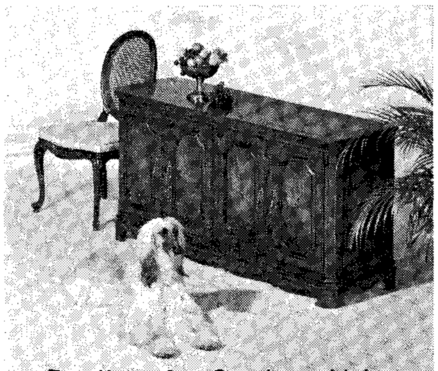

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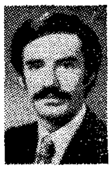
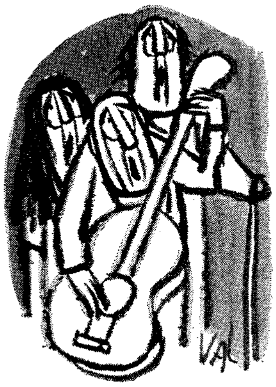


John C. Bruno

youth, who, Veliz said, had just won a fellowship for study in Britain. He also pointed out the young revolutionary's car—an open roadster of pre-1930 vintage that would gladden the heart of any collector. Veliz acknowledged that the Miristas were applying pressure against him as part of a campaign to put their kind of professors in important posts all over the university, but he dismissed the threat with an easy wave, and moved on to a larger theme. "This country is remarkable for being so remote from the main centers of civilization," he said. "We are in the middle of nowhere, so we cling to models from the outside world. Until Napoleon, Spain was the model. Chile was more Castilian than Castile. Afterward, it was France, and then England. Now we have an aristocratic society built along the snobbish lines you find in Britain. Our aristocrats recoil from American democracy and its materialism. They think of the Americans as upstarts, just the way the British do. You will find that anti-Americanism here is a right-wing phenomenon. But the Allende government is no problem for the aristocrats. They have the same capacity for absorption as the British aristocracy. The wry jokes they make about the government are just their way of adapting. Allende himself is an aristocrat."

Actually, the election Dr. Allende won was distinguished precisely in that, for once, the conservatives attempted open opposition instead of relying on their old device of absorbing the left. In an access of mistaken self-confidence, the conservatives backed for the Presidency a man of their own, a grand old man indeed—Jorge Alessandri, seventy-four years old, who was President from 1958 through 1964 and is the son of a former President. With Alessandri preëmpting the conservative electorate, the Christian Democratic candidate, Radomiro Tomic, felt obliged to campaign as a left-winger, and he was able to cut slightly into the vote of Dr. Allende's Unidad Popular, a coalition of the Socialists, the Communists, the Radicals, and some dissident Christian Democrats. In the election of September 4th, Dr. Allende emerged with 36.2 per cent of the vote—down more than two points from his showing in 1964. The rest of the vote was divided between Alessandri, who took 34.9 per cent, and Tomic, who ran third with 27.8 per cent. At that moment, abundant chances seemed to exist for an undoing of the result by chicanery or strong-arm methods. The Chilean constitution provides that when no candidate has a majority both houses of the National Congress choose the winner. The balance of power in the Congress was held by the Christian Democrats, and since the inauguration was scheduled for November 4th, there were sixty days to shake Chile. But almost immediately after the election, accommodation politics reasserted itself.

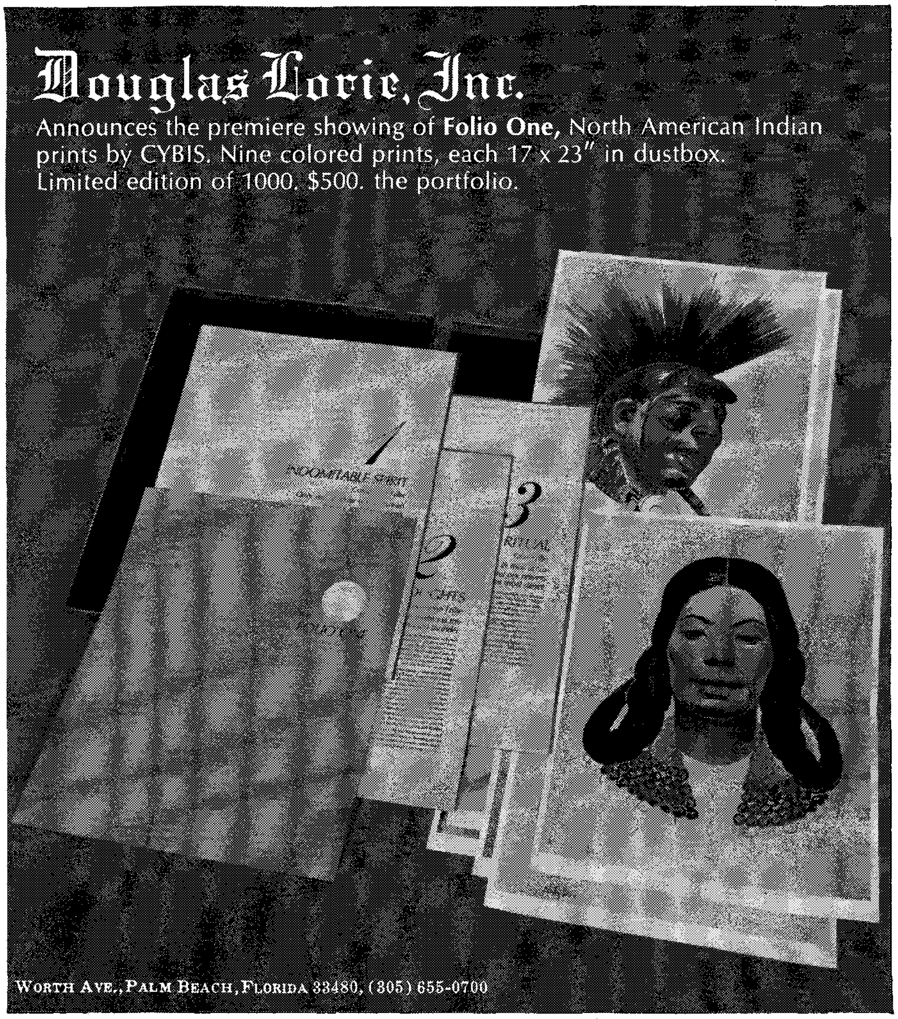
President Frei and the Christian Democrats led the way. In the first days after the election, a scheme had been propounded for denying the Presidency to Dr. Allende by a legislative trick, in which the Congress would vote for Alessandri, who would then resign, forcing a new election, which Frei, who was barred by the constitution from succeeding himself, would enter and, it seemed certain, win. Frei must have been sorely tempted to go along. He said subsequently that the election was "a tragedy of the absurd," and that he was "determined to resist any move toward totalitarian rule" by the new government. And, indeed, he and his friends have helped to start a new daily newspaper, *La Prensa*, which is critical of the government, and the Christian Democratic Party in the Congress has become a kind of opposition. But when the scheme for doing in Dr. Allende by legislative sleight of hand was served up, Frei refused to play. The Christian Democrats eventually provided the votes in the Congress to put Dr. Allende over the top. Frei went into a kind of semi-retirement, ostensibly to convalesce from a hernia operation at the seaside resort of Viña del Mar. Though he is full of misgivings about the Allende government, he seems to have no ultimate regrets. "I would rather run the risks we have with the present regime than other risks," he told one recent visitor.



With the Christian Democrats going along, the right also made accommodations. Former President Alessandri acknowledged the legitimacy of Dr. Allende's victory in a statement that was delivered three days before the Schneider assassination. Alessandri, too, then slipped from sight, surfacing only to deny rumors that he was going to marry Dr. Allende's sister. His most ardent source of support, the big daily

El Mercurio, underwent a complete transformation. The outspokenly opinionated proprietor, Agustín Edwards, left Chile and took up residence in Greenwich, Connecticut. Control of *El Mercurio* passed to Sonia Edwards, Agustín Edwards' sister and a great friend of Dr. Allende. She curbed the paper's hostility to the government so much at the beginning that at a recent meeting of the Communist Central Committee the Party Secretary, Luis Corvalán, felt constrained to warn his comrades against this enemy of the regime, which "today pretends to be its friend."

BY all normal standards, the Chilean Communists are a formidable lot. They did most of the work for the Unidad Popular, and they have three Ministers out of fourteen in the Allende Cabinet and a few under-secretaries as well. The Party is the oldest in Latin America, with roots running back to the Socialist Labor Party, founded by Luis Emilio Recabarren in 1912. The membership is considered the third largest in the non-Communist world, exceeded only by those of Italy and France. It is easy to mobilize, being grouped in labor unions—these are particularly strong in the copper mines—and hundreds of special local committees that were set up to campaign in the last election. The leadership has been tested by adversity—notably in the period between 1948 and 1958, when the Party was illegal and its chiefs were exiled to a remote village. The publication of a healthy daily paper, *El Siglo*, suggests ample finances. Perhaps because so much of the money comes from Moscow, or possibly because of lessons learned during the bleak period, the Chilean Communist Party, almost alone among Communist Parties in the world, seems to have developed no schisms. The Chilean Communists were among the first to salute the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. In keeping with Soviet views—and distinct from the emphasis on guerrilla tactics preached by Mao and Fidel Castro—the Chilean Party's official line now advocates a takeover in stages. Violence is approved only as resistance against middle-class efforts to crush the Party. In an article published a month ago in an international Communist magazine, Party Secretary Corvalán noted, "It is not completely unlikely that in the future the people may find themselves forced into some kind of armed confrontation. . . . What we must now do is to continue cornering the enemies of change, tie their hands,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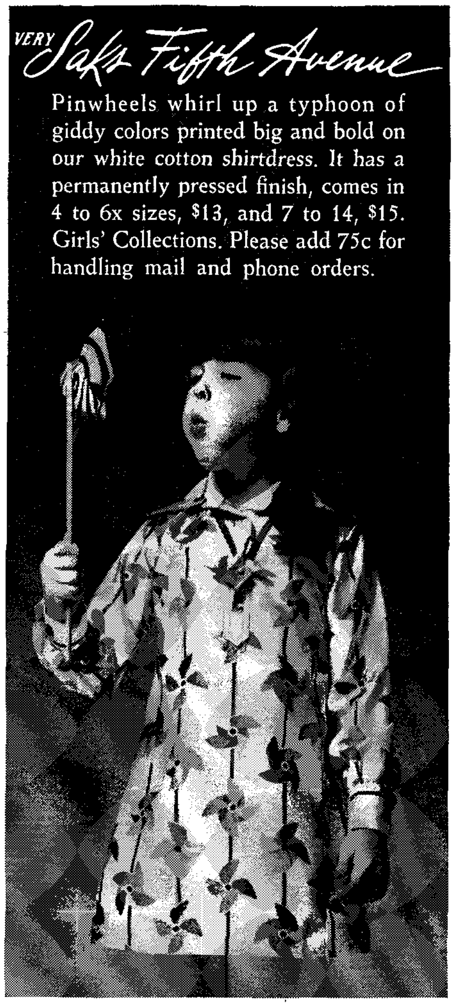
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and put them in straitjackets to prevent civil war.”

Despite their achievements, however, the Chilean Communists do not give the impression of being particularly self-confident revolutionaries. They have an obvious anxiety about the perils of compromise with the system—an anxiety expressed either in too much protest or in too ready compliance. In his speech to the Central Committee, Corvalán not only warned his fellow-Communists against the danger of being deceived by the soft tones of *El Mercurio* but also warned Communists in the government against the dangers of “relatively high salaries” and “official automobiles.” Yet Corvalán is a senator who has for years participated in the give-and-take of democratic politics. He shares an office with another Communist senator—the Party ideologist Volodia Teitelboim—who is, or affects to be, the very model of orthodox parliamentary behavior.

Teitelboim, a descendant of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine, is a pink-faced fat man, soft-spoken and elaborately courteous. When I talked with him at the Congress, he was wearing an electric-blue suit, a striped shirt, and a striped tie. He speaks English and French as well as Spanish, and conversation ran easily. When I asked him whether he thought Chile would become the second Cuba in the hemisphere, he said, “The Cuban and Chilean experiences are very different. They achieved independence from Spain at the end of the nineteenth century. We achieved it at the beginning. They had a military dictatorship for years. We have a century and a half of almost uninterrupted parliamentary government. Most of us in the Communist Party have worked in the parliamentary system for thirty years.” I asked him about Chile's relations with other Latin-American countries—particularly Argentina and Brazil, which had expressed some misgivings about the Allende regime. He said, “We are not exporters of revolution. We do not imagine ourselves as the liberators of Argentina or Brazil or any other country. We hope for good relations with the United States. We even hope some of the Chileans who fled there will come back.” I asked him why the Chilean Communists had been so quick about approving the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. He said, “At first, we were sympathetic to the Czech experiment. But then it got out of control. Foreign powers began to exploit it and to turn it against the Communists. It went sour, and so we approved what the Russians did, just as we approved what they did in Hungary in 1956. But I want you to know that those were not happy pages in our history. They were sad pages.”

INSIDE the Allende government, the Communist specialty is economics. Communists head the Ministries of Labor, Finance, and Public Works, and the Minister of Economy is a Marxist serving in the Cabinet without party affiliation, Pedro Vuscovic. A diagnosis of Chile's problems given to me by Vuscovic, a boyish-looking academic economist, accords in almost every particular with diagnoses laid out for me by Robert T. Brown, an American economist working for the United Nations in Chile, and by Flavian Levine, a Chilean business executive who has been managing the nation's steel trust. The distinguishing feature of the Chilean economy, as all three men see it, is that demand depends upon a small number of consumers with highly sophisticated tastes. Eight million Chileans, out of a total population of nine million, are estimated to be, in effect, nonconsumers. Many of these are miserably poor people living from hand to mouth in the countryside or in the Chilean version—called *poblaciones callampas*, or mushroom villages—of the shantytowns that have sprung up around every major city in the underdeveloped world. The remaining million, concentrated chiefly in Santiago and ranging from skilled clerical and blue-collar workers, through professional people, to entrepreneurs and landowners, have well-developed appetites for all the latest consumer goods. To satisfy these appetites, Chile has initiated virtually every kind of industry—including automobile-assembly plants and electronics factories as well as shoe factories, textile mills, steel mills, and coal mines. But a million consumers are not enough to keep production rolling. After an initial burst to satisfy the demand for a new product, industry after industry in Chile has tended to stagnate, and once firms are in trouble they cut back production, raise prices, and seek government subsidies. At the time the Allende regime took office, about eighty per cent of all industrial investment in Chile came from government agencies. Inflation was running at roughly thirty-

five per cent a year. Industries were operating far below capacity—textile mills at sixty-one per cent, bakeries at fifty per cent, canneries at sixty-five per cent, furniture factories at sixty-one per cent, electronics plants at seventy per cent, shoe factories at sixty per cent. Unemployment was high—about twenty per cent, according to a study by the World Bank. Annual economic growth was very low: with allowance for an annual population increase of 2.3 per cent (which is conservative), per-capita economic expansion has been at one per cent or less for the last four years.

The remedy prescribed by Vuscovic for this condition is not very different from the pump-priming employed in the United States under Franklin Roosevelt. Vuscovic's aim is to achieve "more dynamic economic growth by a redistribution of income." To that end, the Allende government is stepping up a major public-works and housing program begun by the Frei regime. It has authorized an across-the-board wage raise of about thirty-five per cent—the equivalent of the increase in the cost of living in 1970. Industries are being called on, one by one, to step up production, thus taking on more workers, and to cut prices, thus appealing to more consumers. As an inducement, the government is offering to underwrite expanded production with guaranteed credits at very low rates of interest. To raise the credit, the government—in the one major departure from capitalist practice—is drawing on two sources: it has announced plans to place private banks under nationalized control, and it is planning to take over the chief export firms that earn foreign currency. This means, especially, the copper mines in which the Chilean government now owns a fifty-one-per-cent interest, the remainder being owned by American firms—Anaconda and Kennecott. According to the government plan, compensation for the American investments is to be paid over a period of thirty years after a figure is fixed in negotiations between the companies and the regime.

Nobody knows whether or not this plan can get the economy moving again. If it doesn't, Chile will soon be in severe economic difficulties, and the Communists will be in a good position to exploit the trouble—hence a recent cartoon in *La Prensa* that shows Party Secretary Corvalán eating from a dish labelled "Chilean Economy" and saying "Delicious meal." If the new economic policy does work, much of the credit will go to Dr. Allende and the

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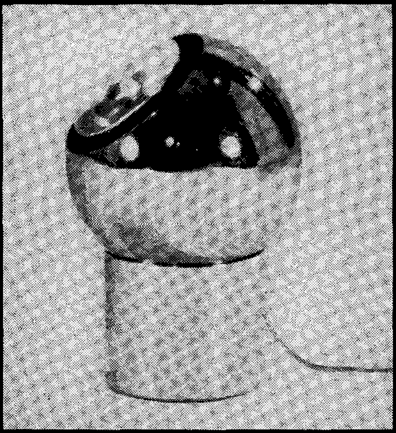

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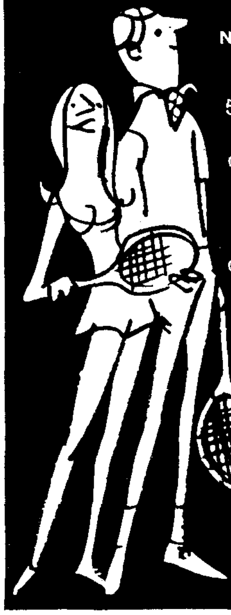

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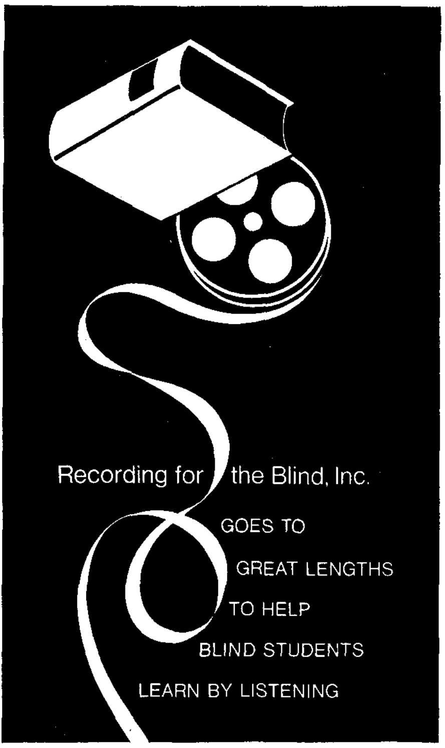
Socialist Party, for the Socialists have taken the Ministerial posts that are most directly in touch with the homeless and jobless.

It was, typically, not a Communist who took me around to see the poor of Santiago but a Socialist—Eric Schnake, a lawyer and the vice-chairman of the Chamber of Deputies. He drove me late one afternoon to a *población* that had been set up a few months earlier in a hilly field just outside Santiago. Some eight hundred persons, mostly women and children—many of the women having been deserted by their husbands—had camped in the field without authorization. They had been led there by a Socialist labor organizer, and they had named their encampment the Villa Sergio Alvarez after him. Crude shelters had been built from tarpaper, chicken wire, tents, and blankets slung over ropes supported by sticks. Cooking was done over open wood fires. There were no beds and no plumbing. A single faucet connected to a main by the side of the road was the only source of water. Schnake's wife, who does social work in the *población*, had gathered a number of the women together in a mothers' club. She taught them elementary hygiene—"about vaccinations and brushing teeth," she said. She also tried to interest them in knitting and weaving clothes, either to sell or to wear. "Our big trouble is the water," she said as we walked around the encampment. "It is polluted, and almost all the children get sick. In July and August, it will get much worse. There will be rain every day, and many of the houses will be washed out." Her voice broke when she spoke of "the houses," and for a moment I thought she would cry. Instead, she looked straight at me and said bitterly, "This is the Chilean reality. Now you know why we have to take the American copper."

Half a million people out of the three million in Santiago live in such mushroom villages. The unauthorized seizure of lands for encampments has been going on for years. During the election campaign, the Communists and Socialists stimulated seizures all over Chile to embarrass the Frei government, and at one point about a thousand people a day were claiming squatter's rights. The Socialists have given improvement in housing first priority. The Minister of Housing, Carlos Cortés, is a Socialist, and he is responsible for new construction. The Interior Ministry, headed by José Tohá, a former newspaper editor who is also a Socialist, has broken up the police squads



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once used to protect private landowners against the unauthorized seizures. In his first days in office, Dr. Allende visited one of the *poblaciones*. He told the people there about the government's construction program, and said that since houses were on the way, the seizures could stop. Seizures do still go on, but their number seems to have abated.

MAYBE nationalizing the American interest in copper will increase the funds available to the government for improving the lot of the poor, but certainly not by much. The cost to the government, apart from compensation, will probably include a loss of American expertise in management and sales, plus a black mark for the seizure that is apt to scare off future American investment in Chile. Still, the political dividends of taking full control are substantial. The coexistence of native poverty and rich American companies makes it highly advantageous to stand up to the United States and to flirt with Washington's adversaries, and the Allende regime has missed few chances to do either. Real and imagined slights by the United States are regularly exploited. There were harsh words when the American contingent that monitored atomic tests from Easter Island, a remote Chilean possession in the Pacific, was withdrawn brusquely just before Allende's inauguration. When the Washington *Evening Star* and the New York *Daily News* criticized Chilean behavior toward the local branches of two American companies, the government paper, *La Nación*, complained in a front-page banner headline of a "Campaign of Insults Against Chile." Chile has already recognized Castro's government in Havana and Mao's regime in Peking. Delegations from Cuba, mainland China, and North Vietnam were honored guests at the Allende inauguration, and the road from the airport is still plastered with signs of welcome. "Cuba Is No Longer Alone," one says. "Viva el Vietcong," says another. There is even a word of cheer for East Germans in their native tongue: "Freundshaft mit der D.D.R." But, once again, it is the Socialists, rather than the Communists, who reap the political benefits. The Communists are reserved about being associated with Castro, not to mention Mao, and President Allende has forced the pace in drawing Chile closer to Havana and Peking. Allende's daughter Beatriz has spent some time in Cuba, and, at home in Chile, has been closely associated with visiting Cubans who are said to be active in Castro's intelligence service. Clodomiro Almeyda, the Foreign Minister, is, like the President, a Socialist.

The same pattern of Socialists' outflanking Communists on the left shows up in the government's relations with the MIR. In effect, the Miristas are the Chilean brand of the far-out youthful leftists who appeared in many countries during the late sixties. They regard the Communist Party as stodgy and bureaucratic, look kindly on Castro and Mao, and profess to favor the guerrilla tactics associated with Che Guevara. In Chile, the movement has no more than a few thousand members, most of them concentrated in the universities. Though they have talked of kidnapping in the fashion of the Tupamaro guerrillas in Uruguay, their major action so far has been a spree of bank robberies in the first half of 1970. As a left-wing heresy, the MIR is anathema to the Communists. Party Secretary Corvalán in his report to the Central Committee meeting cited with approval the opinion of another Communist leader that the Miristas were "opportunistic deviationists." Many of the Miristas, including the one I saw with the fancy old car at the university, come from good families with Socialist connections. The Socialists were able to prevail upon the Miristas to cut down on their stickup jobs during the election campaign. When it looked as though a parliamentary trick might be played, the Miristas indicated they would go "into the street" to back up Dr. Allende. They resumed scrapping with the Communists after the inauguration, and in the course of an electoral battle for student officers in the town of Concepción there was an outburst of violence that resulted in the death of a Mirista student at the hands of Communist bullyboys. President Allende happened to be in Concepción at the time, and the day after the killing, the Miristas in Concepción announced that they would again join the Unidad Popular coalition, at least for the purpose of local elections this April.

SHORTLY after Dr. Allende paid his visit to Concepción, I went to see him in his office at the Palacio de la

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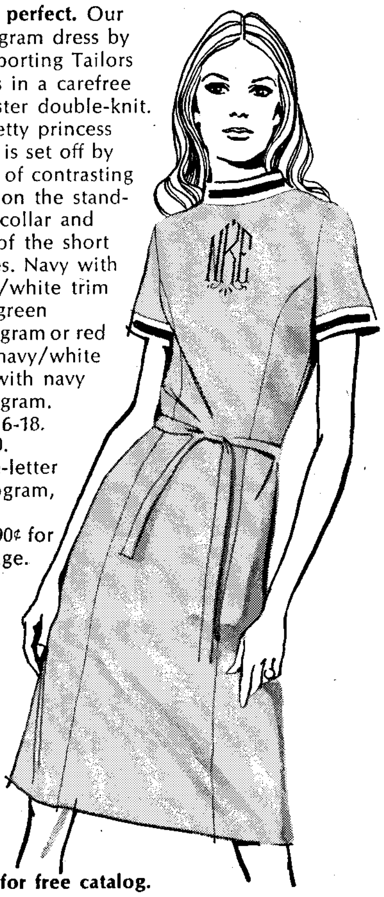

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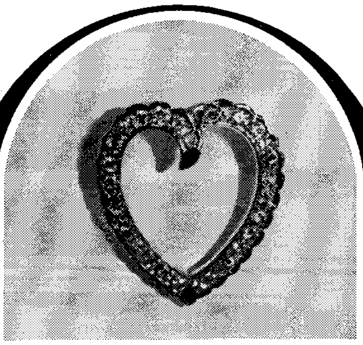

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Moneda. He seemed far shorter in person than I had expected, possibly because pictures reflect the lift given by an upward tilt of the head and a wave in his hair. The President is all motion when he talks, with features doing a kind of dance, hands sawing the air. He has a nervous habit of knocking his knees together. At the outset, he aired some views on how much the dangers of a Communist takeover had been exaggerated in the United States. "We don't hide what we do," he said. "You can go outside and see for yourself. No liberties have been suspended. There is no overwhelming force in the streets. There is no censorship of the press. Everybody said when I came in there would be no more elections. But now all the parties are preparing for the municipal elections in April. And if we had national elections today, more than fifty per cent would vote for the government."

A couple of minutes later, an aide came into the office and informed the President that he was due to receive a visiting Nobel Prize winner. I was taken to wait in a back room, where I caught a glimpse of the President's personal security guard. I had been escorted in to see Dr. Allende by a proper naval commander—middle-aged, partly bald, and affable, with a good knowledge of English and pleasant memories of a hitch at the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard. The men in the back room were in their early twenties, and they were serious and laconic. They had come to know Dr. Allende as militants in the Socialist Party. One of them said they were there to prevent the right wing from killing their President as the right wing had killed President Kennedy. Later, I was told that Dr. Allende was genuinely concerned about his security, and had put together a bodyguard on the Cuban model, recruited from the Miristas.

Back in the President's office, I mentioned the Miristas and asked whether he had organized the arrangement for coöperation in Concepción. He beamed. They had responded to an appeal he had made "as President of all Chileans," he said. And why shouldn't he have made the appeal? The Miristas had not killed anybody. They had not tried to confront the Army or the police. They were not foreign agents. As for robbing banks—well, Dr. Allende was reminded of a comment by Brecht that it was not easy to know whether the people who robbed banks or the people who started them were more to blame.

Just before I left, Dr. Allende

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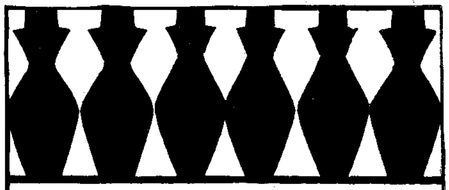

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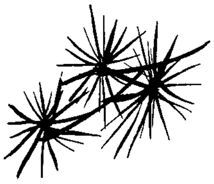
showed me a huge folder filled with clippings from the foreign press. All, he indicated, were hostile. As he riffled through the file, I recognized three stories—one from the New York *Times*, one from *Le Monde*, of Paris, and one I had written myself for the Washington *Post*—that had seemed to me far from hostile. At the time, I assumed that Dr. Allende had simply not read the contents of the file, and I recalled that a Chilean political figure long friendly with the President had said, "He's never read a book through—not even one by Marx." Later, it occurred to me that the President was only playing the familiar game of trying to build a majority on the left by making it seem that the outside world, and especially the United States, was against him.



This is not to suggest, of course, that any significant number of Americans here are for him. A government that harbors Communists, nationalizes American property, and expresses admiration for Fidel Castro is bound to be viewed with a good deal of distrust by many Americans, and this fact is not lost, to put it mildly, on the United States Embassy in Santiago. The Ambassador, Edward M. Korry, is a former newspaperman and European editor of *Look*, who served as a journalist in Eastern Europe during the time of the postwar Communist takeovers. He is far more conversant with the literature and history of Communism, and far more articulate in general, than the usual career ambassador. Perhaps as a result of his own abilities, he tends to be contemptuous of the capacity of the American government for handling delicate problems in foreign countries. When he was Ambassador to Ethiopia under Lyndon Johnson, he insisted that the United States set limits on its aid activities in Africa—a view formally embodied in a report that he believes was the forerunner of President Nixon's "low-profile" policies. Similarly, Korry resisted pressures for America to meddle in the Chilean election—the more confidently because he believed and predicted that Alessandri would be the winner. After the vote, the Ambassador apparently thought highly of the scheme to keep Allende out of office by having the Congress elect Alessandri and having Alessandri force a new election by resigning. The failure of that scheme, coming on top of his wrong prediction about the election, seems to have hit the Ambassador hard. He now talks of Chile in a tone suggesting that since the Chileans didn't take his advice, they are doomed. His conversation is full of analogies with Eastern Europe in the late forties and the inevitable workings of what he calls "bureaucratic centralism." And his cables, it is said, speak of a Communist takeover in Chile as an "irreversible process."

Not all the Americans here agree with the Ambassador. Some think that the sombre predictions could turn out to be self-fulfilling prophecies—the added ingredients that would in fact make the process irreversible. Others believe that the Army and the police will intervene if there is any move by either Dr. Allende or the Communists to abridge democratic traditions. Still other Americans here—and plenty of Chileans as well—think that the irreversible process, such as it is, is running the other way. In their view, Allende is a Kerenski with a difference—a Kerenski who can win, because his weaknesses correspond with the special character of Chile. They see in the local genius for accommodation a means of taming the Communists—of bringing them into the system, as the populists and radicals and Socialists have been absorbed in many countries in the past. And they repeatedly reminded me, in a manner that suggested they half believed and half wanted reassurance, that when General de Gaulle visited Santiago, in 1964, he spoke of Chile as "a pilot country."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Remembrance of Things Past

I CONFESS, to my shame, that I have never read Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." I had always imagined, because of the epic origin of the poem, that it recounted a fury of Promethean or Dantean grandeur. But I found out last Monday night at the Handel Society's concert performance in Carnegie Hall of Handel's opera "Orlando" that Orlando was furious merely because somebody had temporarily swiped his girl. This circumstance, though doubtless more human in its dimensions, was disappointing to me, and the libretto of the opera, which deals with little more than some Renaissance wife-swapping, or girl-swapping, was extraordinarily boring. Of course, "Orlando" was written for an era when English audiences were listening to famous castrato singers and the sky was the limit for extravagance of scenery. One stage direction early in the opera says, "He signals with his wand. The spirits carry off the mountain, and in its place the Palace of Love appears. Love is seen as a child on a throne; at his feet various heroes of antiquity lie asleep." That must have been something to see. And with the great castrato Senesino belting out trumpetlike notes as Orlando, it was probably something to hear, too. The opera contains a mad scene (according to Herbert Weinstock, the first great mad scene in operatic history), but it is a mad scene of Handelian stateliness. No hair is torn and no brow beaten. Everything is in good early-eighteenth-century taste. Any "revival" of this opera today is bound to lack the excitement of the original production, in London in 1733. And a revival such as the Handel Society presented, without scenery and with perfunctory costumes (the women singing male roles wore pants), leaves one with nothing much but some elegant and occasionally pretty music by Handel. Moreover, the singing, though decent, gave little or no idea of what eighteenth-century Handelians heard. Instead of Mr. Senesino, we had Rosalind Elias, a pretty good mezzo by modern standards. And the rest of the cast was along the same lines: Carole Bogard, a very light soprano; Camilla Williams; Betty Allen; and Justino Diaz—all of them admirable for other kinds of music but none of them with the tremendous bravura qualities demanded by this score. The orchestra, conducted by Stephen Simon, performed well.

AN infinitely finer revival of this sort will be broadcast next Sunday night by the N.E.T. Opera Theatre on Channel 13. It is a production of Monteverdi's "Orfeo," an opera that dates from 1607, and it has been so beautifully directed and photographed, at the R.A.I. Studios in Rome, that it constitutes a landmark in television opera. It is paired with "Orpheus in Hiroshima," a modern version of the myth, produced by N.H.K., Japan, with text by Kenzaburo Oe and music by Yasushi Akutagawa, to make a two-hour broadcast. The latter is not really an opera; it is more of a movie with music—music that is twelve-tone from time to time but written with skill and dramatically appropriate. It concerns a young Japanese who has been injured by an atomic explosion. His face heavily bandaged, he visits an elderly prostitute, and is mysteriously transported beyond death. There, relieved of his bandages, he meets his Eurydice. They have a passionate affair. But the hero must return to life. When he does, he decides to submit to plastic surgery, and, as far as I can make out, dies on the operating table. (The symbolism at the end is rather vague.)

I do not think that "Orpheus in Hiroshima" will last the nearly four hundred years that Monteverdi's "Orfeo" has, but, in its way, it is a fairly attractive work. The Monteverdi opera has been done with the utmost lavishness. It takes place in a Renaissance setting, in what appears to be an elegant old *palazzo* before a seventeenth-century audience. Hades is represented merely by another room in the *palazzo*. The passages in the score that are apt to sound a bit dull to present-day audiences are very cleverly kept alive by incessant motion, sometimes on the part of a charming group of children who romp through the action as if it were not there. The costumes are magnificent, and the singers uniformly beautiful (the singing, though done by those you see, was recorded beforehand, and then mimed by the singers, in order to avoid awkward facial expressions). Orpheus is sung by a tenor (obviously Hungarian) named Lajos Kozma, Eurydice by Valeria Mariconda, and one notes, some way down the cast of characters, the American singer Gloria Lane, who does Proserpine. The director is Raymond Rouleau. The conductor is Nino Sanzogno and the musical standards are of the highest.

THERE are before us today at least two performing artists of such subtlety and dedication that one can recommend their every performance as a classic of its sort—something that is beyond what we usually regard as perfection. One is the Old Master of the piano Artur Rubinstein; the other is Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, the singer of lieder. Mr. Rubinstein appeared as soloist with the Philharmonic, under Daniel Barenboim, at a Pension Fund benefit concert last Wednesday night, playing the solo part of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto and of Brahms' First. As with most of Mr. Rubinstein's performances, the insight, the delicacy of execution, the power where power is needed, the mastery of phrasing and accent were beyond criticism. At eighty-two, the veteran pianist still retains all the technical fluency and accuracy that he had half a century ago, and, more than that, he retains the magic, the hypnotic faculty that have been uniquely his for many years. To try to analyze the details of these two performances would be an exercise in futility.

AS to Mr. Fischer-Dieskau, like Mr. Rubinstein, he is no stranger, and, like Mr. Rubinstein, he can be counted on to make each program he presents a new adventure in artistry. He is about half Mr. Rubinstein's age, but he has already achieved a unique place as the greatest lieder singer that most of us can remember. I attended both last week's concert on Tuesday evening in Carnegie Hall and the one on the previous Tuesday evening in the same auditorium. On both occasions, the accompanist was Daniel Barenboim, and, as might have been expected, he performed magnificently. Sensitivity of style such as Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's is rarely found among singers—and never in the opera house. The range of emotion, and of tone, that he commands is phenomenal, and his taste, both musical and dramatic, is extraordinary. These things were evident two weeks ago in items like Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" and in the spectacular fadeout at the end of the same composer's "Die Götter Griechenlands." Last week, it was Hugo Wolf's lieder to poems by Mörike, including "Der Feuerreiter" (a highly charged, headlong song, which he did with perfect control at a tremendous pace), the humorous "Zur Warnung," and the satirical "Abschied," among others. But again, to analyze different items one by one is futile. If you haven't heard Mr. Fischer-Dieskau, you haven't lived life to the full.

LAST Thursday night, the New York City Ballet presented two new ballets along with Balanchine's dependable "Scotch Symphony." They were "Four Last Songs," choreographed by Lorca Massine (who is the son of the famous Diaghilev choreographer), and "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," choreographed by Richard Tanner. The first was set to the familiar songs by Richard Strauss, sung admirably by Joyce Mathis, and the second to the Stravinsky concerto. There was a vast difference between these two ballets. The first offered some excellent dancing by Robert Maiorano, Susan Pilarre, Bonnie Moore, and others, but it was so overwhelmed by Strauss's music that it reminded me of the old-fashioned type of "interpretive" dancing that Isadora Duncan used to do to musical masterpieces. There is music that is suitable to ballet and music that is not. Balanchine has an uncanny instinct for drawing the line at precisely the right place. But Strauss's "Four Last Songs" are beyond the pale, as is much of Brahms and Mahler. Stravinsky, on the other hand, nearly always writes ballet music, even when he is writing what he assumes to be "absolute" music, and the Concerto for Two Solo Pianos makes a perfect ballet score. The abstract spectacle Mr. Tanner has choreographed to go with it is a rollicking delight. John Clifford, James Bogan, David Richardson, Christine Redpath, and some others led a spirited group of dancers through the work's three movements. What roused me to especial enthusiasm was the dancing of Gelsey Kirkland and Coleen Neary, both of whom—and Miss Kirkland in particular—have that unique Balanchine technique that allows the leg in each high kick or backward extension to spring back upon itself like a reed waving in the wind. This is one of the things that make Suzanne Farrell a great dancer, and both Miss Kirkland and Miss Neary have it.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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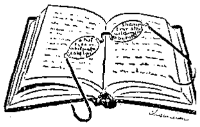
BOOKS

Notes from Underground

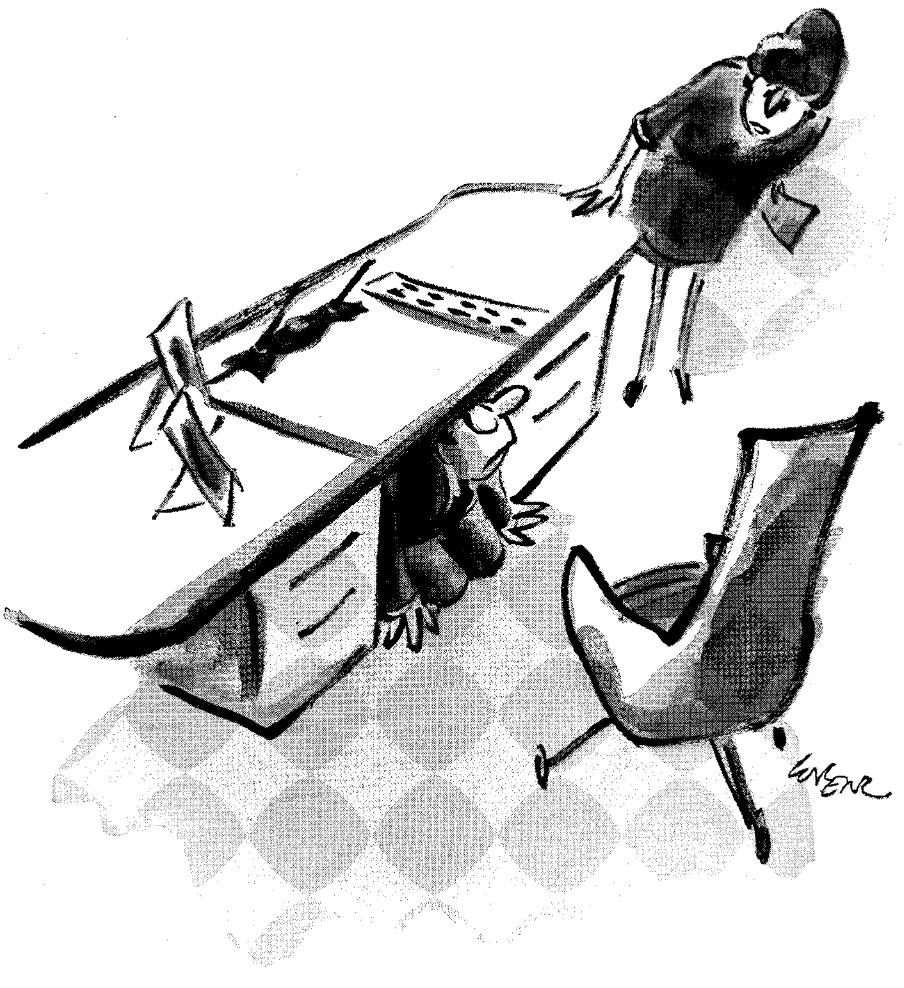


SOME questions are never old: How could the nation of Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, of Goethe and Schiller, of Thomas Mann and Rilke, of Gropius and Käthe Kollwitz turn to the Nazis? How could a gang of brutal thugs take over a modern nation, its citizens able to read and write, its industry "advanced," its technology unsurpassed, its physicians and chemists and physicists and philosophers among the world's finest? Why did a people loyal to Luther's Protestantism and the Holy Catholic Church suddenly accept feverishly and uncritically the pagan and murderous leadership of men like Göring, Goebbels, and Himmler? These questions have been asked ever since the National Socialists (as they cleverly called themselves) began to demonstrate that murderers could assume the guise of Germany's institutionalized political authority and then lie and cheat and blackmail and kill on a scale only a "civilized" nation could sustain. This irony haunted Friedrich Percyval Reck-Malleczewen, whose "Diary of a Man in Despair," now published by Macmillan in a translation by Paul Rubens, offers future generations a chance to learn what Western twentieth-century men were capable of doing. His descriptions of Nazi Germany are not those of the scholar bent on documentation or of the victim who has been tortured by sadists. Instead, we are offered a diarist's observations, set down with passion, outrage, and almost unbearable sadness—and set down (among other reasons) to show how easy it would have been for him to be a part of what he came to detest. Like confidence men and cutthroat social climbers, the Nazis had an unerring eye for the weaknesses of those they intended to use and flatter and extoll, then intimidate, rob, and kill.

In May of 1936, when this diary starts, Hitler and his men were not the objects of near-universal condemnation they eventually became. They had taken control with the support of powerful industrial, military, and even religious leaders. Outside Germany, the Nazis were considered important allies by many who believed themselves honorable human beings. Particularly among Europeans whom the left would have called "conservative" or "monarchist" or "landed gentry" or "aristocrat," there was a tendency to look upon Fascist governments as bulwarks against the plague of Bolshevism. In the mid-thirties, few leftists would have recognized a man of Reck-Malleczewen's "class" and "background" as a likely anti-Nazi. He was, after all, an avowed royalist, born to a distinguished East Prussian family in 1884, who served in the German Army in the First World War and finally settled on an estate in Bavaria. It was there that he saw, at first hand, the rise to power of a group of men who must have seemed laughable and harmless to many other well-educated and well-off Bavarians. In the twenties and thirties, while the implausible was becoming the all too real, Reck-Malleczewen immersed himself in literature, philosophy, and religious history. He travelled. He read. And he worried, not for himself but for the whole world, which he felt was caught up in a collective madness of long duration—a madness in which the Nazis were but one of the many kinds of crooks, liars, and cheats who had over the centuries betrayed both man and God.

The diary begins with "Oswald Spengler is dead." Reck-Malleczewen admired Spengler but knew his limitations as a philosopher and a man. We are told that Spengler had seen the rot in Western life but had been fatally compromised by the money that businessmen make available for sharp social critics who have a taste for good food, comfortable surroundings, and the applause and favors powerful hosts and elegant hostesses can offer. For Reck-Malleczewen, Spengler's "Decline of the West" was undercut in this fashion: "Halfway through his work, he let himself become dependent on the industrialists, and began to think less well. How else can one possibly reconcile that really magnificent piece of writing he did in 1922, in which he prophesied the coming of a new, Dostoevskian Christendom, with that technocracy-nonsense in his later work?"

Remarks like that are the heart of "Diary of a Man in Despair," and they make up a conservative political and religious philosophy that I believe a lot



"You can come out now, Mr. Plenum. The inflation alert is over."

of us today in America will find nearly incomprehensible. Nor is the cultivated Prussian ex-soldier and country gentleman any spiritual kin of the many citizens of the United States who call themselves conservatives. He rails against not only Hitler and the corrupt Western governments that were so easily fooled and pushed about by him but the ordinary, reasonably well-to-do burgher of the West, who pays lip service to God and country but devotes himself to the appeasement of his own appetites. In this diary, the Germans who shouted "*Sieg Heil!*" so long and loud are declared to be not unlike the Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans who in the clutch are capable of stampeding down blind alleys. And it is interesting to note that thirty years ago this strange, eccentric, lonely, brilliant man saw the dangerous, even fatal traps that await us, Hitler or no Hitler: "I tremble for each tree and each woods that disappears, for each silent valley that is devastated, for each stream that these pirates of industry, the real masters of our land, threaten." As Germany's land is virtually smothered by its newly made bombers on parade, the proud airplanes of a great world power, he comments, "Now, still, overhead, these white savages steer their moronic automatons, flying toward brutality and crime, drowning out the peaceful stillness of this spring day." And as National Socialism is steadily ascendant, as Germans see their land covered with more highways, their factories pour out more "products," their Army and Navy and Air Force become the envy of less "developed" nations, the author turns more despairing (and maybe prophetic): "Gasoline, as the basis for all motorized happiness, has contributed more to the inner decay of mankind than alcohol." He does not see how "technology and mechanization can escape being relegated to the dust heap, or at least to the periphery of life." He denounces "superfluous bureaucrats" and "totally useless questionnaires." He warns against the dangers of "rabbitlike reproduction." He says that "only the 'New Adam,' a savage who by an accident has a white skin; who today uses all this equipment with an unconcern bordering on impudence; to whom it never occurs that one must replenish the thought-world from which all this technology derives; only mass man can doubt its destructibility."

For Reck-Malleczewen, Hitler was merely the latest one to assume leadership over mass man, and to do it in the name of aggressive military prepared-

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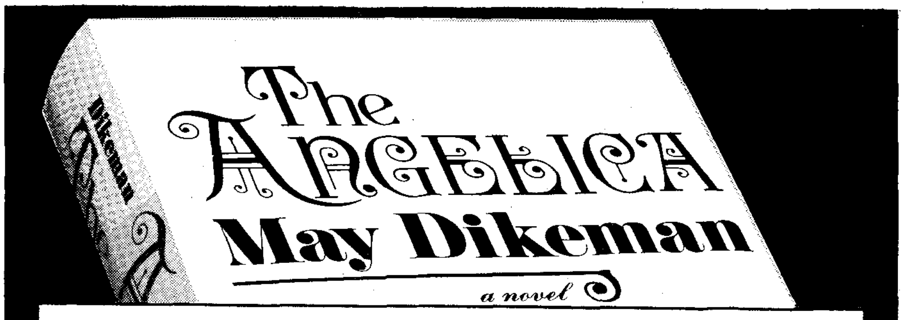

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ness and expansion—buttressed, as always, by nationalist self-righteousness, an ethic of political pragmatism, and the rhetoric of seemingly harmless pieties. Reck-Malleczewen insists that "Hitlerism is only a symptom." For centuries, we had been moving toward all that goes with Hitler (and Stalin and Mussolini and Chamberlain and Daladier and Franco). Before those men were even born, Bismarck and his equivalents elsewhere were setting the stage for the wars this century still endures. Proud, greedy, self-justifying leaders have betrayed one generation after another, leaving us "the bankruptcy of the last five centuries."

It is hard to come to grips with the author of this astonishing, compelling, and unnerving diary. Early in the thirties, he foresaw a terrible Second World War. He was a moralist, a man of candor, a cynic such as the Greek philosophers who criticized the social customs and beliefs of the day, and, finally, a German who easily could have prospered under the Nazis but who chose to write against them with devastating scorn and to show his hatred in small but direct gestures and remarks. Eventually, the Third Reich began to burn up—a victim of not only English and American bombs but its own desperate craziness. Reck-Malleczewen was denounced, jailed, sent to Dachau, and shot. His last entry, in 1944, shows him unafraid, devoutly Christian, contemptuous of the riffraff his people were still calling their legal political leaders. It is noteworthy that he did not take part in the plot to kill Hitler, that he never joined any resistance, never fled Germany in order to take up the struggle elsewhere. Perhaps he felt he had nowhere to go; Spengler was right, the diary says: the West is doomed. Reck-Malleczewen calls English culture worthless, no better than Germany's—"with the exception of the old aristocracy." He indicates that his aristocracy includes yeoman farmers, artisans, and the dukes or princes they once looked up to and in turn drew support from (or so he believed). To him, the Nazi seizure of power is additional evidence that an orderly, rational, decently hierarchical world, a world dominated by his kind of aristocrats, is no longer possible. "I am a conservative. In Germany, naturally, this is an almost extinct political species. I derive from monarchical patterns of thinking, I was brought up as a monarchist, and the continued existence of the monarchy is one of the foundation stones of my physical well-being."

Yet he attacks Germany's last Kaiser and the nineteenth-century Prussian military leaders. His own sort of monarchy—valuable and worth believing in—may never have existed. What is to be done when a monarchy like eighteenth-century France or nineteenth-century Germany becomes corrupt? What is to be done when Hitler takes over everything? Like Edmund Burke, the author of this diary has a passion for order and justice. In the tradition of Burke, his despair over the world's evils—the vulgarities and banalities as well as the gross inequalities—turns into a volley of sarcasm and ridicule against phony and pretentious politicians, double-dealing industrialists, and crooks who masquerade as professional men and business leaders. Burke was a patriot, a ruthless enemy of crooks and tyrants, an upright and thoughtful legislator who wanted order and stability and continuity—not to keep the entrenched power of a few inviolable but to prevent one form of violence and corruption from being supplanted by another, world without end. The French Revolution did away with the Bastille and the royal court—only to demonstrate its own viciousness, its own arbitrary, murderous will. And the Czar gave way to Stalin and his gigantic excesses. When is a government so bad and unjust and corrupt and tyrannical that revolution is justified? In 1789, Burke said no to the French Revolution. In our time, Reck-Malleczewen, despite his hatred for Hitler, never really suggests sabotage, organized resistance, or a revolution to end the Third Reich. The issue is not whether such activity was "realistic" or "practical" or even "possible." (Some Germans kept trying to thwart or even kill Hitler.) Reck-Malleczewen may have confined his political opposition to a diary because history seemed implacable, because he believed that he could not forestall an apocalypse so imminent.

This lonely diarist refers to his house as "a very isolated place more than six hundred years old, which has long been regarded as haunted." He mentions Knut Hamsun, the brooding, aloof, austere Norwegian novelist, who had no real knowledge of or taste for politics but did have a clear notion of the corruptions and duplicities in the liberal democracies Hitler attacked, one after another. Dostoevski is mentioned with admiration. And, no doubt about it, the "man in despair" who wrote this diary hated violence and cheapness and meanness. Like his house, he was rooted in a distant past; like Hamsun, he had an artist's sensitivity, which in a flash could spot hypocrisy; like Dostoevski (and his character who speaks so boldly and devastatingly in "Notes from Underground"), he struggled to make sense of his religious mysticism, his political idealism, his deep and reverential love for the earth, for his nation's history and traditions, for the "soul" of his people—while hating what the Church and German politics had come to, what had happened to the land and water and air, and what his countrymen were doing. All *he* could do was write down the ambiguities he felt, with fierce intensity and dedication—and wait for the death he knew he would experience at the hands of the Gestapo. His immediate objects of hate are gone, but his mind had other enemies, and they are still with us. How Reck-Malleczewen would disdain those American "conservatives" who ally themselves with the oil companies that deface our shores, the coal companies that desecrate our land with strip mines, and how he would disdain the rhetoric of those who justify slander and murder in the name of political slogans, however "egalitarian" their message. Still, though he knew exquisitely and unbearably what he was against, he had very little idea of what he was for—and still less of what he might work to achieve. So he simply sat back and put into words his thoughts—as a member of a spiritual underground that the highly industrialized, well-armed, agnostic West has little reason to fear.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE DRAGON WAKES: CHINA AND THE WEST, 1793-1911, by Christopher Hibbert (Harper & Row). Mr. Hibbert, an Englishman, emphasizes the British role in cracking open the xenophobic Chinese empire, which never guessed the extent of its own weakness and technological backwardness until too late—until, that is, Western powers had forced open doors that had never been opened before. Mr. Hibbert begins with the mission of Lord Macartney to the Emperor Ch'ien Lung in 1793; its purpose (not achieved) was to begin what Western nations considered normal diplomatic and commercial relations. The Chinese had never heard of such things; they believed—knew, rather—that all

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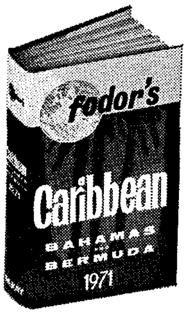

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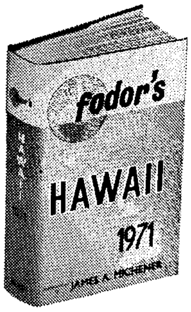

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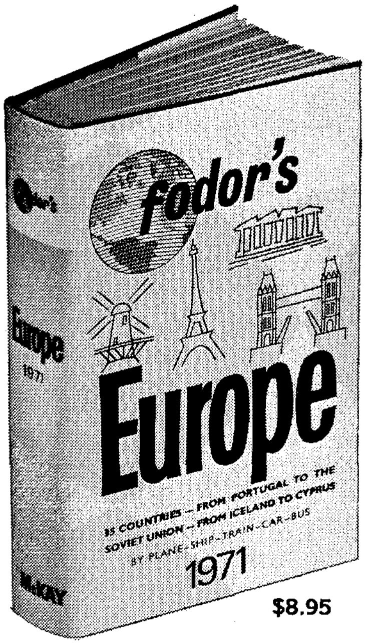
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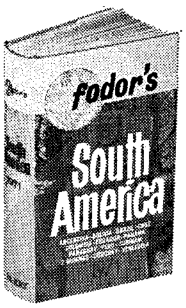

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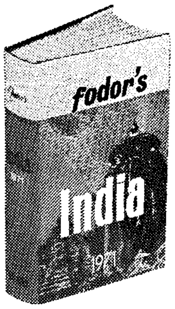

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other peoples were inferior to them, all rulers tributaries of their Emperor, and all foreign traders useless or mischievous. The West persisted, and the foreign trade that was ultimately forced on China helped ruin instead of develop her economy, for, unlike the Russian and Japanese autocracies of the nineteenth century, the Chinese autocracy could not figure out how to use foreigners, foreign capital, or foreign experience. The Chinese merely tolerated foreigners because they had no choice, and if they had no good reason to loathe strangers to begin with, they gained plenty in the course of Mr. Hibbert's tale. Melancholy though it is, the account is readable as well as instructive. Ten dollars.

American Violence: A Documentary History, edited by Richard Hofstadter and Michael Wallace (Knopf). In his wise introduction, the late Professor Hofstadter analyzes the various kinds of violence and their sources. The most important single factor in the persistence of violence in this country, he says, appears to be our traditional distrust of the state and what it might do to the citizen, so that the country has usually been underpoliced while the population remained overarmed. The texts deal with bloody doings, from a shooting affray over hunting rights in seventeenth-century New England down to the recent Watts and Detroit riots. We read about labor violence, racial and ethnic violence, political violence, vigilante violence, and so on and on. The work provokes all sorts of gloomy reflections—mobs, composed of men who behave like cowardly savages, seem particularly contemptible, unlike duellists, who at least ran some risk—but the sameness of brutality becomes, finally, boring: most of the killers lack even the high-style, if cuckoo, bravado of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, let alone the tragic ambitiousness of Macbeth. Ten dollars.

No Known Survivors, by David Levine (Gambit). Mr. Levine's new chapbook of caricatures. Forain said of Daumier that he was great because he had no malice; this could hardly be said of Levine, for malice is his ink. He likes to home in on a particular feature—like L.B.J.'s nose, or Nixon's jowl, or Agnew's neck—and, by isolating it, by lovingly caressing it with little pen hatchings, make it into a living, and somehow discreditable, presence. (Question: Why should we not be in Vietnam? Answer: Well, just look at that nose on Johnson.) The drawings, most of them from the *New York Review of Books*, were selected by John Kenneth Galbraith, who also wrote an introduction. It is a nice little essay, but it was not really needed, for, as he says himself, "This is a book of pictures that is meant to be read."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Practice to Deceive, by Elizabeth Linington (Harper & Row). A week in the working life of the boys at Wilcox Street, an exceedingly busy precinct station in Los Angeles. There is an elusive fetishistic rapist, a murderous mother, a homicidal drug pusher, a pornographic-movie starlet, an indigent suicide, the discovery of a dismembered corpse ("My God. Two arms. Off a human person"), a lootless robbery, and more. And more. And more. Miss Linington is tirelessly inventive and entirely credible and thoroughly enjoyable.

To Kill a Cat, by W. J. Burley (Walker). A good, plain, workmanlike English murder mystery with an interesting investigator—Detective Chief Superintendent Wycliffe—and a beguiling atmosphere that is part sleazy dockside, part swanky seaside resort out of season, part bookish, and part impeccable, implacable police procedure. The locale is a resort town on the south coast of England, and the victim, a gorgeous twenty-year-old girl, is found dead on the very first page—no horrid scene of violence for the reader to dread. The girl's short life provides plenty of material for serious conjecture, and Wycliffe and his army of underlings have a most satisfactory time finding out why she was killed and who did it.

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Boca Raton (U.P.I.)—The state Board of Regents launched investigations Friday into campus speakers and nudes and crude language in student publications at Florida universities and one member suggested doing away with yearbooks if they can't be cleaned up.

"It is my feeling that if we can't do better we may have to eliminate them. We've got to do better," snapped Elizabeth Kovachevich of St. Petersburg of "naked adults and children" and "gutteral language" in the publications.

—*Sarasota Herald-Tribune.*

Naked adults we don't mind. Gutteral language, yes.

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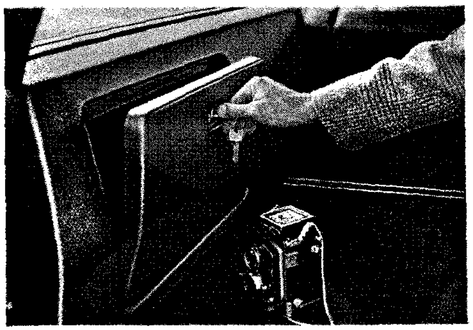

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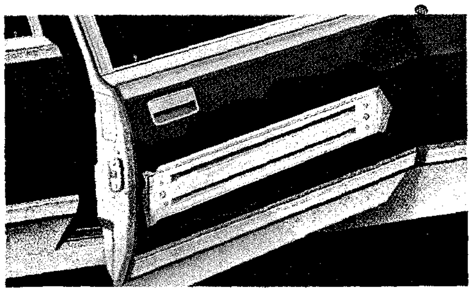

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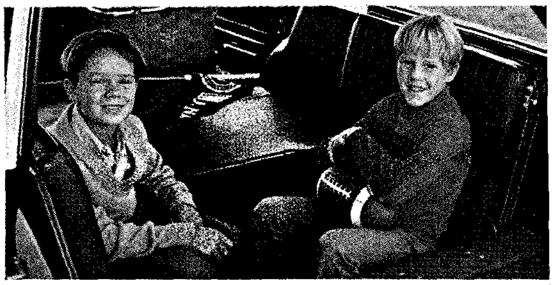

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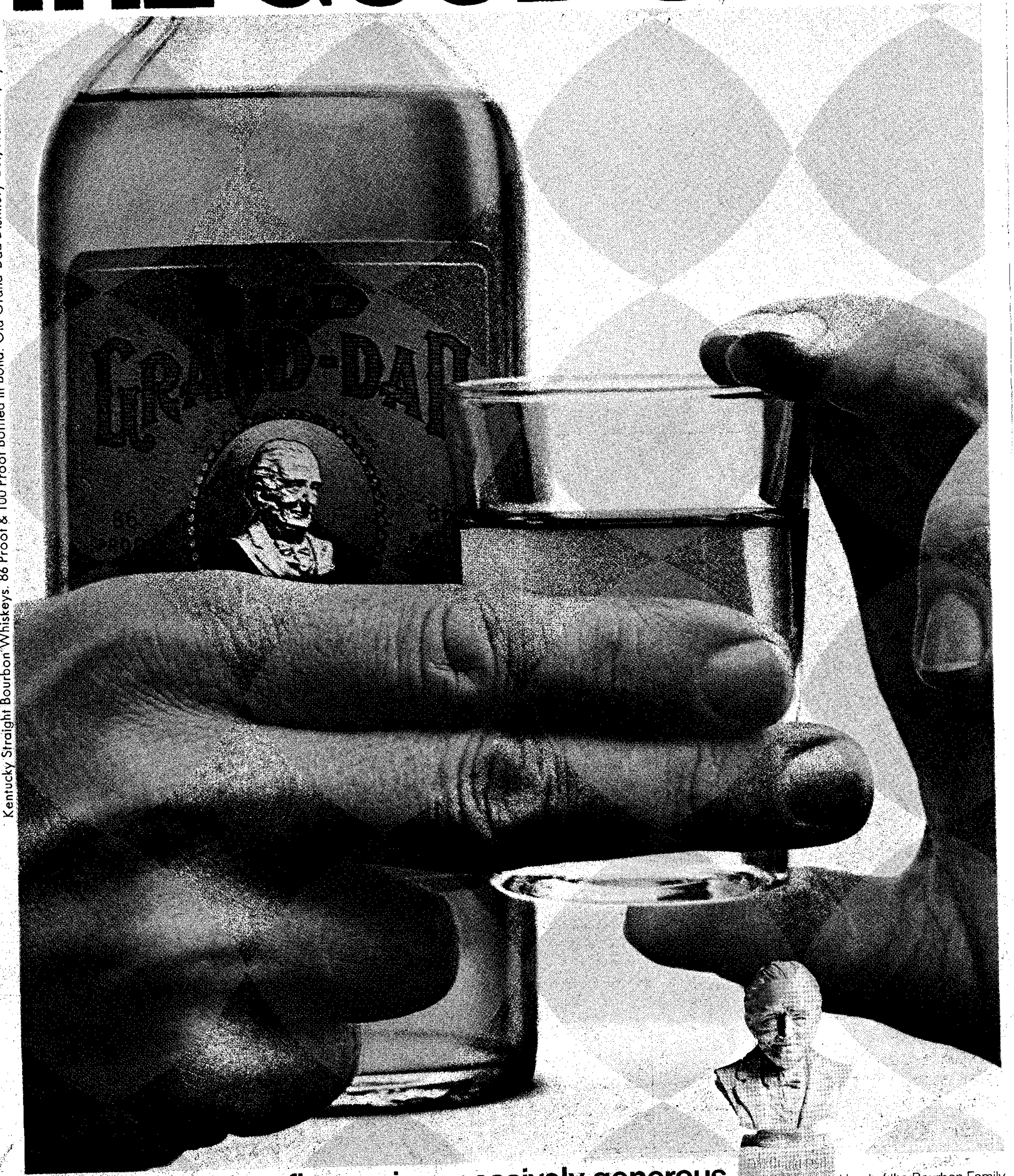

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